FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

DECEMBER 1976 $2.00

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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 5 NO. 12 DECEMBER 1976

6
MAIL
Mutilated mail stumbles in.

15
OPENERS
Our Army in Germany wins small.

25
SEX TAPES
Our friend the orgasm!

30
REVUE
Mano blows lunch.

41
DATEBOOK CALENDAR
Introducing 1977. All 365 days arranged chronologically.

72

MARGO ST. JAMES'S GOSPEL OF SEX
by Burr Snider

76
ANNA
A palindrome laid bare.

82
PEOPLE GIVING
Ten perfect presents for someone who has every *thing*.

84
THE NEW POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA
by Alfred W. McCoy
Horse of a different color.

87
BANANAS
by Alex Abella
What's six inches long, solid, pliable and so forth?

90

THE TAKING OF SAM JUAN HILL
An indoor adventure with decor.

96
THE BIORHYTHM METHOD
by Lee Frank
Our horny reporter fast-pedals on his three-speed cycle.

100

WHIPLASH!
by Margo Coleman
Rear-ending for fun and profit.

103

AVA
So many questions, so little time.

112

CONVERSATION WITH BRIAN WILSON
The Orson Welles of sand and surf comes out of his room.

115
BACK-YARD AVIATORS
by Bruce McCall
Amateur birdmen amid their debris.

120
SCOTCH
Hard facts on Scotland's favorite soft export.

124
LOCH NESS NELLIE CALLS ON ME
by Abbie Hoffman

126

MANILA FLOAT
Schlepped away by an unusual destiny to the Philippines.

135
MONSTER MASH
by Tom Rogers
A history of sex in sci-fi movies from *King Kong* (1933) to *King Kong* (1976)

140

THE FAMILY THAT FELL TO EARTH
by Michael Wolff
Eben and Amy Gossage were to inherit the good life. It all fell apart.

144

LENKA
Without skis, as promised on the cover, but with long underwear you'll never forget!

163
WHO
Literary punkdom; Red Grooms, Ruckus-raiser; Lisa Robinson, snitch.

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European Bureau: 63-65 Champs Elysées, Paris. With special thanks to: Carolyn Albritton, Gary Cole, Sandy Danon, Jane Heiles, Tom Jones, Nat Lehrman, Christina R. LoPiccolo, Mary L. McWright, Bob Melley, Patei Pullos, Richard Quartaroli, Gloria M. Stone, Jo Vanderhei, Al Vargo, Ron Vickers and our friends across the water, Régis Pagniez and the staff of LUI magazine.

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OUI, December 1976, Volume 5, Number 12. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $12 for one year. For subscription services or information call 800-325-6400.

What you don't hear is as impressive as what you do.

Up to now the most you could expect from a medium-priced cassette deck was rather medium performance. But now there's the RS-630US. The medium-priced cassette deck with high-priced performance.

We started by going to work on the sounds you don't want to hear with any cassette deck. When we finished, we ended up with virtually inaudible wow and flutter (0.09% WRMS). Negligible distortion. Transistorized switching that reduces signal loss. And a S/N ratio where there's practically no room for noise (– 63dB with Dolby* and CrO_2 tape).

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You can also forget tape hiss. Because we use a two-stage direct-coupled equalizer as well as Dolby.* So that soft musical passages will remain quiet.

The RS-630US also has highly accurate peak-check meters that let you set the recording levels without the fear of overload distortion. So you get highly accurate recordings. With excellent dynamic range.

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So if you've been looking for a cassette deck with outstanding performance, audition the RS-630US. It only sounds expensive.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
Cabinetry is simulated wood.

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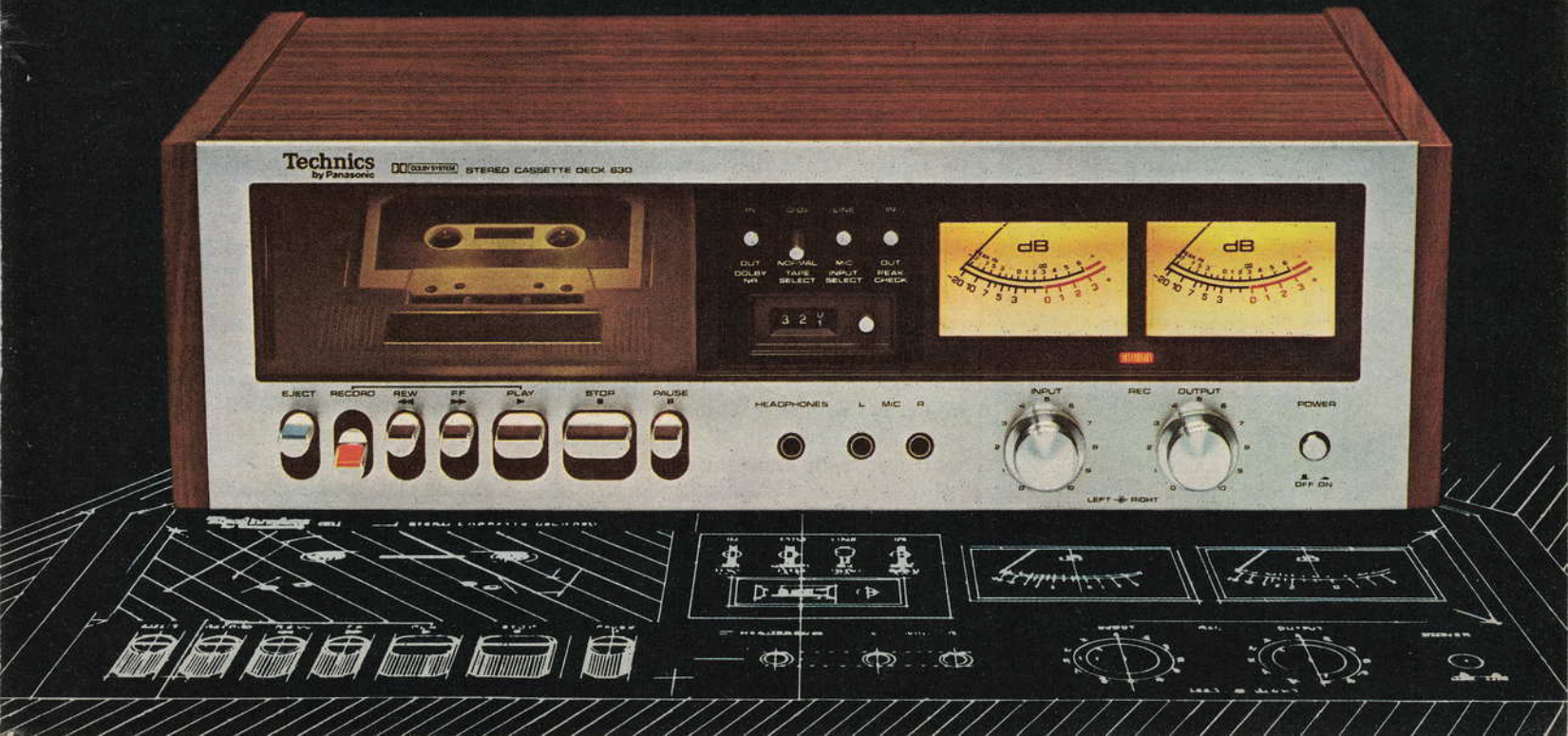

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out — yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service
Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.
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MAIL

Search and destroy

I'm the detective Ed Sanders quotes at length in his excellent article *The Mutilation Mystery* (September). I am certain that the identities of the cattle mutilators can be discovered, but further investigation is dependent on a person or agency with substantial financial backing. To my knowledge, all of the public officials who at first considered starting such an investigation have now backed off.

I wish that Sanders had had more space to devote to some of the ramifications of the mutilation problem, so that maybe, just maybe, some individual or group would become interested in funding the definitive search that would reveal the names of the mutilation perpetrators and the reasons for their actions.

G. C. ERIANNE
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Sanders is at this very moment working on a mutilations follow-up, which will appear in OUI *in early 1977.*

It is quite upsetting to learn about the goings-on of certain sickies in this country. I agree with Sanders that the careless pride, the *hubris*, of the mutilators will eventually cross them up.

WAYNE B. ALEXANDER
Somers, Connecticut

Sanders did an outstanding job of collecting evidence for his article. Last year KTVX-TV did an independent investigation and examined five theories as to who could possibly be responsible for the weird killings of more than 1500 cattle. We agree with Sanders that it's highly unlikely that the mutilators are members of an occult group. Whoever the mutilators are, they obviously have a great deal of money, scientific expertise and the ability to move about without detection.

All of this lends credence to Sanders' suggestion that the mutilators may be Government researchers engaged in illegal bacteriological testing. The mutilation question is the most intriguing mystery I've come across in all my years as a newsman. I just wonder if we'll ever really know the answer.

BILL HENDRIX
KTVX-TV
Salt Lake City, Utah

America needs people like Ed Sanders. His article appeared in OUI at about the same time that the Legionnaires' disease occurred, and that's enough to blow anyone's mind. It might be just coincidental, but it sure leaves questions in my head.

REID SPEER
Albany, Oregon

The $26,850 reward sounds pretty tasty, so here's my solution: The mute-moo mystery has actually been with us for centuries and is in reality the work of a vampire called Cow Dracula. Born in Hamburg in the early 17th Century, the Cow Count (as he was known to his friends) acquired the curse of the undead when bitten on the neck by a crazed butcher in a moment of passion.

The Cow Count terrorized the cattlemen of Hamburg until early 1967 when he crossed the Atlantic disguised as a matched set of Gucci luggage. He is cursed/blessed with many unusual powers, such as the ability to turn into a Jumbo Jack at will and roll across the countryside. He sleeps in a meat freezer during the day, and the only way to kill him is to drive a Swiss steak through his heart or to sprinkle garlic, parsley, salt, carrots, potatoes and a couple of onions on him and make a pot roast.

I hope this clears up some problems. I'd like my reward in 5s, 10s and 20s, please.

ROCKY ARMSTRONG
Santa Monica, California

I want to thank Sanders and mutilators everywhere for this gem.

M. HENSLER
Houston, Texas

Valium *vs.* pot

John Lombardi's report on *Valium: Popcorn of the Seventies* (September) couldn't have arrived at a better moment. I'm 18 and my mother just found out that I smoke a little pot now and then. It's 1976 already and three quarters of American kids (not to mention the President's son, Jack) smoke pot, but my mother still thinks that pot will make me freak and jump out of a window or something. "You'll become addicted!" she screamed at me just the other day. Then she popped a couple of Valiums. This was on top of the two or three she normally takes every day. She doesn't need them, she tells me, she just likes them. When I saw Lombardi's article, I could hardly wait to show it to Mom. I don't actually know if she read

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I tried the new cigarettes. Then I went back to enjoyment.

They sounded good, but none of them gave me the enjoyment Salem does. Smooth taste that comes through the cool menthol. You can't find that anyplace else.

Salem King.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

JVC has changed the face of high fidelity. Inside and out.

JVC has eliminated rotary controls completely and replaced them with precision push-buttons and slide controls on its new S300 stereo receiver. The S300 is quality all the way in looks as well as performance.

Unheard of in a moderate priced receiver, the S300 offers JVC's exclusive five-zone tone control SEA graphic equalizer system, plus four meters — two for tuning and two for reading power output in watts.

It even has dual recording/dubbing.

The S300 delivers 50 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion.

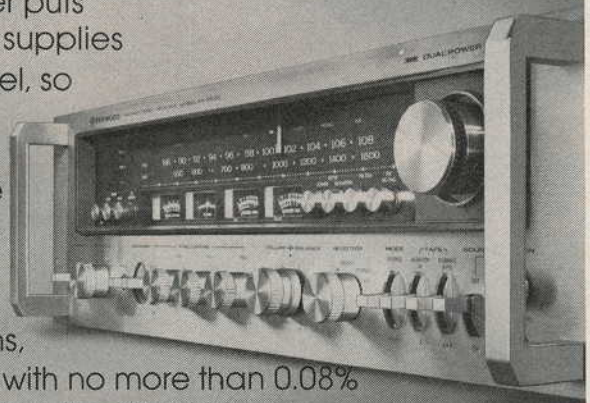
Visit your JVC dealer. (Call toll-free 800-221-7502 for his name.) Then see the S300. You'll recognize it as the one face that stands out in the crowd. App. retail value $400.

JVC

JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378 (212) 476-8300

Now you don't have to starve your treble to feed your bass.

Our KR-9600 Receiver puts independent power supplies behind each channel, so demanding musical passages in one channel won't cause distortion in the other. At 160 watts per channel minimum RMS power, at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion, the KR-9600 is the most powerful receiver we've ever made.



KENWOOD

15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248
72-02 Fifty-first Ave. Woodside, New York 11377

it or not, but she hasn't said a word to me since about marijuana.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Lawrence, Kansas

And just what is so wrong about getting a little help to make it through the day? All civilizations have used drugs of one sort or another. We have coffee, cigarettes, alcohol and dope, none of which OUI has bothered to criticize. Why pick on Valium?

LEONARD FRIEDMAN
Highland Park, Illinois

Fifty-dollar photo

My husband and I really got a charge out of the picture that B. Cohen sent in of her boyfriend who wears plastic wrap to turn her on as he greets her at the door (*Mail*, September). I believe that people of both sexes should dress to please their lovers. Enclosed is a

picture of the outfit I wear when I'm waiting for my husband to come home from work.

Recently my girlfriend confided to me that her guy likes to wear one of her aprons—nothing else, just an apron—while they do the dishes. I get the impression that the pots and pans are often left unwashed overnight.

I've been wondering how many other people like to dress up in kinky outfits. I bet it would make quite an interesting survey.

HUSTON F.
Seattle, Washington

Good idea, Huston. OUI *would love to hear from readers who greet their lovers in sexy costumes. We'll award $50 for every photo published.*

Holy Christy!

I found Russ Meyer's piece, *My Friend Cleavage* (August), to be both

The Teachings of Jose Cuervo:

"There is white, and then there is white."

If you don't want a ring around your drink, remember this. The first white is Jose Cuervo White. Since 1795 Jose Cuervo has been the first, the premium tequila.

And Jose Cuervo is made to mix best. With cola, tonic, collins, water, orange juice, grapefruit juice, juices and etc., etc., etc.

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enlightening and educational. I'm a devout boob man, and I find that Meyer's soft-core film epics with huge-breasted girls turn me on more than hard-core films. I'd much rather see a Christy Hartberg bounce and jiggle her way across the screen than watch the antics in *Deep Throat*.

GORDON J. GIBSON
Regina, Saskatchewan

This is how Christy Hartberg might have inspired Keats:

Much have I traveled in the fleshly fold
And many goodly mounds and torsos seen;
In many gentle chambers have I been
That those in fealty to Priapus hold;
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
Which mustached Meyer rules as his demesne;
Yet never did I know its vast serene
'Til I saw Hartberg's bosom, round and bold!

It is singularly appropriate that the berg in Christy's last name is German for mountain.

EDGAR BRIEN
Goleta, California

How do you suppose a girl like Christy gets to be that way?

DIANE BAKER
New York, New York

Russ Meyer, who sent us this shot of Christy from "Supervixens," says that

vigorous exercise and clean living are all it takes. It also wouldn't hurt to have a mother who's a 46D.

Jest in fun

Thank you, OUI, for the *Conversation with Henny Youngman* in the September issue. It is indeed a pleasure to discover that a comic can be funny without resorting to nasty insults and obscenities. If there were a few more Henny Youngmans around, we wouldn't need to take so much Valium.

MARY MEYER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Youngman has worn his humor so thin that you can see all the way through to the punch line.

HARRY KRAMER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I saw Youngman in Ohio. I think he is the best thing about America.

CARLOS GUTIERREZ
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Sex perk

Jim Esposito's article on *Donna Summer and Sex Rock* in the September issue shows that he has a lot of insight into the music scene. Popular music always reflects current cultural trends. Explicit sex in books and in magazines has been around for some time now, so it was only a matter of time before rock 'n' roll steamed up. Sex rock is surely here to stay; one thing's for sure, it sells a lot of records. I've noticed that when

Unfortunately, you only have room

But fortunately, one kind of Panasonic car stereo can give you several kinds of enjoyment. Because while they all play beautiful FM/AM/FM stereo, they play other things. Like CB. Or 8-track. Or cassettes. Even four-channel.

They're also beautiful to look at. With sleek faces that fit snugly into the sound slots, thanks to their compact design. And Panasonic audio qualities will make your eardrums beg for more. Especially if they're played through Panasonic speakers.

Your dashboard may only have room for one kind of Panasonic car stereo. But it'll be exactly the kind you want. Only at your Panasonic car stereo dealer.

CR-B1717. CB with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. It's out of the way except when you want to use it. And when you use it, the CB has all kinds of things for improving performance. Like an S/RF meter. Delta tuning. Variable squelch control. Detachable mike. And noise-limiter circuitry. There's even a standby monitor to receive CB calls while you listen to AM or FM. And the radio . . . it's a Panasonic, with pushbutton tuning.

CQ-840. Stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. If you're into cassettes at home, take them along for the ride. This system is so compact, it fits in just about any car. But it has big system features. Like fast forward. A tape ejector switch that turns on the radio automatically. And circuitry that automatically improves FM reception. And more.

Donna Summer sings over KDWB-Radio, even the mikes perk right up.

JOHN SEBASTIAN
KDWB Disc Jockey
St. Paul, Minnesota

Whenever I hear Donna Summer's *Love to Love You, Baby*, my pussy gets wet and my nipples start to twitch. I swear I could almost come just listening to that record.

S. MILLER
Beverly Hills, California

Ooh, la, la

La, the pictorial on Laverne, the lascivious telephone receptionist in the September issue, is not only sexy as hell, it's also quite funny. Who wrote it?

BOB HERRMANN
Cleveland, Ohio

"La" was composed by Associate Editor John Rezek, noted Touch-Tone musical phenomenon, whose most recent commission is to transcribe Gregorian chants for greater long-distance intermonastery communications.

I'm on the telephone all day long at work, and I always considered it a pain in the neck—until I saw what Laverne does with it, that is. Now, every time I look at my phone I imagine the cord wrapped around Laverne's delectable fanny. I'd love to touch her tones any time. Do you have her number?

JIM BURKHART
Cincinnati, Ohio

The last time we saw Laverne, she told us that it would be of no use to give out her number, as her line is always exceedingly busy.

Dumb digits

Because I'm in the market for an electronic calculator, I turned to *OUI Looks at the Numbers Game* (September) with great interest. It's reasonable that a calculator can add and subtract, multiply and divide. And I can see where a ticker tape would be a handy feature. But what the fuck is a "seven-digit mantissa" and a "fully addressable memory"?

ED BAKER
Atlanta, Georgia

Listen, kid, it's like what they say about Dom Pérignon, Beluga and fellatio: If you have to ask what it is, you have no business getting it.

OK, OUI, you and that cute little chimp in the illustration finally convinced me to go out and get a calculator. And you know what? I still can't balance my checkbook.

SHARON SHELTON
Snoqualmie, Washington

Irresistible Erica

I bought the September issue because the cover picture of Erica is just smashing. Such perfectly formed breasts! And then to open the magazine and discover that she is also the centerspread (*Erica*

for one kind of Panasonic car stereo.

CQ-742. Deluxe stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Automatic reverse plays either side of the cassette, automatically. There's locking fast forward and rewind so you can keep your hands where they belong. And the radio is just as deluxe.

CQ-999. 4-channel tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Now you can turn your car into an acoustic chamber. And be totally surrounded by music. Also plays stereo 8-track tapes. The radio sounds great, too. Because it has AFC. Distant/local circuitry. And a loudness circuit that boosts the bass and treble.

CQ-969. Stereo 8-track tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. You'll hear the tape but you won't see it. Because it slides deep into the radio dial. And when you listen to the radio, a distant/local switch and AFC give you really remarkable reception.

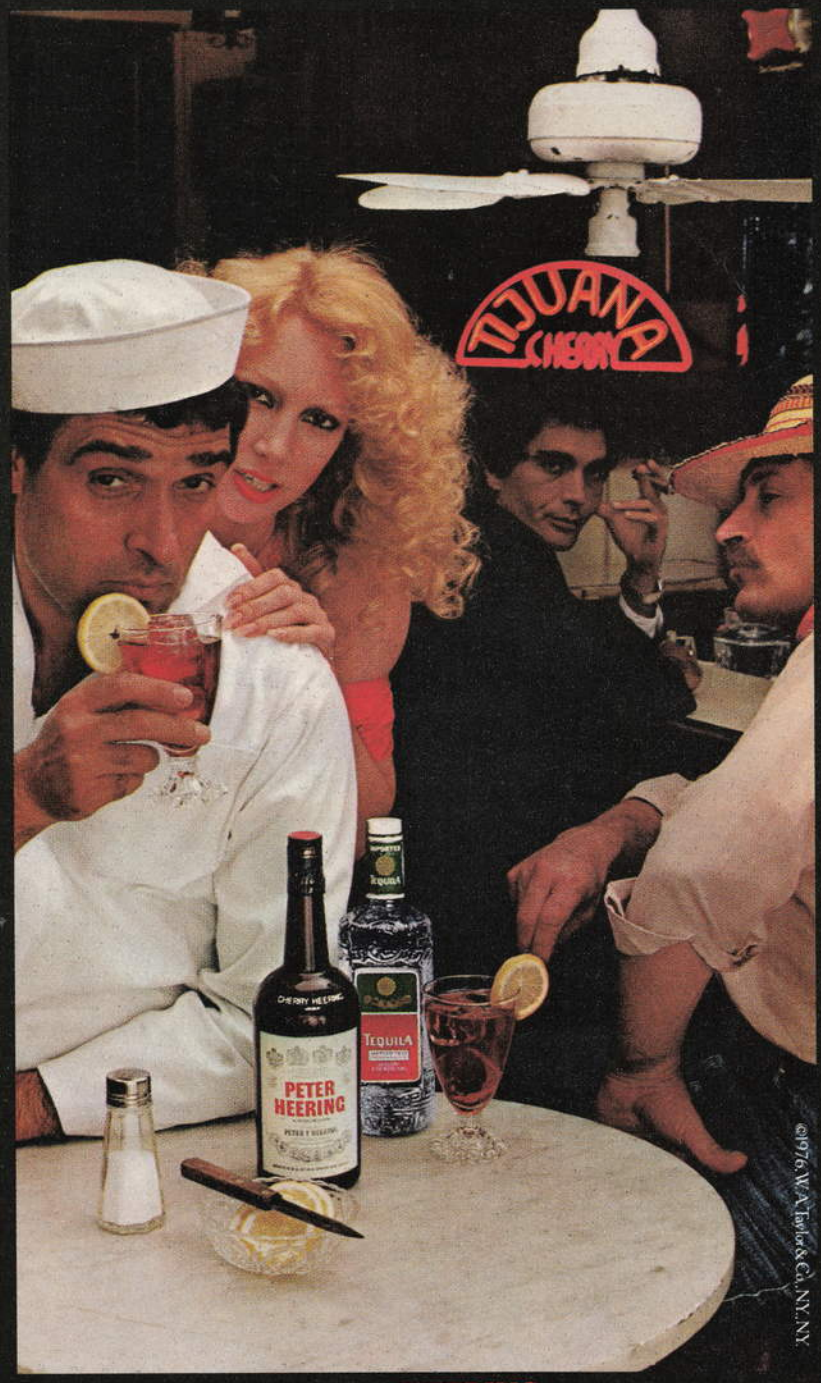
Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

"Pull up your socks and taste this one, honey."

With these immortal words was born a drink as rare and unforgettable as its name, "Tijuana Cherry."

You take your basic shot of tequila, your basic half oz. of lemon juice and stir in a shot and a half of Peter Heering, the 49 proof cherry liqueur. Let the ice cool her off, and you got something to tell the boys back at the base about.

Tijuana Cherry... once you've had one, you'll never forget it.



PETER HEERING
The cherry liqueur imported from Denmark

Creeps in on Little Cat Feet). What an assault on the senses!

RONALD HALL
Phoenix, Arizona

Let the clarions sing out; let the feasting begin; Erica has arrived!

Never have I seen a more captivating woman. Please, oh please, I implore you, let us see Erica once again, the tips of her nipples rigid from arousal, the delicious curve of her buttock full, firm and fleshy, thrust out in quiet supplication.

THOMAS SOBINSKI
Suffield, Connecticut

When notified of your request, Erica said, rather cheekily, "I prefer to sit on my assets."

Pound of flesh

I've taken a look at most of the new men's magazines, and from now on I'm buying OUI every month. The women in OUI are beautiful, natural and, best of all, they look like women, as opposed to the plastic virgins or ten-dollar whores with crotches like pounds of worn-out liver that I've seen in other magazines.

SP/4 DOUGLAS CARTER
Fort Bliss, Texas

I think OUI is the best magazine in the world.

DANNY VANDERPOOL
Ashland, Kentucky

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HIGH FIDELITY FOR THE PRICE OF MEDIOCRE FIDELITY.

The Pioneer SX-450 Receiver: A quality alternative to the plastic compact.

If you want to get into hi fi without spending a fortune, you may find yourself considering a plastic compact "stereo."

The cost of these all-in-one marvels isn't so high; but neither is the fidelity. And what you don't need is a machine that costs like a hi fi but is unable to perform like one.

Now there's an alternative: the new Pioneer SX-450, a high fidelity receiver with features and specifications unequaled by anything in its price class.

Since its price class is under $200;* you can assemble a fine high fidelity system around it for hardly more than a flimsy plastic compact would cost.

What qualifies the SX-450 as high fidelity is a continuous power output of 15 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms, over the frequency range of 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

It also has separate controls for bass, treble, balance, loudness, FM muting, mono/stereo and tape monitoring, plus a combined AM/FM tuning meter, a selector for two pairs of speaker systems, and jacks for headphones and microphone.

But you really have to hear the SX-450 to judge it. Ask a high fidelity dealer to hook one up to a pair of speakers and a turntable for you; don't be surprised at its richness, brilliance and accuracy.

After all, the SX-450 is as fine a high fidelity component as any receiver we make.

Even though you can have it for the price of something mediocre.

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*For informational purposes only, the SX-450 is priced under $200. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

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OPENERS

Army 1; boy scouts 0

It was a starlit night over the Bavarian forest near Munich, West Germany. An Army patrol, as part of war-game Alpine Express, had just spotted what it thought was an aggressor base camp.

The patrol, hiding under cover in the forest, saw campfires, civilian cars and a circle of ten blue-and-yellow tents. "Sly devils, these aggressors," thought the patrol. "It takes a lot of moxie to work up a disguise like that."

One of the officers in charge called in a special-forces advisor to assess the situation. Then he called in reserves. Machine guns were readied. Tension crackled in the night air.

On the officer's command, a star-cluster flare shot up, exploded and flooded the camp with light. Some 40 troops in full battle dress opened fire with M-16s, blasting simulated bullets into the enemy.

"As soon as we got three steps into the camp area, we realized we had made a terrible mistake," said a spokesman. "We just stood there with egg on our faces, saying, 'What the hell have we done?' "

No doubt about it, the Army had made a horrendous mistake.

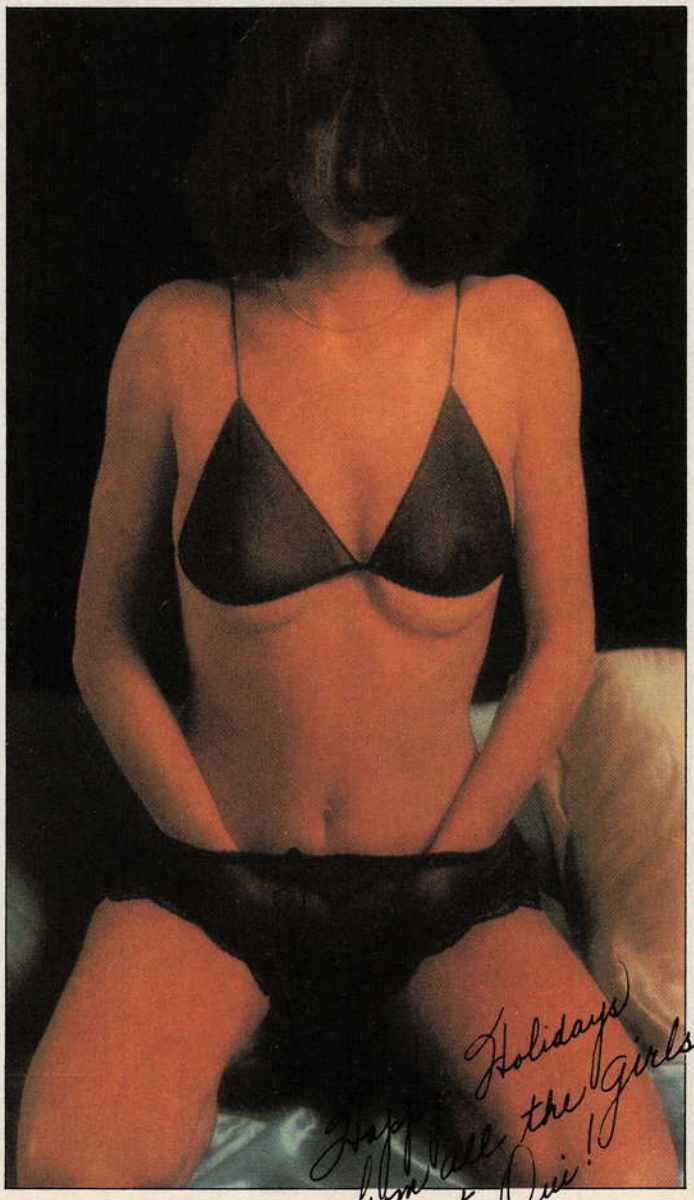
The Army had launched its blistering commando attack on 15 sleeping American boy scouts of Troop 21.

"The boys were in complete shock," scoutmaster Larry Groth said to reporters.

After the melée, Groth assessed damages sustained by the boy scouts: two crushed boxes of Pop-Tarts and several urine-soaked sleeping bags.

The Army apologized and gave the scouts new Pop-Tarts and a box of Tide.

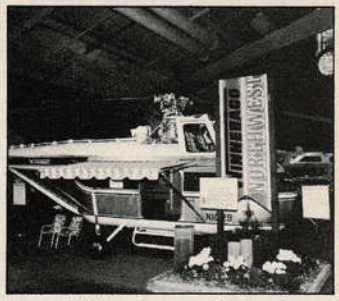
Groth is considering nominating his scouts for a new High Adventure badge. The Army is considering the soldiers' unit for the Dumb-Dumbs of the Century Award or at least some retraining at the next boy scout jamboree.



Tourist flash

Pocalotapepl, the volcano of sexual promiscuity, which would at irregular intervals and seemingly in its own sweet time spout flame and spew lava on the residents of the Mayan resort town Pocalotapeplinahotl, is now extinct—and since the advent of the Norteamericano real-estate interests, the Aztec resort of 5000 years ago is once again graced by the laughter and bucks of vacationers. One real-estate entrepreneur headed a prospectus advertising sea-front lots thus: "Pocalotapeplinahotl! Get a lot while you're young!"

Upwardly mobile homes



The Winnebago folks have taken recreational vehicles to new heights. If you're one of those lucky people whose Christmas Club pays $180,000 this December, you can pick up one of these specially modified Sikorsky Heli-Home choppers. It sports all the conveniences of the traditional recreational vehicle, but it

gets around the old problem of crowded roads. Furthermore, it can be parked not only in the usual campsites but also on skyscrapers, aircraft carriers and icebergs. Be creative! Drop in at the White House helipad for brunch with the Prez. Avoid parking-lot jams at football games by parking *inside* the stadium. And, if you've got one friend who can fly and another friend who will comply, leave the former at the controls and discover the thrills of love at 30,000 feet. The Heli-Home features a foldout bed.

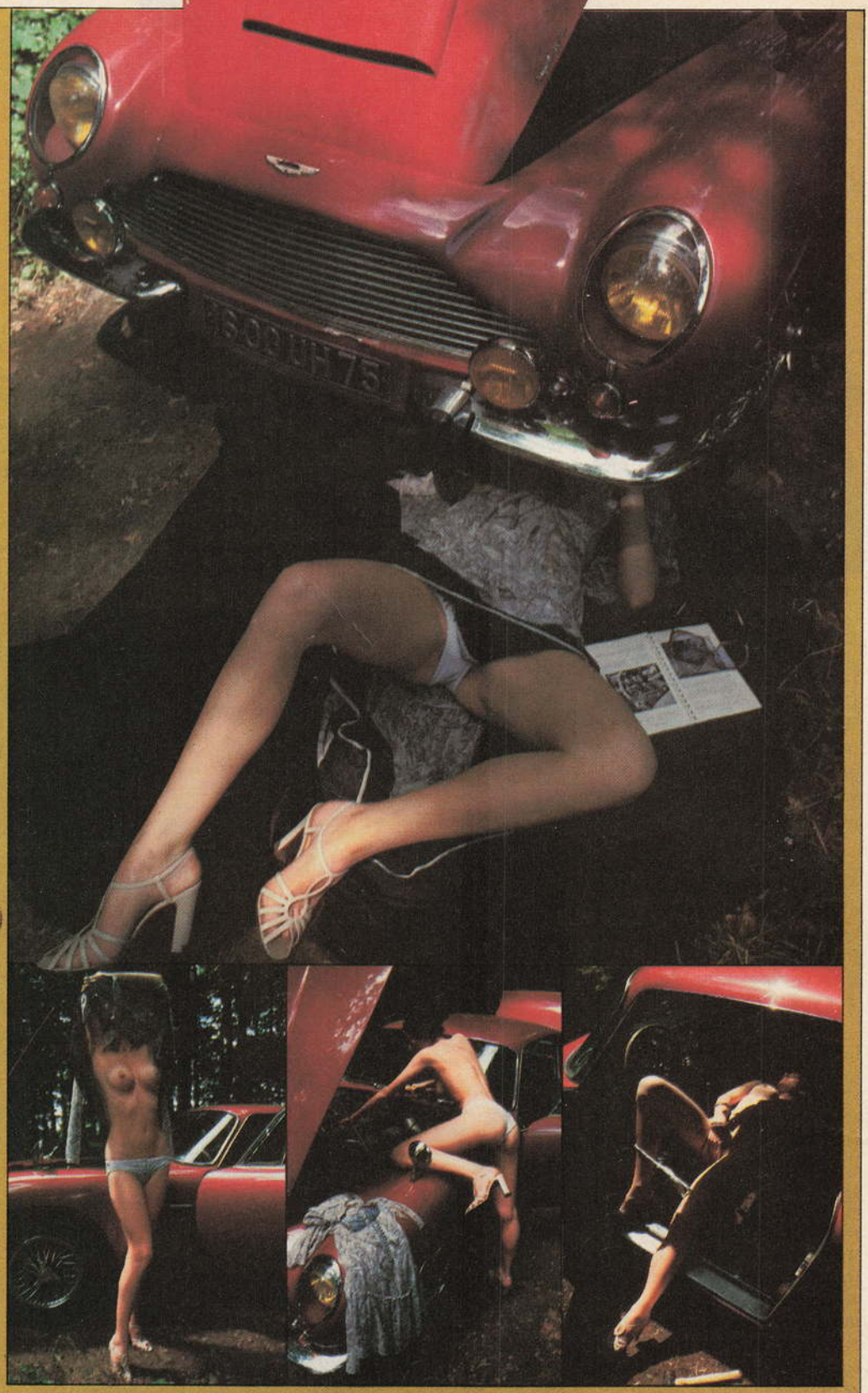
I'll be Uranus, and you can be my seven moons

Scientists at the Federal Aerospace Research Institute in Porz, West Germany, hope to simulate conditions of outer space with the aid of a 210-meter hole in the ground.

Yes, but can you smoke them?

Want to know why there's no dope around? Kilo for kilo, reports special agent Duke Reeves of U.S. Customs, there's more money in parrots than in pot, due to the sudden upsurge in the popularity of parrots as pets. For example, a scarlet macaw that goes for around $700 in New York can be bought for $150 south of the border—Customs regulations require that any bird imported from Mexico remain in quarantine for one month, which drives up the price for the legitimate importer, who must bear the cost of feeding and housing the parrot himself.

In case you're considering getting into birdrunning, here



Car and driver: a love story

Linda was tired of being screwed by the Aston Martin mechanics every time her car coughed funny, so she enrolled in an auto-repair class for women. Women who can use their hands well are always at a premium. Now Linda is an expert on crankshafts, stick shifts, manual transmissions, brake fluids and bore and stroke jobs. She is a master at blowouts. Here we see Linda giving new meaning to the term car buff, as she tightens nuts and wrenches sockets. Happily, however, Linda confesses that there are still a few things she needs a man for: to help out with gas and at turnpike toll booths.

WHAT'S SANTA GIVING ALL HIS FRIENDS?

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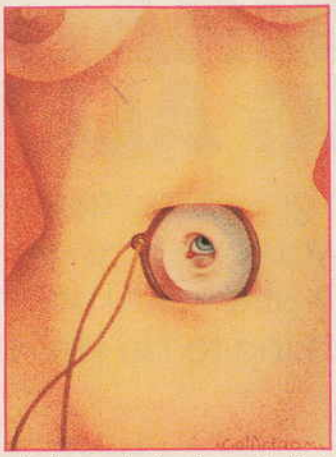
are a few tips: Your main problem is to keep plumage damage to a minimum. The solution: Swaddle the birds in Saran Wrap up to their necks. The next problem is to keep the damn things from going "Cheep, cheep, cheep" all the way home. The solution: Feed them whiskey with an eyedropper. Sound like too much trouble? A Texas couple didn't think so. They were recently busted with a planeload of parrots valued at $177,000—which makes a nice little nest egg. A friend of ours tried it, but when he opened up his suitcase, the poor thing just sort of lay there.

Here's mud in your nose, er, eye

In Tokyo, researchers are now studying ten-year-old Sayuri Tanaka, who claims that she can see through her nose. She came to the scientists' attention when she was stopped by policemen for riding her bicycle along a busy street while blindfolded. During tests, an opaque shield, similar to that used for testing ESP, was put over her eyes. With her eyes completely masked, she was able to see television, read and catch a ball thrown to her from six yards away. Results



of these tests showed that Sayuri has 20-20 nosesight. Sayuri is the world's tenth documented case of "skin vision." Of the other nine, only one involved nosesight, the rest being able to see through their finger tips. Some scientists believe that this may be the beginning of a new evolutionary development. Think of the possibilities! *The Noses of Texas Are upon You.* "Look me in the elbow when you say that!" Can you imagine looking at a tit and having it look back?

Poles struck dumb as Yanks get shaft

Enough already! The last time a guy came into our office and said, "Didja hear the one about the Polack who got third-degree burns on his face after he went bobbing for French fries?" we hit him in the mouth. We're tired of jokes that exploit our pals with the cute names and charming customs from Eastern Europe. Why can't Americans laugh at themselves? We can't think of a single good reason. So we've taken it upon ourselves to introduce the first of what we hope will be many American jokes with which minority groups can amuse one another at the next A.C.L.U. cocktail party:

Q.: How many Americans does it take to change a light bulb?

A.: One.

Q.: How do you tell the

Wet dreams: Cleanliness is next to impossible

Leonard Koren, the world's foremost bathroom artist, is trying to get you to come clean.

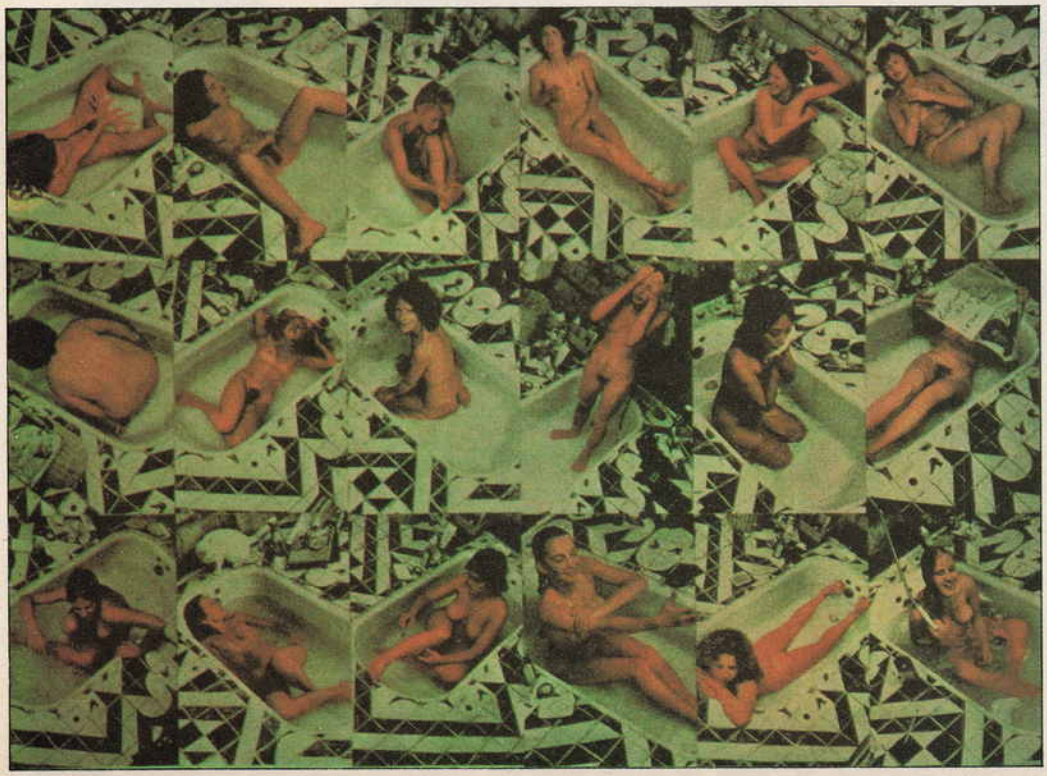
Some of Leonard's more outstanding pieces are *23 Beautiful Women Taking a Bath*, *17 Beautiful Men Taking a Shower* and *Mudbath*. When Leonard entertains, he rents a seedy bathhouse and invites his models and friends to frolic in the suds.

Now Leonard is promoting his notion of good, clean fun in *Wet: the Magazine of Gourmet Bathing*, a bimonthly published, appropriately enough, in Venice, California. *Wet* is filled with ideas for bathing environments, bath products, guest-artist bath fantasies, a cartoon feature called "Moisture Man," and a column of odds and ends named "Dribble." "*Wet*," Leonard says hopefully, "will soon be a fixture of American life."

This preoccupation with bathing began, he says, "as an outgrowth of interest in rituals conducted in small intimate areas (like the Japanese tea ceremony) and from a general interest in perverse aspects of human activity."

Leonard predicts: "The bathing area—bathroom is an antiquated concept—will be the location of increased activity. I eat, drink, write, make phone calls, meet friends there now."

So, if you want to meet Leonard, hightail it over to his bathing area. Towels optional. BYO soap.



Curbstone of the month

There on Shelton Street, Covent Garden, London, stands this proud doohickey of post-industrial society. No matter how low the pound dips, this creation will remain as a concrete example of the enduring suggestiveness of concrete.

one·point·five

A Paper and a Half

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new **one-point-five,** the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

JOB, the world's finest cigarette paper now in three sizes: double-wide, **one-point-five,** and single width.

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planes of the United States Air Force?

A.: By the wing insignia.

Q.: How many Americans does it take to make popcorn?

A.: Many thousands, ranging from those who cultivate the soil to those in transportation, advertising, marketing and the manufacture of natural gas and electricity and home appliances.

Make it blueberry

It was a great moment in history: President John F. Kennedy in the heart of the divided city of Berlin, addressing hundreds of thousands of Germans.

With one phrase, he captured the imagination of the world: "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*"

It has come to our attention, however, that Kennedy may have meant something entirely different from "I am a resident of the city of Berlin."

According to one of our German readers, a Berliner is a jelly doughnut, known in some parts of America as a bismarck.

So, our faithful and attentive reader suggests, Kennedy may have actually meant, "I am a jelly doughnut."

It's something to think about late at night when you're picking lint out of your belly button.

If the shoe fits...

In San Francisco, there is a plastic and reconstructive surgeon named Edward Falces. Yes, Virginia, he does boob jobs.

Here's the latest report from the British sleeping team at Brighton, England, which is attempting to break the *Guinness* record for uninterrupted snoozing. The team has been resolutely sacked out for 32 hours now, going for the record of 53 hours and 22 minutes established by the Mexican team in 1972. Last year, the Tanzanian team members went for a brilliant 104 hours but were disqualified when it was discovered that they had brought their own tsetse flies. This exciting shot was taken at the crucial moment when the mascot for the French sleeping team, *Mademoiselle* Toots Sweet, broke through the barriers and illegally attempted to distract the British team. Not quite cricket, Toots! Sleep tight, fellows!

For the past year, the fire department in San Francisco has taken on a new task—responding to May Day calls from bondage-and-discipline swingers who, in the heat of the moment, got themselves overbound and were unable to unwind.

One such luckless couple were experimenting with a new contraption known as the mechanical double rack, or the Infernal Pleasure Machine. Under ideal circumstances, the partners attach themselves to the rack facing each other. The rack bends them backward, joining them at the midriff. Then a switch is turned on and the pair enjoy the pleasures of effortless coitus-*cum*-pain.

When our adventuresome couple tried to turn the machine off, the switch proved faulty. After an hour or so of pain and pleasure, things began to dry up, leaving only the pain. The moans turned to screams, and the couple's landlady used her passkey to investigate. After taking one look at the hapless couple (the woman had donned a cutaway nun's habit for the occasion and the man wore only a sparkling white clerical collar), the landlady called the fire department.

Undaunted, the couple are now in the midst of writing their first bondage-and-discipline novel. Their toy is back with the manufacturers, who, at last report, were still trying to get the kinks out.

Mr. Peanut: "Government is nuts"

Quiztime, everybody! Who was the first politician to seek high public office on the basis of his intimacy with the peanut?

Wrong. It was an artist named Vincent Trasov, who ran for mayor of Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1974 dressed as that ever-popular, tap-dancing registered trademark Mr. Peanut.

Mr. Peanut cracked up the city. Traffic stopped every time he appeared in top hat, monocle, gloves, spats and cane, escorted by a tail-coated ladies' saxophone band named Myra and the Peanettes. The press ran such headlines as "IN A CRUNCH IT'S MR. PEANUT," "POLITICIANS ARE NUTS" and "MR. PEANUT TAPS OUT HIS MESSAGE." The outraged conservative candidate opined, "Mr. Peanut has made a complete mockery of the election and the political system." And the outraged Socialist candidate went so far as to postulate, "Even the artists of this city are hanging their heads in shame." But William S. Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*, *Junkie*), who was visiting the city, endorsed Mr. Peanut as

THE VAGABOND SITS DOWN

Bumming around, in any season, has its drawbacks. The call of the wild, the allure of adventure soon lose their appeal. The trampette here has been around and she knows a good thing when she sits on it; and what she is assembling and sitting on is The Mysterious Bag. It's neat, it's tidy and it comes in its own container. It's easy to set up (if you have trouble, ask a kid to help) and it is surprisingly comfortable if you have a small ass and like to sit up straight. The chair is available for $25 at Crate & Barrel.

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Show Us Your Skin

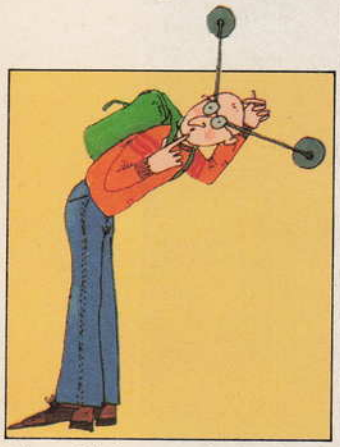
"Yours was an offer I couldn't refuse," writes Jeanette di B., from Boulder, Colorado. She went on to mention that she is studying the flute while pursuing a degree in psychology. "I'm working on a personality profile of people in the Mafia. I'm Italian and so it's particularly interesting to me how such an elegant and efficient socio-political institution got started." Got a boyfriend, Jeanette? "Sure do. I wear out one a month. I keep looking for young blood, though. How old are you?" Isn't she terrific?

the illogical candidate best-suited to deal with insoluble problems—the kind that most cities have.

The official campaign platform said, "Mr. Peanut will be unavailable for comment before, during and after the campaign." His slogan was "Life was politics in the last decade. Life will be art in the next decade."

Unfortunately the campaign proved to be more an artistic than a political success. Mr. Peanut received only 3000 votes, or four percent of the total votes cast. He did, however, consider entering the upcoming goobernatorial election.

The allure of the receding horizon



You think *you* don't know whether you're coming or going? Meet Plennie Wingo, the man who walked around the world backward in 1932.

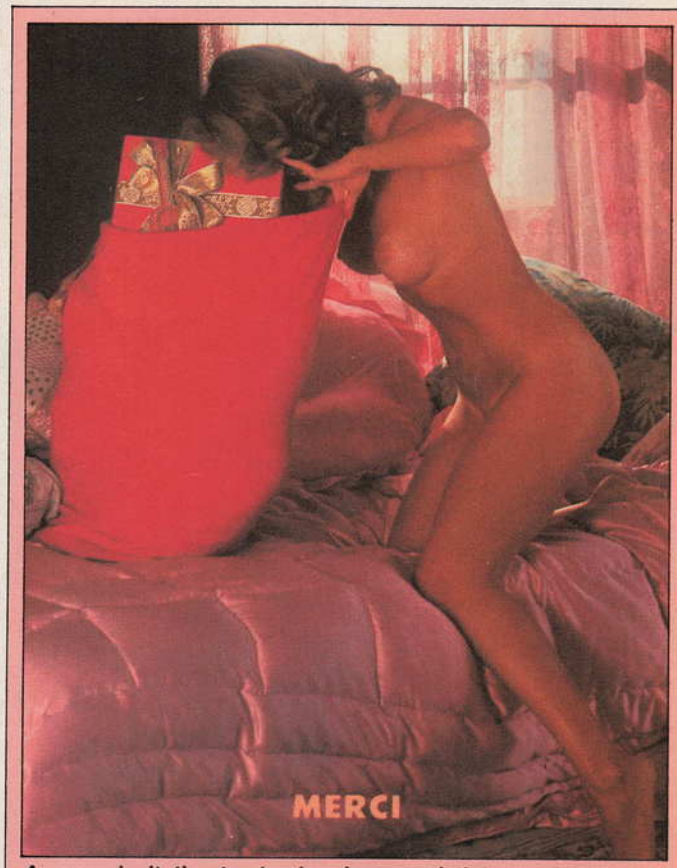
Actually authorities stopped Plennie in Istanbul, but the 8000 miles he did walk were enough for the *Guinness Book of World Records* and for Ripley's Believe It or Not, which placed a life-size statue of Plennie wearing his special rearview-mirror specs in one of its museums.

But Plennie's odyssey was 44 years ago, and life has not been as exciting for the 81½-year-old Californian since. At an age when most men are taking up such activities as falling down stairs and crossing the bar, Plennie Wingo has decided to take a step backward in time, as it were. This year, Plennie walks again—a more pedestrian backward stroll across a few of our Western states.

Good luck, Plennie.

—Don Strachan

Mystery update: A California writer named Al Snyder has come up with a new explanation for the mysterious disappearances of ships and planes in the area of the Caribbean variously known as the Bermuda Triangle and the Devil's Triangle. Snyder speculates that the anomalies are caused by a vast underearth sea of superheated steam, which he labels Satan's Sauna. Coming next: Lucifer's Latrine.



An open invitation to stand under our mistletoe and take your chances—plus a check to the following editorial contributors: Jeff Cohen, Theodore Fischer, Sally Harms, Gay Haubner, Leonard Koren, John Levin, David Mamet, Don Strachan, Bury St. Edmund, Susan ("Boxer shorts, the perfect gift!") Subtle and Gale ("Wanna make something outta it?") Wiley. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Garrick Madison; Car and Driver, Jeanloup Sieff; Curbstone, Paul Clark; Sleeping Contest, Photo Trends; Mr. Peanut, Image Bank; Mysterious Bag, Jeff Cohen. Art credits: Army/scouts, Joe Spencer; Parrots, Bobbye Cochran; Mud in your eye, Bob Goldstrom; Berliner, Fred Nelson; Of human bondage, Kevin Fishback; Plennie Wingo, George Kenton. In all seriousness, citizens, the boys and girls who make *Openers* the best read in the business wish Yuletide cheer to you and yours, and to your friends, and theirs.

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SEX TAPES

MY BEST ORGASM

This month, we asked people to tell us about their best orgasms. Although several people expressed surprise that one orgasm should feel any better than another, most respondents remembered at least one extraordinary climax. For some, it was the first orgasm that was the most memorable; for others, it was the orgasm of the past night. There was, however, a common ingredient in all of these firecracker orgasms and that was the addition to the sex act of something new and unexpected, whether it was a place, a drug or a person.

Belinda D., 21, telephone operator: My best orgasm was my first. It happened one afternoon when I was ten years old and was fooling around in the bathtub. As I washed between my legs with some soap, I discovered an incredibly sensitive little button about the size of a pea. I had never heard the word clitoris, but I knew when something felt good and that little nub tingled like crazy. I just couldn't stop touching it and after a few moments I felt the thing explode. Scared me to death. I was sure I'd broken something. After a few minutes, I poked around some more and found out that everything was OK. What a relief. It was years before I discovered fucking, but never have I felt anything as explosive as that first wild orgasm.

Alan J., 29, college instructor: I had the best orgasm of my life last weekend when I discovered how great a turn-on a woman's sexy underwear can be. I grew up in a fairly hip section of San Francisco where everybody was quite free sexually, and I guess I associated underwear with sexual repression. In the circles that I traveled in, there were no slow seductions. If you wanted to ball a woman, you just said so, and if she agreed, then you both took off your clothes and made love.

I moved to Boston last year. I think I became attracted to Carla because she was so very different from the other women I had known. Everything about her suggested elegance and breeding. She sat down and stood up as smoothly as a ballerina taking her bows.

I took Carla out to dinner a couple of times. She didn't invite me up afterward. That seemed old-fashioned, but it didn't seem repressed. She said that she didn't trust love very much and that sex was something that should happen between friends. To my surprise, I discovered that having to wait was exciting.

"She was different from the other women I had known."

On our third date, Carla invited me up to her apartment. We had brandy in large snifters by the fire and got a little tipsy. Carla nudged the heel of one shoe off with the toe of the other foot; then she kicked off the second shoe. I hadn't known that feet could be exciting until I saw how seductively she was pointing and unpointing her toes. Then I realized that I had an erection. Carla had lovely, muscular calves and long, high-arched feet. The nylon covering them caught the firelight so that each curve glistened. I slipped to the floor, took her foot and kissed the inside of her arch.

Carla slowly pulled her foot away, stood up, took my hand and said, "Come." She led me to the bedroom. Entering it, I felt myself grow harder—the way you do when you enter a woman.

I undressed Carla very, very slowly. I pulled her dress and slip over her head, uncovering black bikini panties, an old-fashioned garter belt and a black-lace bra, out of which rose two medium-size rounded breasts. A thin blue vein on her left breast led the eye to where the nipple was hidden.

I took off my own clothes and kissed the groove between her breasts. I cupped the lace with my palms, and her nipples hardened underneath. I pushed down the straps, unhooked the back and watched her beautiful breasts fall softly to either side.

We fell over on the bed and I unrolled her nylons, kissing each bit of flesh as it was uncovered. I didn't pull down her panties right away, but pulled aside the crotch and darted my tongue in. The

series of textures was incredible: skin, rough hair, silky nylon, the slick wet flesh of the labia, the button of the clitoris growing hard and the cream inside the opening. I ran my hands down her thighs, followed with my tongue and tickled the spaces between her toes. Carla began to writhe and moan. I lay back and she picked up a stocking and rubbed it up and down my cock. The nylon heightened and blurred the sensation at the same time. For the first time, I understood why a man would want to wear a woman's clothes.

I wanted urgently to get inside her so I moved on top. She started to pull down her panties, but I stopped her. I pushed the crotch to one side and slowly slipped in. I felt the shaft of my cock brush past the nylon into cream. I had to stop for a moment to keep from coming. Then I began slow pistonlike movements. After a while, I raised myself onto my knees so that I could massage her clitoris through the panties. In turn, she reached around and wrapped my balls in the nylon that she still held in her hand.

The sensation in my cock, as it went from the silky nylon into cream and back again, was extraordinary. I moved very slowly, afraid that I'd come before Carla had a chance. She rocked faster and faster and all of a sudden I found that I *couldn't* come. I seemed to get bigger and bigger, but I couldn't let go. I was actually afraid for a second that I'd hurt myself from the pressure. Carla went into a series of convulsive jerks and pulled the hose tighter around my balls. I exploded into an orgasm that started deep inside my head and went all the way to my toes!

I don't suppose I'll ever have a night like that again, even with Carla, but I can't wait to see her this weekend.

Melanie T., 25, dancer: I've had lots of great orgasms, but I've had multiple orgasms only once. It happened last summer when I got to act out two different fantasies at once: teaching a young boy how to make love and having two men make love to me at the same time.

I was dancing in a musical that toured summer playhouses. Early on the tour I started sleeping with John, the lead dancer. He's about 35, tall, blond, handsome and very sophisticated. He's also bisexual, but his gay relationships seem to be secondary. He certainly knows how to please a woman! He gives great head and he can fuck for hours without coming. At the same time that I was sleeping with John, I also developed a tremendous crush on Michael, a sweet, lovely-looking boy of 16 who still had a bit of baby fat around his face. Unfortunately he was terribly shy.

One night John and I were talking about fantasies, and I told him that I'd like to seduce Michael. John laughed and said: "You should do it! He'd love it!" I told him that I didn't think I had the nerve. "I'll help you" was his surprising reply. I shook my head no, yet I couldn't help but fantasize about making love with the two of them. On the last night of the tour, there was a cast party and we all got pretty drunk. I guess the liquor made Michael less shy than usual, for we had a long conversation about what it's like to be an actor and how lonely you can feel sometimes, especially on tour.

I saw John signaling that he wanted to leave and I surprised myself by taking Michael's hand and whispering: "Would you like to come home with us?" Michael's mouth literally dropped open, but he nodded and followed us out.

Once we were home, Michael seemed eager to get all my clothes off, but John and I made him go slowly. First they took off my blouse and massaged and kissed my neck and arms; I love having the insides of my arms kissed. Then John took off my bra. Michael moaned and began to fondle my breasts, but he was rough. "Gently," I whispered, and he drew back, embarrassed.

"Watch me," John said. He began to play with my right breast. He made a slow circular motion with his palms and then tongued the nipple. I closed my eyes and suddenly I felt Michael's mouth on my other nipple. The sensations were distinctly different: Michael's mouth was a little warmer than John's and his tongue was fatter and rougher. I had never had both nipples sucked at the same time before and it felt incredible. I began to tremble and I felt my whole body become tremendously sensitive. Then John's mouth moved away. I groaned in protest, but he lifted my skirt and pulled down my panties. His mouth found my clitoris, and he massaged it with the tip of his tongue. Michael was still working on my left breast and I could feel a sexual current running up and down my body between the two mouths. I wanted it to last; I didn't want to come yet and have it all end.

Then Michael grabbed my other breast, at the same time that John slipped three fingers inside my cunt. I couldn't hold back any longer and I came with a thunderous orgasm. My whole body arched like a bow and the spasms went on and on and on. I thought that I had stopped, and then, a second later, there I was at the heights again. I didn't know that my body was capable of such pleasure.

I'll never forget how nice it felt to drift off to sleep while being cuddled on both sides.

Fred F., 36, salesman: The only extraordinary orgasm I can remember happened on a one-night stand. While on a business trip, I picked up a girl in a bar. I don't even remember her name, but she was very gutsy and forward. I'd been standing at the bar for ten minutes or so, nursing a beer, when this redhead came over and said, "Hey, I like your ass. Let's go home and fuck." She said it loud enough so that the guys standing around me heard

her. They all looked at me with respect and envy. What was I going to do, turn her down? So I went to her place.

She didn't waste any time. She peeled off her clothes and hopped into bed. She was in charge all the way, rubbing and licking and rolling me all over the place. For the first time in my life, I realized what girls mean when they say that they feel used. I could have been anybody; this girl just wanted to jerk off my prick. That thought irritated me, so I grabbed the initiative—and her ass—and flipped her over on her back. I rammed my prick into her with the power of a jackhammer, but strangely enough, I didn't feel like coming.

The redhead bucked around like a wild pony. If she didn't have at least a couple of orgasms, then she was a mighty good actress. I just kept humping away, even though she appeared to have run out of steam. Finally she opened a little bedside drawer, grabbed something small and shoved it into my nose. I drew back immediately, but not before I'd inhaled a strange odor. Within seconds, my blood started churning and my face got hot. My prick grew to an unbelievable length and hardness and pumped away as if it had a mind of its own. I lost control and came in giant spasms. I felt as if someone had pushed me off a cliff. As I collapsed on the bed, I wondered if I'd pass out. My heart was still beating so fast that I was sure I'd break a blood vessel, but a few seconds later everything calmed down. "Don't you like poppers?" the redhead asked saucily. I didn't have the energy to answer, but after a minute I got my ass out of there. I knew that if she whipped out another popper I'd have a heart attack for sure.

Fran H., 32, waitress: Every orgasm feels terrific, but I associate the best one I ever had with anal intercourse.

My favorite way of coming is with one of a guy's fingers on my clit, another up my asshole and his cock in my cunt. I've had fantasies about anal intercourse, but in practice it always used to hurt too much.

A couple of years ago, I met Jake. He had a great body: broad shoulders, narrow hips; he was skinny but wiry. We both felt sexual vibes immediately.

Jake turned out to be a dynamite lover. He gave the best head I'd ever had; he picked up right away on what parts of me were most sensitive and seemed to know exactly when I needed a change in rhythm.

One night we ended in the spoon position, with my ass against his pelvis. He held me very affectionately and kept his penis inside of me until he got hard again. I rolled over on my stomach and he played with my back for a while and then pulled his prick out and pressed it between the cheeks of my ass. I moved onto my knees so that he could reach between my legs better. He fingered my cunt and asshole and licked me all around. It felt just great.

Jake could tell that my asshole was very sensitive and after a while, with his finger still there, he said, "Would you like to fuck this way?"

"I've tried it and it hurt too much," I told him.

"Do you want to try it again?" he asked. "I'll be gentle." Jake had been so terrific at everything else that I said OK.

He took his time. He played with me with his fingers and mouth for so long that I stopped worrying about when he was going to stick his prick in. Very slowly he loosened me up, getting one, then two, then three fingers inside my ass while he tickled my clit with the other hand. He rubbed his prick down along the outside of my cunt and then between the cheeks of my ass until the whole area was slick and wet.

When he finally did put his cock in, I was completely ready and open. He just pressed the tip of his cock against my hole until I opened for it. He stayed there for a moment and then very, very gradually worked the shaft in. I was entirely lost in the sensations until I suddenly thought, "My God, he's really inside me!" The idea that I was actually doing it made me start to tense, but I forced myself to open up and then I felt this tremendous surge of energy. Jake picked up on it right away and started rubbing my clitoris. It only took a minute and then boom! I had this huge climax. It felt like I had two separate orgasms at once: one in my clit and one in my ass. It was incredible. For a long while afterward, I couldn't move.

"Then I felt this tremendous surge of energy."

Ingrid V., 23, administrative assistant: My best orgasm? Are you kidding? All my orgasms are terrific. Every time I come, I think, "Oh, God, nothing could top that."

Nick D., 31, restaurateur: I had quite a memorable orgasm just a couple of months ago when I finally fulfilled a childhood fantasy.

Last summer, I visited an old friend, a girl named Hilary, who had just moved to a renovated walk-up. Hilary was in a strange mood; she seemed sad and a little withdrawn. I kissed her once, but she didn't respond, so I stopped. She suggested that we go up on the roof for a while and look at the stars.

When we got up there, I felt tremendously nostalgic. There were the same sooty chimneys and trap doors that I remembered from my youth. The river snaked off in the distance and the lights on the far shore looked like a necklace. Someone had left an old chair on the roof, and Hilary sat down on it. We didn't talk; we just looked at the night. I started feeling a little melancholy, too. Then I noticed that Hilary was smiling at me, even though her expression was still sad. "Come here," she said.

Hilary moved her ass to the edge of the chair, undid her fly and pulled her jeans down slightly. I knelt down and licked at her cunt until the juices began to flow. Then I pulled her up and we began fucking standing up, leaning against a dirty brick wall. I felt as if I were 16 again, and I came the way I did when I was a kid. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

More voyeurs

I think that for a lot of people, watching is almost better than doing. I did a study recently of group-sex scenes and most of the people I talked with said they had a heightened sense of reality when they could watch others making love. When other people watched them, they felt as though the act had more value simply because it had been witnessed. Like getting proof positive that it really happened.

TED B.
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

I've never seen anybody do anything more than kiss, but I sure would like to watch some real fucking once in a while. Every day I see these cute young things bounce around my store in denims cut so short their little tushes hang out the bottom. There's one girl who has caught me looking at her more than once. The way she checks out the grapefruit is almost obscene. I'm always wondering what my prettier customers would look like with their clothes off. Some things you're never too old to imagine. Anyway, all my daydreaming makes the days go faster.

HARRY B.
Waco, Texas

My wife and I had just moved to a college town. It was my first real job after working for years on my Ph.D. We took the top floor of a three-flat that faces one of the women's dorms. We didn't have enough money for curtains, so we hung up some trailing ivy. Both my wife and I have energetic sex drives, and I'm likely to get the urge in any room at any time.

After a couple of weeks, we began to get phone calls from female students who said they wanted to baby-sit for us. We thought this was strange since we don't have any kids. Finally one of my students told me that the girls in the dorm across the street all liked to gather in one particularly well-situated room every night to catch the "shows" at Dr. L.'s place. She told me with a sly grin that some of the girls had said that they'd rather stay home and watch me screw my wife than go out and get laid themselves.

My student didn't even blush when she congratulated me on my technique. It was clear that she wanted to test it out at closer quarters. With great reluctance, I declined, although I was really quite flattered, not to mention turned on. When I told my wife the story, she immediately went out and bought draperies. I was disappointed; I liked the idea of showing off.

JACK L.
Grinnell, Iowa

The older woman

Let's face it, we all like to be appreciated, and no one laps up appreciation faster than an older woman, especially when the appreciation comes from your dick. The warm welcome I get from the horny housewives in my neighborhood more than makes up for the few wrinkles that only a cad would notice anyway.

Bea, for example, is 42 and a real earth-mother type whose husband won't fuck her because he's too busy making an asshole of himself over his 18-year-old secretary. He took the chick to the Virgin Islands last week. Bea was delighted to have me come over and keep the home fire burning. I saw her every night and she kept getting better as the week wore on. I learned from Bea that a man doesn't have to call it quits just because he can't get it up one more time. Earth mothers like Bea aren't satisfied with just one orgasm, but she's as happy when I play around with my tongue and fingers as she is when I give her a good screwing.

The night before her husband was to come home, Bea and I got it on every which way. I fucked her three times, sucked my come out of her until she squealed, then worked two fingers into her rectum and she came again. Any ordinary woman would have been exhausted but Bea was still raring for more. I tell you, my prick was sore, my hands were tired and my tongue was numb. So I stuck my big toe in her cunt while she diddled her clit with a vibrator. Bea could have satisfied a platoon without even blinking. I asked her why she didn't get divorced. "Because of the kids," she replied. "But after Jamie goes off to college next year, I'm leaving. I've got some money saved, and when I split I'll take *you* to the Bahamas." That's why I like older women.

KEITH B.
Dayton, Ohio

I was almost out of college before it occurred to me that older women could be sexy. I spent the spring vacation of my senior year at my roommate's home in Minnesota. While Don was off seeing his high school sweetheart, I stayed home and entertained his mother. A more accurate statement would be that she entertained *me*. I learned more from Don's mother in ten days than I had from two years of fucking cheerleaders and other tight-assed suburban mothers of tomorrow.

The first night we were there, Don didn't get in until five A.M., and I knew that he wouldn't get up until noon. Around 8:30, I went down to the kitchen and found Mrs. M. sitting cross-legged on the floor, watching Barbara Walters sell Alpo on TV. Mrs. M. wore a scoop-necked pink leotard that revealed a lot—and she had a lot to reveal. Her legs were spread apart and I could see tufts of black pubic hair *(Continued on page 186)*

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REVUE

What is there to write about any more?

Great galloping *Zeitgeist*, the Sixties were terrific copy! Whole publications grew out of a need to report cultural upheaval. A New Journalism was developed to describe it. And in January 1965 *Time* magazine jumped aboard and ran a cover story on the graduating class of Palisades High School, the best and brightest of Los Angeles suburbia, who were about to be spewed forth upon a brave, new and evergreening America.

The Seventies have been lousy copy. Erstwhile underground papers became melancholic fanzines. Aging New Journalists (with the exception of Tom Wolfe, who chose hemorrhoids as his contemporary metaphor) turned into TV exegetes or whined about the good ole days. But two Pali High grads, Michael Medved ('65) and David Wallechinsky ('65), decided to resuscitate the old *Time* story, stretch it out like a wad of moldy Double-Bubble, puff it full of hot air and turn it into a 285-page nonbook, **What Really Happened to the Class of '65?** (Random House).

Medved and Wallechinsky were *on* to something—books about high school are hot these days—but they weren't on to much more. Medved and Wallechinsky fail to bring their 30 real-life characters to life, relying instead on transcribed interviews and insightless editorializing. *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?* is about as exciting to read as somebody else's alumni bulletin.

Anyone really caring what happened to the Class of '65 would be better off reading a novel by Ann Beattie, **Chilly Scenes of Winter** (Doubleday). (*Distortions*, a collection of Beattie's short stories, has been published simultaneously.) Beattie's book is about Sixties fallout. She writes: "[Charles] is glad he is not on the West Coast. He is too old for the West Coast. He found his Frisbee in the closet a few weeks ago and didn't even give it a toss."

In *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, a former lady-killer reads *The Dialectic of Sex* because he doesn't understand women anymore. A character wonders what today's college kids do to "expand their minds." "Get engaged to doctors," his friend suggests. Old girlfriends come and go gay. Brand names and lyrics from rock songs abound. People wonder if Rod Stewart is dead. Anomie prevails.

Beattie's dialog is flawless (she is being touted as the Salinger of the Seventies), but at times her cataloging of everyday life becomes as self-consciously banal as *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, and her relentless, cool, flat, declarative sentences threaten to defeat her high comedic purpose, which is to make us laugh at our once and future selves.

John McPhee is a relatively unknown writer who allows himself no truck with trendiness. Instead, he pursues idiosyncratic obsessions, ranging from birchbarks and oranges to the mating habits of quarter horses. He starts out with articles and ends up, 80,000 words later, with books. *Without* seeming stretched. "Levels of the Game," for example, is a brilliant vivisection of a tennis match that provides more technical information than a week's free instruction at the most exclusive clinic and more insight into the opponents, Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner, than an in-depth interview. And in "The Search for Marvin Gardens," one of McPhee's shorter pieces, he describes the decay of Atlantic City, playing it off as if it were counterpoint

You can delve joyously into the pages of *Hardcore Crafts* (Ballantine). In fact, some of you may want to take flying leaps into a few of the crafts themselves. They seem to be waiting for the right appendages or orifices to put them to use. There are furry fantasies of female genitalia, and the exotic Mint-Green and Creamy-White Candy-Cane-Striped Glass Dildo with Winged Naess-Nose-Job Clit-Bipper.

I mean, who wouldn't want one, if only for the mantelpiece?

The erotic Doll House is complete with itty-bitty figures in various stages of fore-, during- and afterplay. The perfect X-rated answer to Barbie Dolls.

Wendy Sue Teitelbaum, who graced *Openers* with her golden cocks made from the real equipment of men she'd loved (November 1974), now makes plaster molds of the breasts of *women* she's loved and turns them into ceramic flower vases. That Wendy really gets around.

Want a few goodies for those special people on your Christmas list? Try the Feminist Feeder baby bottle, complete with breasts and bulging belly; or how about Tit Links? And there must be an aunt somewhere in the world who will adore the Snatch Purse. What fun. Dirty Dominoes, anyone?

—CAROLE BOVOSO

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to an ongoing game of Monopoly.

The John McPhee Reader (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is a good introduction (I'd say appetizer if it didn't sound so diminutive) to the author's style, which is informative, elegant and compassionate all at once, and to the author's world, which is refreshingly remote from that of those writers whose search for contemporaneity leads them back to their own high schools. —TRACY YOUNG

The enduring civility of Anglo angst

They like to call themselves desperadoes—it's a reckless, randy image and a sonorously singable word—but anyone with a tape recorder could catch them. Combining the poet's urge to confess and the melodrama of country melodies with the punch of a rock rhythm section, a legion of lonesome Los Angeles cowboys has branded a significant chunk of the pop-music market as its own.

The frontiersmen were the Byrds, who broke trail in 1968 with *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* (Columbia), with Gram Parsons riding point. He was a young Southerner who'd gone to Harvard, dropped out to play in a country band, wandered west and ended up replacing Byrd David Crosby. Parsons quit the band when it accepted a tour gig in South Africa. He and Byrds bassist/mandolinist Chris Hillman then formed the Flying Burrito Brothers, a band that made good music but lousy money. Parsons next went solo and cut two albums, *GP* and *Grievous Angel* (Warners), before drinking and drugging himself to death at age 26.

No country-rock artist has yet matched the standard Parsons set. He did it all—he played and sang balls-out country, wrote kick-in-the-guts ballads that are as compact as they are beautiful and sang with, well, the fervor of a grievous angel.

After the Burritos bit the dust, Hillman teamed up with ace songwriter J. D. Souther and ex–Buffalo Springfield, ex–Poco singer Richie Furay. Aptly calling themselves the Souther Hillman Furay Band, they signed with Asylum Records, home of the Eagles and also, at the time, of Linda Ronstadt. The classiest cowpersons in Los Angeles were now in the same stable. But somehow the S.H.F. Band never clicked; their powerhouse backup musicians got better notices than they did.

This year, still on Asylum, all three have released solo albums, and so has newcomer Warren Zevon (who minimizes country and maximizes urban cheeky punk, despite the obligatory desperado imagery).

Though Hillman is a superb musician

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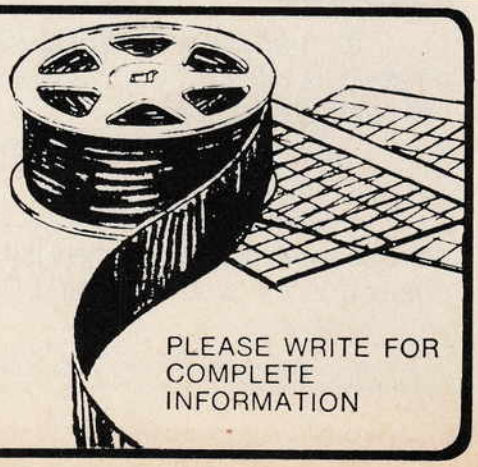

PLEASE WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

and Furay has a strong, essence-de-teenager tenor, both their careers will crawl or fly on the writing and the production values of the albums. The Los Angeles cowboys all know how to sing, but none of them is what you'd immediately recognize as a voice. Los Angeles cowboys depend more on their brains than on their lungs.

Their big topics are women, money and Hollywood. They sing not of the West but of Westerns, and of the perennial post-adolescent problem: jamming lust's triangular peg into love's round hole. Their songs underscore the need, however, to jam it *somewhere*.

Like the poets of any generation, these guys *are us*, only more so. They grew up on images of Roy, Gene, Hoppie and Wild Bill, but they are just plain J. D., Chris, Richie and Warren.

Souther describes his anguished but precise sound as "Anglo accuracy." Not surprisingly, **Black Rose,** produced by British pop whiz Peter Asher, is the best studio effort Souther has ever come up with. Asher put Souther's quavery choirboy voice and romantic lyrics into a part-electric, part-string-quartet setting and coined an elegant new form: country chamber music.

Despite uneven material—Souther takes the greatest word chances of this group, with appropriately high and low results—the album is a charmer. The further he gets into his own smooth intellect and away from country cliché, the closer he hits to home. Combining his gift for creating crushed-velvet melodies with his gift for writing singable epigrams—"If passion is always kind/How can love be cruel?"—Souther is emerging as the Oscar Wilde of the new West, a sophisticate whose words have a cutting edge but mean no harm.

Hillman has neither a remarkable voice nor a remarkable way with words, but he is utterly professional, makes the most of his resources and seems like a helluva nice guy, to boot. **Slippin' Away** is the most consistently entertaining album of the bunch. Hillman is a sweet harmony singer and does indeed get his lyrical licks in—"Seems like she's seen it all before/And what she hasn't seen, she's heard of"—and has written one melody here, *Blue Morning*, that's as lush as any of Souther's.

Hillman also knows how to program an album. *Slippin' Away* is dotted with joyful touches: an ARP synthesizer doing a pretty, and pretty funny, imitation of a pedal steel guitar; an original acoustic Appalachian gospel foot-stomper; and, best of all, a *reggae*-ish version of a song he wrote with Parsons, *From Down in the Churchyard*, which admits that we all end up under a tombstone but insists that "You gotta shake your fist and say it's all right."

During *Blue Morning*, Hillman recalls his Byrds days as a teen idol and refers to himself as "Some joker got lucky, first time around." But this solo shot is his fourth time. The reason he keeps coming around isn't luck, it's skill.

Furay has also been around for some time now, and it's starting to get to him. The cover photo of his album **I've Got a Reason** is in black and white, as is Furay's thinking these days. He has found Jesus, and I wish he'd put him back. The record sounds like typical Furay—ecstatic singing pushed by bright, hard-edged country-pop arrangements—but it feels awful. Nearly all the songs are innocuous love paeans to guess who, except for a pair of truly despicable numbers about his former lover: Furay's filled with Jesus; she's filled with the Devil; and that's why things didn't work out, so now "When I need some love/I will look to above." In the wake of busted-up bands and busted-up romances, no one is going to begrudge the guy a dose of synthetic solace. But

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When it comes to buying a 35mm SLR, foresight is less expensive than hindsight.

The time to find out what you need in a 35mm SLR is before you buy it, not after.

Because a camera that meets your needs is a good buy. And a camera that doesn't is a bad buy at any price.

Know thyself. First of all, look ahead to what you'll want to do with the camera. Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. To name a few: interchangeable finders and viewscreens, motorized film winding, self-timers, multiple-exposure capability and automatic exposure control. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills. Don't buy more camera than you need. Or less.

Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.

Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.

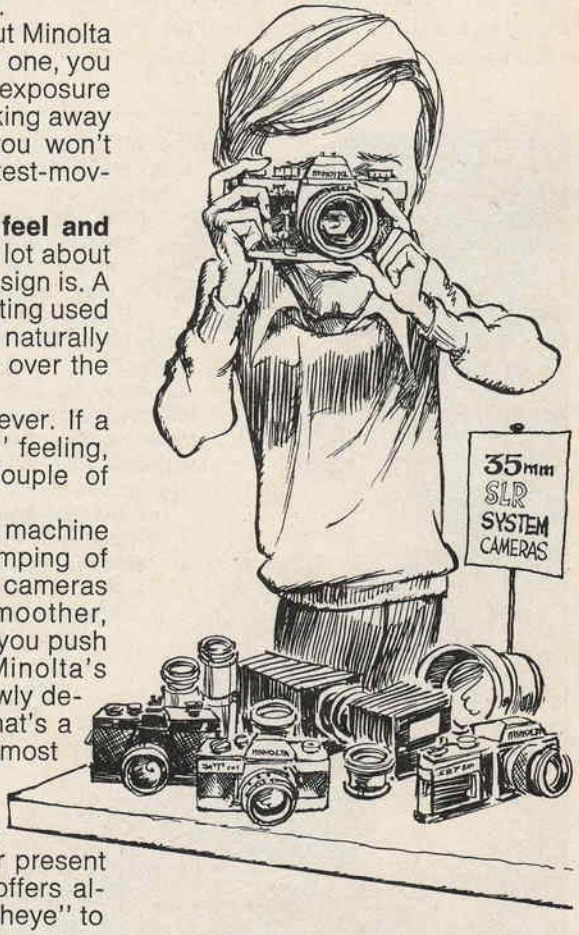
Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses? You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require realignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship? Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.



Cameras have reputations. Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

taking it yourself is one thing; writing, recording and marketing *I've Got a Reason* is peddling spiritual narcotics.

Warren Zevon is Zevon's record debut, and it's a stone delight. He's not as confessional as his fellow sensitiveradoes, being much more of a storyteller. His songs chronicle the all-too-surreal details of life in the Golden State, from junkies out in Echo Park, to love-junky Momma dead-set on marrying gambling-junky Poppa, to sex junkies everywhere—"She was a credit to her gender/She put me through some changes, Lord./Sort of a Waring blender."

Warren Zevon has a much more live-in-the-saloon feel than the other discs, due to Jackson Browne's lean production and Zevon's chunky barrel-house piano playing. The album contains a couple of clunkers, but it also features the Beach Boys playing the part of a motel air conditioner that harmonizes along with Zevon. He may be a rookie, but anyone with a Fedders full of Beach Boys is clearly aiming to be a most valuable player. —BURY ST. EDMUND

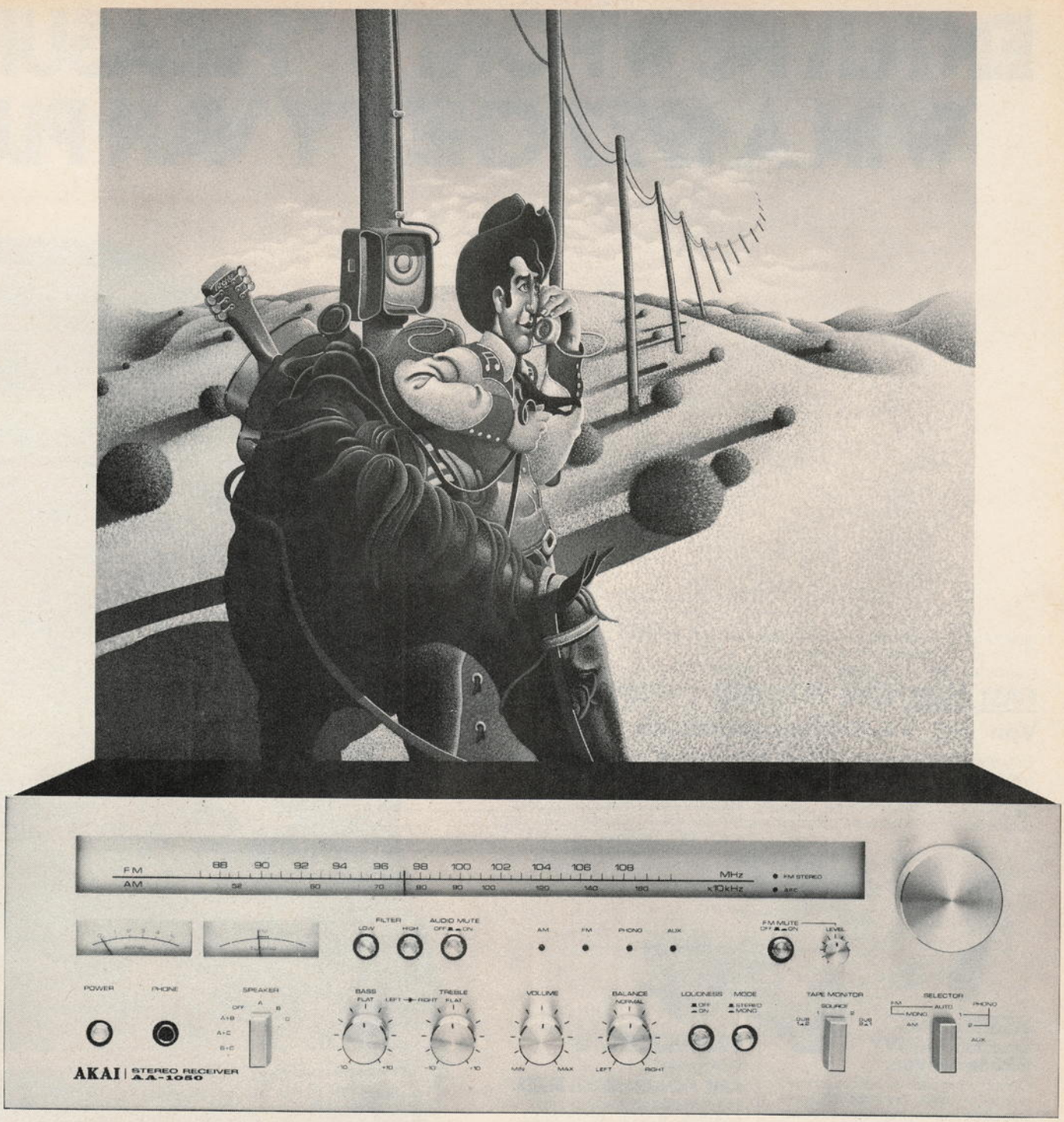
Mano *survives*! But this cannibalism makes him blow lunch

I know this sounds egocentric, but I am *the* expert on cannibalism. Don't eat your heart out, it's just about all I'm expert at. Me, I'm the guy who'll drop that little Styrofoam disk from my Alka-Seltzer bottle into a glass of water and then wonder why it doesn't fizz. Every damn time. Yet when it comes to cannibalism, I can tell what's kosher.

In fact, people taste good. They'd win any Pepsi challenge hands down. Soon, with the world food crisis, we may hear Frank Perdue announce in his strangled-capon voice: "Mah persons are real delicious; just look for the Perdue thumb-tag at your supermarket." Cannibalism, I realize, is still a tender subject, but is it more grisly (or gristly) than keeping Aunt Tabitha's crematorium urn on top of the color TV? Funeral costs rise: By 1994, I modestly propose, you'll be saying, "My, doesn't he taste just like himself?" Since that sensational Andes plane crash, cannibalism has been out of the closet. Which leaves nothing else there, except those old shoes—everybody has at least one pair—that you shoved in galoshes last winter and which now have tiny mushrooms growing all over them.

Survive! is based on that Andean plane crash the way Greasy Joe's clam chowder is based on clams. You get maybe three of them, and each is so tough you could chew it like Bazooka; but there's plenty of sensationalism to flesh the film out. I mean, you can learn how one makes beef jerky from a human shoulder blade. (Heard of snuff films? This is a stuff film.) The lady next to me barfed into her popcorn box. But, aside from a slice or two of life, *Survive!* is so anonymous that the corpses have star quality compared with the 16 survivors. Worse, it was filmed

With the empire gone and all her best musicians in tax exile, England has precious little left to exploit these days apart from her eccentricities. Fortunately in boozing habits as in so many other things, the British are still the world's most entertaining squinks. *The English Pub* (Harper & Row), by Michael Jackson, is a handsomely illustrated survey of 20 centuries of pub crawling. Bet you never even suspected the existence of drinking games like rhubarb-thrashing and marrow-dangling. The book is divided into chapters stocked with esoteric tidbits about the pub's social and architectural evolution from colonial Roman *taberna*, the production and mystique of beer, pub sports and pub entertainment, from Shakespeare's original gigs to the Victorian under-the-table twopenny hand job. Plus there are lots of terrific pictures: hand-painted 18th Century porcelain tap handles; lasciviously opulent Edwardian interiors; Thirties art dreck-o Guinness advertisements; heraldic displays of little-known but dearly loved local beer labels. (My favorite is Crabber's Nip, though Old Peculiar does have an intriguing ring.) In all, a very professional coffee-table gift volume for yourself or other loved ones. Chug Britannia! —B. ST. E.



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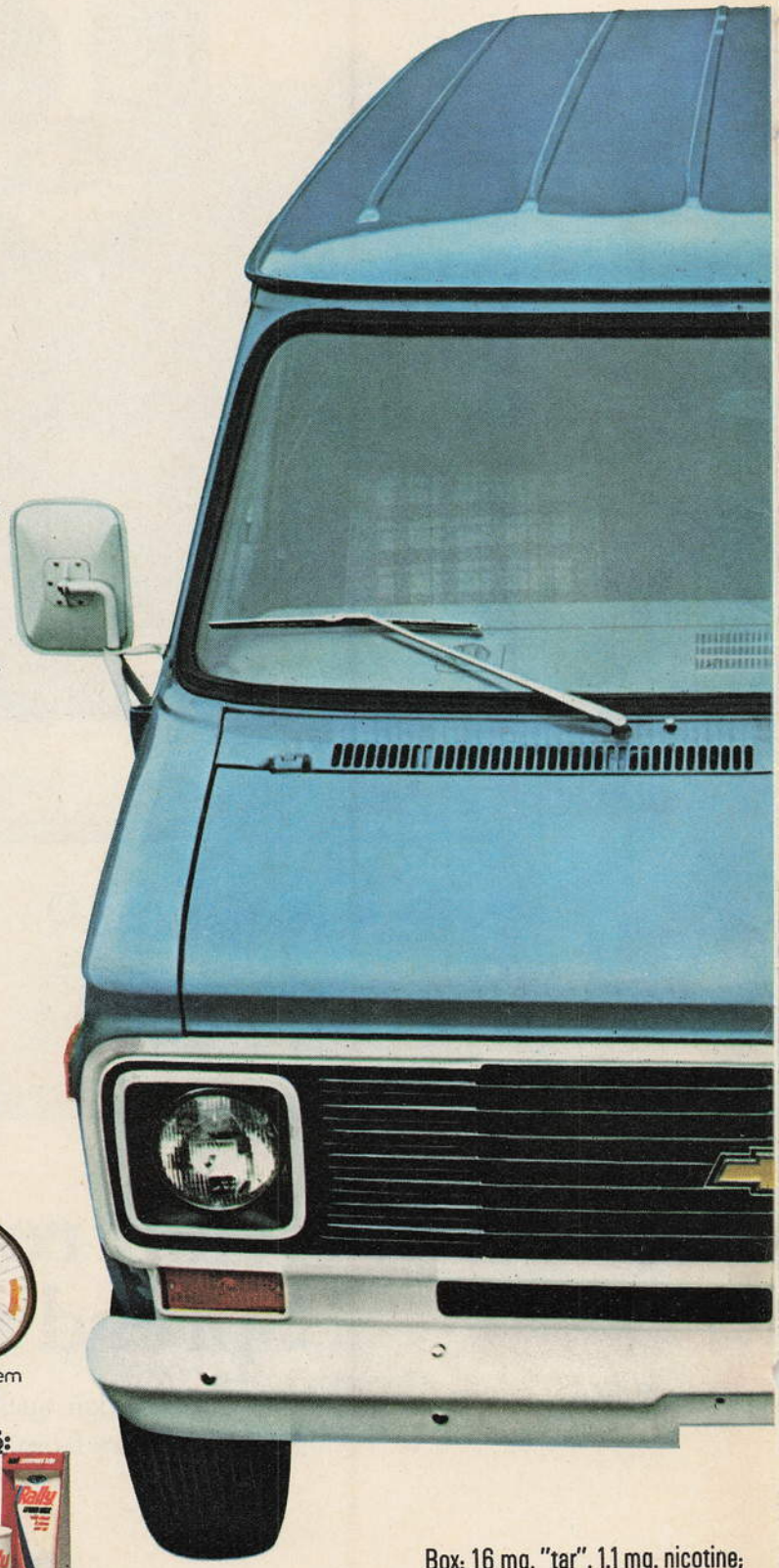

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A 2-stroke, oil-injected beauty that comes equipped with directionals, matching speedometer and tachometer, and competition-type front forks. For street and off-the-road pleasure there's nothing like a Harley-Davidson.

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You can pedal your way to fitness, fun and pleasure on an AMF 26" deluxe

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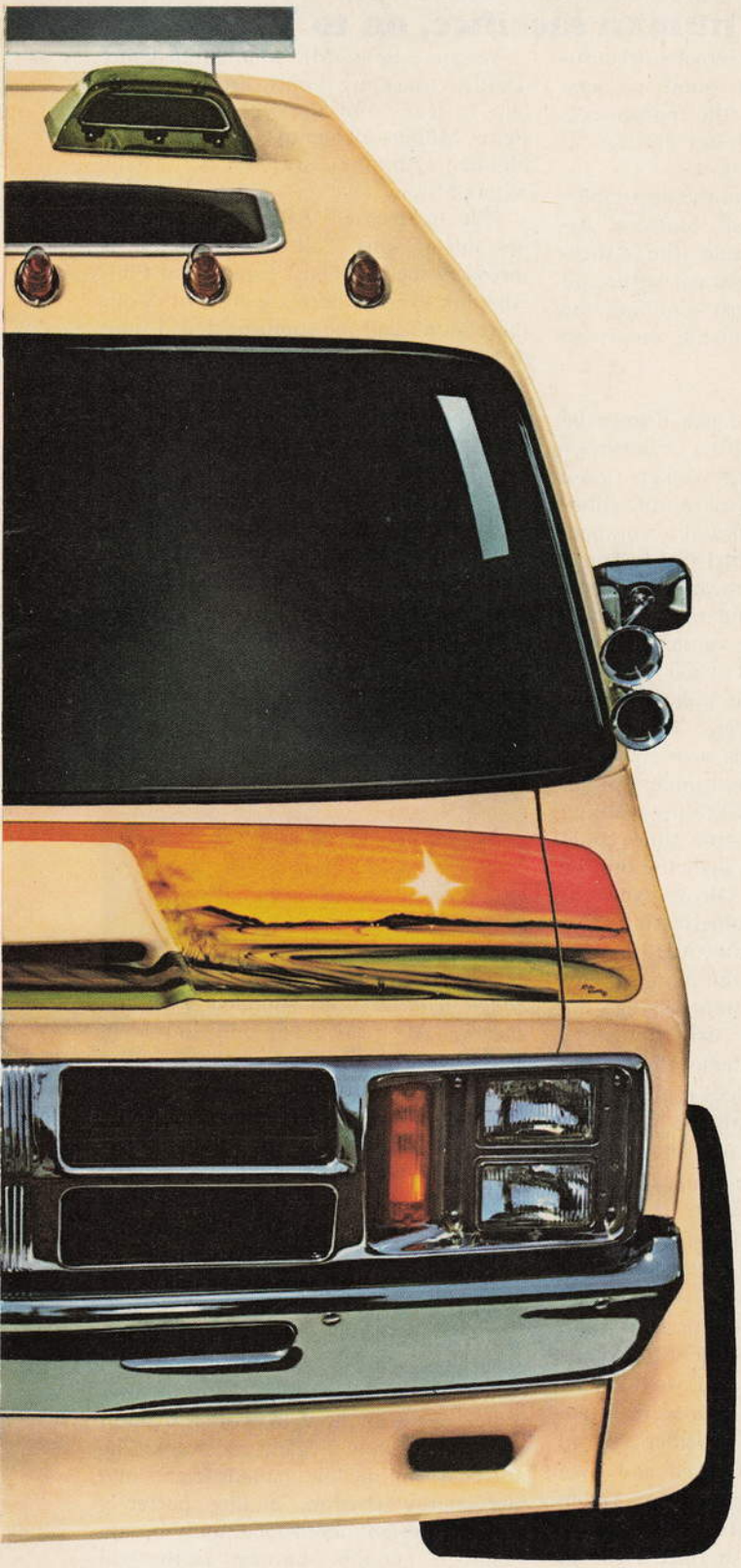
Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

ON WHEELS" SWEEPSTAKES. $5,000 FOR CUSTOMIZING.



OFFICIAL RULES

1. To enter the NEWPORT "PLEASURE ON WHEELS" SWEEPSTAKES, print your name, address and zip code and mail entry to NEWPORT "PLEASURE ON WHEELS" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2156, Hillside, New Jersey 07205. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately.

2. Each entry must include one (1) bottom flap from a NEWPORT cigarette pack, or the word "NEWPORT," printed on a 3x5 piece of paper. To be eligible, all entries must be received by the judging organization on or before March 31, 1977. No purchase is necessary.

3. One First Prize, the 1977 Chevy G20 series Van of your choice and $5,000 dollars, will be awarded. One Second Prize: the 1977 Chevy G20 series Van of your choice. Five Third Prizes: Harley-Davidson SS 175cc Motorcycles. 50 Fourth Prizes: AMF 10-speed bicycles. 1,000 Fifth Prizes: DuPont Rally Car Cleaning Kits will be awarded. No substitutions for these prizes.

4. All prize winners will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. Only one prize to a household. P.J. Laitmon Associates, is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final. For a list of prize winners and judges statements explaining the methods used in determining entitlements to prizes, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to NEWPORT "PLEASURE ON WHEELS" SWEEPSTAKES Winner List, P.O. Box 2157, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.

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P.O. Box 2156
Hillside, New Jersey 07205

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

chiefly in a snow-fog so persistent that you start looking for the dashboard defroster button. I cleaned my glasses twice. (And it isn't realism: There were lots of Coppertone warm afternoons in that 72-day enforced vacation.) The crucial and pathetic moment—when those 16 decide to sublet calories from their dead comrades—is treated as if they were trying instead to pick one from column A and one from column B at Lum Fong's Cantonese. It's a butcher job; no, it's a stinking shame—because this will always be one of the most poignant and terrible (and instructive) adventures in human history.

Character names have been changed to protect the heroic—and Paramount's legal department. Even their airplane goes under an alias. Instead of FUERZA AEREA URUGUAY (Uruguayan Air Force), its fuselage lettering has been carefully edited. There was a good reason for this. In its press releases, Paramount has the obscene gall to state, ". . . based on Clay Blair, Jr.'s definitive book." Definitive: bull dinkey, as my 11-year-old son would say (in front of *me*, at least). Blair slapped together a schlock paperback drawn mostly from outsider accounts. He had no real access to the 16. They, and relatives of those who died, contracted with Piers Paul Read and Lippincott. Read's book **Alive** is not merely definitive, it's also brilliant. Conacine and Rene Cardona, Jr., who produced *Survive!* in Mexico (then sold it for distribution to Robert Stigwood and Allan Carr, who then sold American rights to Paramount), knew for darn sure that if they used one authentic name or one line of Read's dialog, they would've been made into beef jerky by lawyers.

Read approached cannibalism with insight and . . . ah, great taste. But, beyond that, he chronicled the development of a small civilization: It had its warrior class, its bureaucracy and its useless drones who hung on by flunkying for some more energetic protector. All 16 came from very similar economic, social and religious backgrounds. This fortuitous experiment was unique. *Alive* is not just engrossing, it is classic: a required text in dozens of college sociology courses.

And the tragedy is compounded. You see, film rights to *Alive* were bought some time ago. A screenplay has been written. John Schlesinger is to direct under the auspices of United Artists. But it will be an expensive project. As one man close to the negotiations told me: "Our film people were marvelously considerate. They agreed to comply with the wishes of the families. It's a sensitive area, as you can imagine. But the locational and technical considerations are immense, costly. For instance, it's extremely difficult to match shots in snow. And the lighting problems are brutal." I worry. Now that this penny-ante glob of phlegm has been released, will U.A. have the *chutzpah* to go ahead? I hope so. If not, two very important things are lost: the box-office gross, which would be shared among families of those 29 who didn't survive, and a documentary that has surpassing human significance. —D. KEITH MANO

Peter Allen's class act: up from human sacrifice, on to Vegas

Peter Allen draws the cream—the society sisters, the year-round tanners, the pretty-boy actors, the purple-eye-socket girls who hand out lipstick at counters at department stores.

A typical conversation, the next table: "Kid, I've done them all, Stillman, Atkins, but this one is magic: the lettuce-and-Valium diet. You just eat lettuce all day, and when you start climbing the walls, you knock yourself out with Valium."

Showtime!

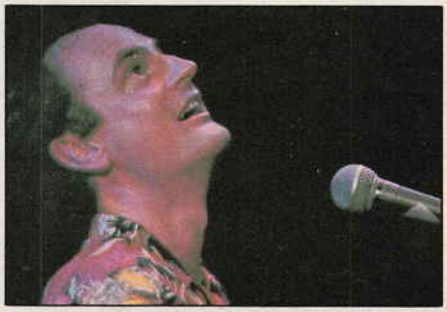
Amid the gallop of conga drums, he enters: a record-industry Gatsby—white on white, sharp jacket, loose trousers, a huge iris, like a purple fountain, pinned to his lapel and an orange-marmalade Hawaiian shirt tied in front! Very Peter Allen. You mean the ex–Mr. Liza Minnelli? Who said that? Though true, nothing gets the venom up like some ego-tripping goof who's up there because a famous wife pulled strings. But Allen needs apologize to no one. He's a cult singer in his own right, the *numero uno* of the cabaret underground, and the writer of the Grammy-winning *I Honestly Love You* (the tune could have given the nation diabetes on the sugar-cruller lips of Olivia Newton-John, but it has the homely truth of a cow pasture when sung by Allen). Allen rolls around on top of the piano, jumps to center stage, shakes maracas, does the limbo, the slop, the strip (goodbye Hawaiian marmalade, hello rhinestone-twinkling T-shirt) and does it all without dropping the floppy flower he has poked behind his ear! There was also a time when our 30-ish Aussie banged a piano in brawling pubs and, later, opened the show for Judy "Have I got a daughter for you" Garland. "My partner and I would do our act," recalls Allen, "then a doctor usually came out and said, 'We're terribly sorry, but Miss Garland——' And the crowd would start rioting and turn on us. We were hired, I think, as the human sacrifices." And time was, after Judy O.D.ed and Liza skipped, that Allen opened for Helen Reddy at state fairs and stock-car races. "A guy died in a crash once right in the middle of my song. Honey! Talk about upstaging."

Yet here he is, Mr. Manhattan Chic. That isn't just any dumpy broad arriving late in jeans and dark glasses: That's Bette Midler incognito. And the loud blonde with the tire tracks: That's Sylvia Miles.

"Please, please," Allen tries to calm his *soigné* fans, "all this applause is throwing me off. I just came from Philadelphia. And if there are any critics out there, don't call me sophisticated. I used to think sophisticated meant knowing a lot about a lot of things, but critics use it to mean too New York or he's not for TV. So please go easy. I'm working my way to Vegas."

Allen then proceeds to sing (very well) the tunes (mostly great) from his new album *Taught by Experts* (A & M). The title song is about getting fucked over, big-city style.

"I picked up a lot from Judy and other stars I worked with, but I thought



Stolen from Experts sounded a bit too cheesy," Allen says. The only sour note in the show is the final one, a maudlin "tribute" to Garland called *Quiet Please, There's a Lady Onstage*, which begs the audience to put their hands together for a singer who may not be the latest rage—as if Judy ever needed anything more than her own stormy electricity to command full attention.

Allen is best when he downplays his streetwise cynicism and lets a wry smile humanize hard-boiled lyrics. His experience shows: All those pubs and concert riots have given him a sure-footed sense of how to work an audience. Alternately elegant and wacky, he moves from mellow ballads right into high-energy rhythm, ending perfectly with an insolent about-face fanny-bump. "Enough, enough," he cries in the hail of cultist ovation. "Vegas is waiting!"

—JOHN CALENDO

oui

DATEBOOK 1977

DECEMBER

WEDNESDAY
1

THURSDAY
2
Dolphin elected mayor of Pacific Shores, California.

FRIDAY
3

SATURDAY
4

SUNDAY
5
You deserve a break today.

MONDAY
6

TUESDAY
7

WEDNESDAY
8

THURSDAY
9

FRIDAY
10

SATURDAY
11
Geminis! Avoid lighting farts at cocktail parties!

SUNDAY
12

MONDAY
13

TUESDAY
14

WEDNESDAY
15
Hustler publishes Bella Abzug's pelvic X rays.

THURSDAY
16

FRIDAY
17 B.F. Goodrich merges with Gino's to produce steel-belted pizzas.

SATURDAY
18

SUNDAY
19

MONDAY
20

TUESDAY
21

WEDNESDAY
22

THURSDAY
23 100,000 Manhattan phone books sold at $12.50 each as swingers' directories.

FRIDAY
24

SATURDAY
25
Christmas

SUNDAY
26

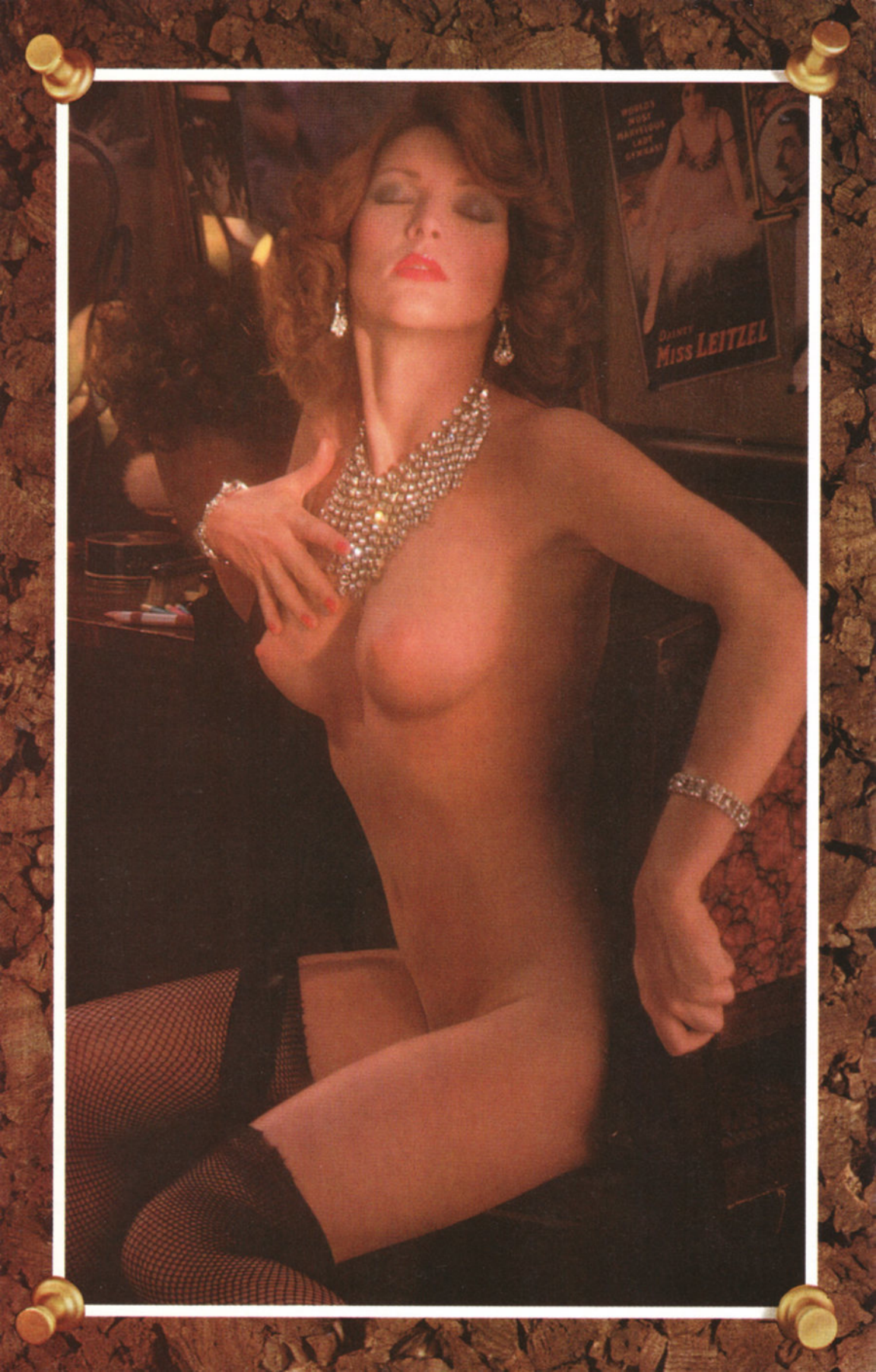
MONDAY
27

TUESDAY
28 Jolly Green Giant is arrested for molesting elves in lima-bean field.

WEDNESDAY
29

THURSDAY
30

FRIDAY
31


MISS LEITZEL

JANUARY

SATURDAY
1
New Year's Day

SUNDAY
2

MONDAY
3
Today is the first day of the rest of this week.

TUESDAY
4

WEDNESDAY
5

THURSDAY
6 Remaindered mood rings
to serve as alpha-wave indicators for the poor.

FRIDAY
7
Libras! A good day to file for bankruptcy.

SATURDAY
8

SUNDAY
9

MONDAY
10
What the hell. Give in. Buy yourself a leisure suit today.

TUESDAY
11

WEDNESDAY
12

THURSDAY
13
Used pop-top-beer-can tabs sold as cock rings for Chihuahuas.

FRIDAY
14

SATURDAY
15
Pillsbury introduces flour by wire.

SUNDAY
16

MONDAY
17

TUESDAY
18
Question of the day: Is life real or is it Memorex?

WEDNESDAY
19

THURSDAY
20 24th annual World Alpine
Uphill Skiing Competition, Ingolstadt, Bavaria.

FRIDAY
21

SATURDAY
22

SUNDAY
23
Gay Liberation Front calls for issuance of three-dollar bill.

MONDAY
24

TUESDAY
25

WEDNESDAY
26
Anne Kalsø introduces the Earth Bra.

THURSDAY
27

FRIDAY
28

SATURDAY
29
Bruce Springsteen's brother's birthday.

SUNDAY
30

MONDAY
31 Jane Goodall discovers tribe of baboons
who have devised a primitive vaginal deodorant spray.

FEBRUARY

TUESDAY
1 At 1:42 (E.S.T.) on the *Tomorrow* show, Tom's guest will utter a sentence that will change your life!

WEDNESDAY
2

THURSDAY
3

FRIDAY
4 Entire population of Sacramento, California, abducted by Yetis driving Harleys.

SATURDAY
5

SUNDAY
6

MONDAY
7 Monty Hall dies; he is buried in a gorilla suit behind Door Number Two.

TUESDAY
8

WEDNESDAY
9

THURSDAY
10 CIA destabilizes Disney World; coup imminent.

FRIDAY
11

SATURDAY
12 Idi Amin attends est seminar.

SUNDAY
13

MONDAY
14

TUESDAY
15

WEDNESDAY
16

THURSDAY
17

FRIDAY
18 *The Midnight Special* does a tribute to R. Crumb's Cheap Suit Serenaders.

SATURDAY
19

SUNDAY
20

MONDAY
21 Washington's Birthday

TUESDAY
22

WEDNESDAY
23

THURSDAY
24

FRIDAY
25 American Psychiatric Association declares neurosis normal.

SATURDAY
26

SUNDAY
27 Chevy Chase changes his name to Arlington, Virginia.

MONDAY
28

MARCH

TUESDAY
1
Dr. Hook poses for Hathaway shirt ad.

WEDNESDAY
2

THURSDAY
3

FRIDAY
4

SATURDAY
5

SUNDAY
6

MONDAY
7
Tom Waits introduces the subleisure suit.

TUESDAY
8

WEDNESDAY
9

THURSDAY
10
Little People of America urge passage of Equal Heights Amendment.

FRIDAY
11

SATURDAY
12

SUNDAY
13
Pisces shoe salesmen! Avoid miniature golf courses today.

MONDAY
14

TUESDAY
15

WEDNESDAY
16

THURSDAY
17
Bionic Woman short-circuits vibrator.

FRIDAY
18

SATURDAY
19

SUNDAY
20

MONDAY
21
Supreme Court bans prayer in public washrooms; cops bust hundreds of kneeling men.

TUESDAY
22

WEDNESDAY
23

THURSDAY
24

FRIDAY
25

SATURDAY
26

SUNDAY
27

MONDAY
28
U.S. currency converted to the turquoise standard.

TUESDAY
29

WEDNESDAY
30

THURSDAY
31

APRIL

FRIDAY
1
Aries account execs! A good day to get your ears pierced.

SATURDAY
2

SUNDAY
3

MONDAY
4

TUESDAY
5

WEDNESDAY
6
Time to start packing for Daytona!

THURSDAY
7

FRIDAY
8

SATURDAY
9
X-rated remake of *King Kong* released;
Kong mistakes Macy's parade balloon for inflatable love doll.

SUNDAY
10
Easter

MONDAY
11

TUESDAY
12

WEDNESDAY
13

THURSDAY
14
Rotary meets at noon.

FRIDAY
15

SATURDAY
16

SUNDAY
17

MONDAY
18
Avoid premature ejaculation today.

TUESDAY
19

WEDNESDAY
20

THURSDAY
21

FRIDAY
22
Pipeline workers! Kodiak bear
mating season begins: avoid wearing fur coats!

SATURDAY
23

SUNDAY
24

MONDAY
25
A good day for opening a Swiss bank account.

TUESDAY
26

WEDNESDAY
27
Pope condemns bucket seats.

THURSDAY
28

FRIDAY
29
My name's Friday. I'm a cop.

SATURDAY
30

SUPERMAN
DRINK

MAY

SUNDAY
1

MONDAY
2
City of Los Angeles disappears; foul play suspected.

TUESDAY
3

WEDNESDAY
4

THURSDAY
5
City of Los Angeles found buried in a gravel pit in Northern California.

FRIDAY
6

SATURDAY
7
Morris the cat becomes a vegetarian.

SUNDAY
8

MONDAY
9

TUESDAY
10
A good day for paying your bills.

WEDNESDAY
11
A good day for curing your ills.

THURSDAY
12
It's a good day from morning to night.

FRIDAY
13

SATURDAY
14

SUNDAY
15

MONDAY
16

TUESDAY
17

WEDNESDAY
18

THURSDAY
19

FRIDAY
20
Workingmen of the world, unite! Join a bowling league.

SATURDAY
21

SUNDAY
22
Where is Bettie Page?

MONDAY
23

TUESDAY
24

WEDNESDAY
25
Capricorns! Avoid mayonnaise today.

THURSDAY
26

FRIDAY
27

SATURDAY
28

SUNDAY
29
Chicago Seven reunite at Indianapolis 500.

MONDAY
30
Memorial Day

TUESDAY
31

JUNE

WEDNESDAY
1

THURSDAY
2

FRIDAY
3

SATURDAY
4
27th annual Overexposed Film Festival, Cagnes-sur-Mer, France.

SUNDAY
5

MONDAY
6
Go to work barefoot today.

TUESDAY
7

WEDNESDAY
8

THURSDAY
9
Shake up your mouth today.

FRIDAY
10
The Christian Science Monitor accepts ad for Band-Aids.

SATURDAY
11

SUNDAY
12

MONDAY
13

TUESDAY
14

WEDNESDAY
15
Hamilton Beach goes clothing-optional.

THURSDAY
16

FRIDAY
17

SATURDAY
18

SUNDAY
19

MONDAY
20

TUESDAY
21

WEDNESDAY
22
The Mouseketeers' anything-can-happen day.

THURSDAY
23

FRIDAY
24

SATURDAY
25

SUNDAY
26

MONDAY
27

TUESDAY
28
Aquarians! Beware of a Gemini wearing a Charles Starkweather T-shirt today.

WEDNESDAY
29

THURSDAY
30

JULY

FRIDAY
1 Woodward and Bernstein expose White House fetishism in their new book, *The Vinyl Days*.

SATURDAY
2
Pete Rose swings both ways.

SUNDAY
3

MONDAY
4
Independence Day

TUESDAY
5

WEDNESDAY
6

THURSDAY
7 The Comte de Saint-Germain shows up on Cleveland, Ohio, Medicare rolls.

FRIDAY
8

SATURDAY
9

SUNDAY
10
Honk if you love the sound of automobile horns.

MONDAY
11

TUESDAY
12
Jim Croce finally makes *Playboy* mag's *"On the Scene."*

WEDNESDAY
13

THURSDAY
14

FRIDAY
15

SATURDAY
16

SUNDAY
17

MONDAY
18
Rome burns; arson suspected.

TUESDAY
19

WEDNESDAY
20
Look under the cushion of your living-room chair for a surprise.

THURSDAY
21

FRIDAY
22

SATURDAY
23

SUNDAY
24

MONDAY
25

TUESDAY
26
Taurus guys! Send your best gal a salami.

WEDNESDAY
27

THURSDAY
28

FRIDAY
29

SATURDAY
30

SUNDAY
31

AUGUST

MONDAY
1

TUESDAY
2
Only three more weeks until the Apocalypse.

WEDNESDAY
3

THURSDAY
4

FRIDAY
5

SATURDAY
6

SUNDAY
7
Leos! Attend a revival meeting today.

MONDAY
8

TUESDAY
9

WEDNESDAY
10

THURSDAY
11

FRIDAY
12

SATURDAY
13

SUNDAY
14

MONDAY
15

TUESDAY
16

WEDNESDAY
17

THURSDAY
18

FRIDAY
19
World will end next Tuesday. Is your Blue Cross paid up?

SATURDAY
20

SUNDAY
21

MONDAY
22

TUESDAY
23
World ends.

WEDNESDAY
24

THURSDAY
25

FRIDAY
26
Mafia usurps control of Astral Projectionists' Union.

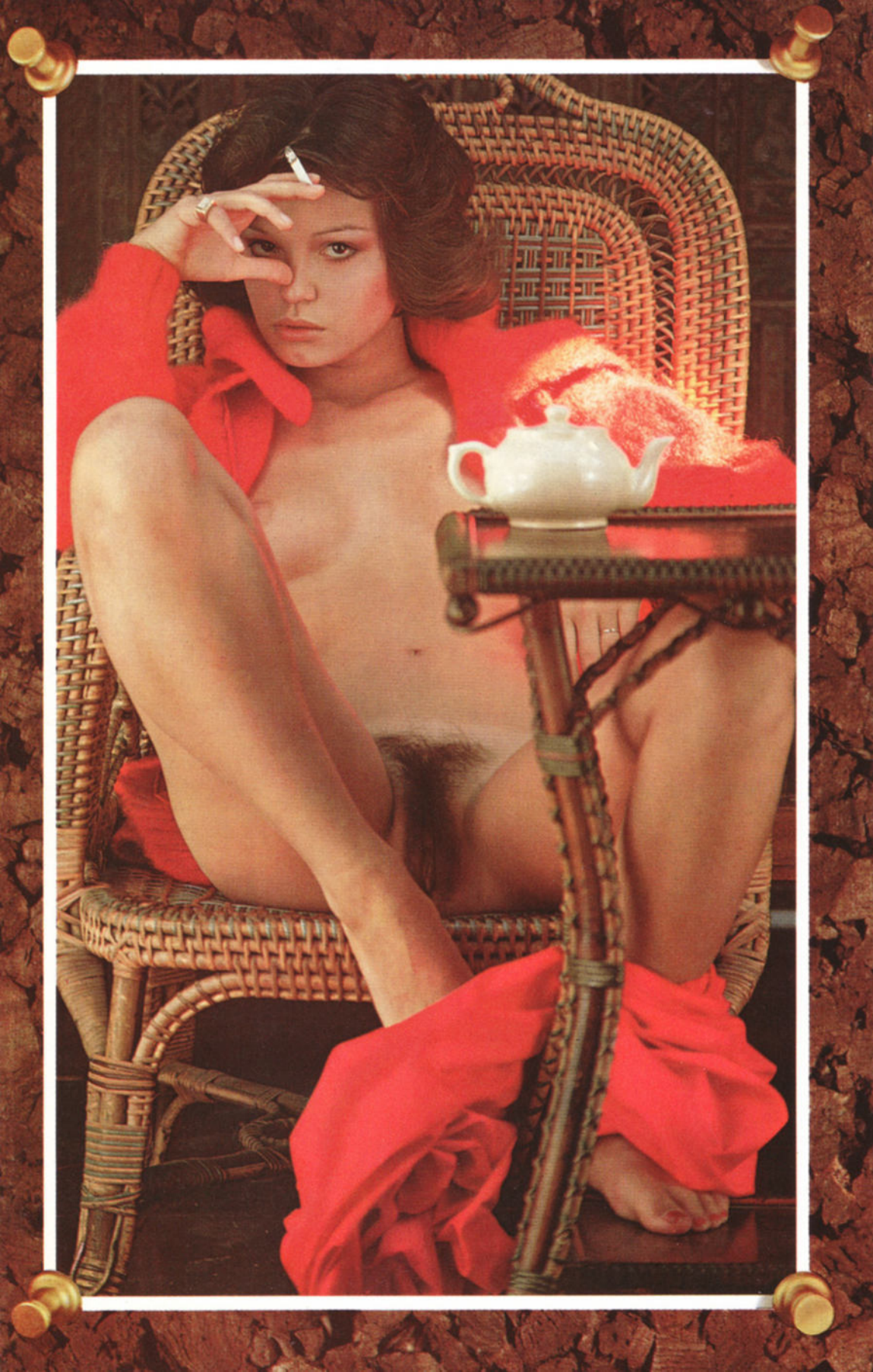
SATURDAY
27

SUNDAY
28
You will meet a tall, dark stranger;
he will demand your money and valuables.

MONDAY
29

TUESDAY
30

WEDNESDAY
31
Universal price code affixed to watermelons.



SEPTEMBER

THURSDAY
1
New Dead Sea Scroll found with a disclaimer in indicia.

FRIDAY
2

SATURDAY
3

SUNDAY
4

MONDAY
5
Labor Day

TUESDAY
6 3rd annual Frye boots trout-fishing competition, Wyomissing, Pennsylvania.

WEDNESDAY
7

THURSDAY
8

FRIDAY
9
Denim burial suit marketed.

SATURDAY
10

SUNDAY
11

MONDAY
12
Virgos! C'mon. You're not *really* a Virgo, are ya?

TUESDAY
13

WEDNESDAY
14

THURSDAY
15

FRIDAY
16
Only 156 more days until February 18th!

SATURDAY
17 4th annual five-inch-platform-shoes mixed-doubles championship tennis competition, Dixon, California.

SUNDAY
18

MONDAY
19 Cher teams with the Reverend Sun Myung Moon on new *Sunny and Cher Show*.

TUESDAY
20

WEDNESDAY
21

THURSDAY
22

FRIDAY
23

SATURDAY
24

SUNDAY
25

MONDAY
26
Sonny teams with Barcalounger on new *Sonny and Chair Show*.

TUESDAY
27

WEDNESDAY
28
Donate old exotic underwear to The Salvation Army.

THURSDAY
29

FRIDAY
30

OCTOBER

SATURDAY
1

SUNDAY
2

MONDAY
3 Performance of *Oedipus Rex* busted in Memphis; city indicts Sophocles.

TUESDAY
4

WEDNESDAY
5 UCLA scientists succeed in communicating with yoghurt.

THURSDAY
6

FRIDAY
7

SATURDAY
8

SUNDAY
9

MONDAY
10 Columbus Day

TUESDAY
11 Pay toilets abolished; pay toilet paper introduced.

WEDNESDAY
12

THURSDAY
13

FRIDAY
14

SATURDAY
15

SUNDAY
16 Led Zeppelin crashes and burns in Lakehurst, New Jersey; world stunned.

MONDAY
17

TUESDAY
18 Soon to be a major motion picture.

WEDNESDAY
19

THURSDAY
20

FRIDAY
21 Scorpios! Avoid heavy bondage situations today.

SATURDAY
22

SUNDAY
23

MONDAY
24 Veterans Day

TUESDAY
25

WEDNESDAY
26 Need ego boost? Look up your name in phone book.

THURSDAY
27

FRIDAY
28

SATURDAY
29

SUNDAY
30 Drunks: Learn to weave in your spare time.

MONDAY
31

NOVEMBER

TUESDAY
1

WEDNESDAY
2

THURSDAY
3

FRIDAY
4

SATURDAY
5
Cancers! Avoid Geminis with LOVE and HATE knuckle tattoos today.

SUNDAY
6

MONDAY
7
Carpet City defaults on municipal bonds.

TUESDAY
8

WEDNESDAY
9
Disco version of Spike Jones's *Cocktails for Two* released.

THURSDAY
10

FRIDAY
11

SATURDAY
12

SUNDAY
13

MONDAY
14
Uri Geller psychically stops all Spiro Agnew watches.

TUESDAY
15

WEDNESDAY
16

THURSDAY
17
Evel Knievel's cycle seat stolen by frustrated female snarf.

FRIDAY
18

SATURDAY
19

SUNDAY
20

MONDAY
21

TUESDAY
22

WEDNESDAY
23

THURSDAY
24
Thanksgiving

FRIDAY
25

SATURDAY
26
Wild Man Fischer's birthday. Cancel your next shrink appointment.

SUNDAY
27

MONDAY
28

TUESDAY
29

WEDNESDAY
30
Frederick's of Hollywood introduces crotchless truss.

DECEMBER

THURSDAY
1
Beatles reunite as curling team.

FRIDAY
2
Great Pyramid at Giza demolished; land cleared for condominium.

SATURDAY
3

SUNDAY
4

MONDAY
5
Miss America abdicates to marry a commoner.

TUESDAY
6

WEDNESDAY
7
Japanese stage daring sneak attack on Pearl Bailey.

THURSDAY
8

FRIDAY
9

SATURDAY
10

SUNDAY
11

MONDAY
12 Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hare hires Ted Patrick to deprogram Billy Graham.

TUESDAY
13

WEDNESDAY
14

THURSDAY
15

FRIDAY
16

SATURDAY
17
Sagittarians! Nice guys finish last! Be a real prick today.

SUNDAY
18

MONDAY
19

TUESDAY
20

WEDNESDAY
21
The New Yorker prints an ambiguous sentence by mistake.

THURSDAY
22

FRIDAY
23

SATURDAY
24

SUNDAY
25
Christmas; transvestites busted for donning gay apparel.

MONDAY
26

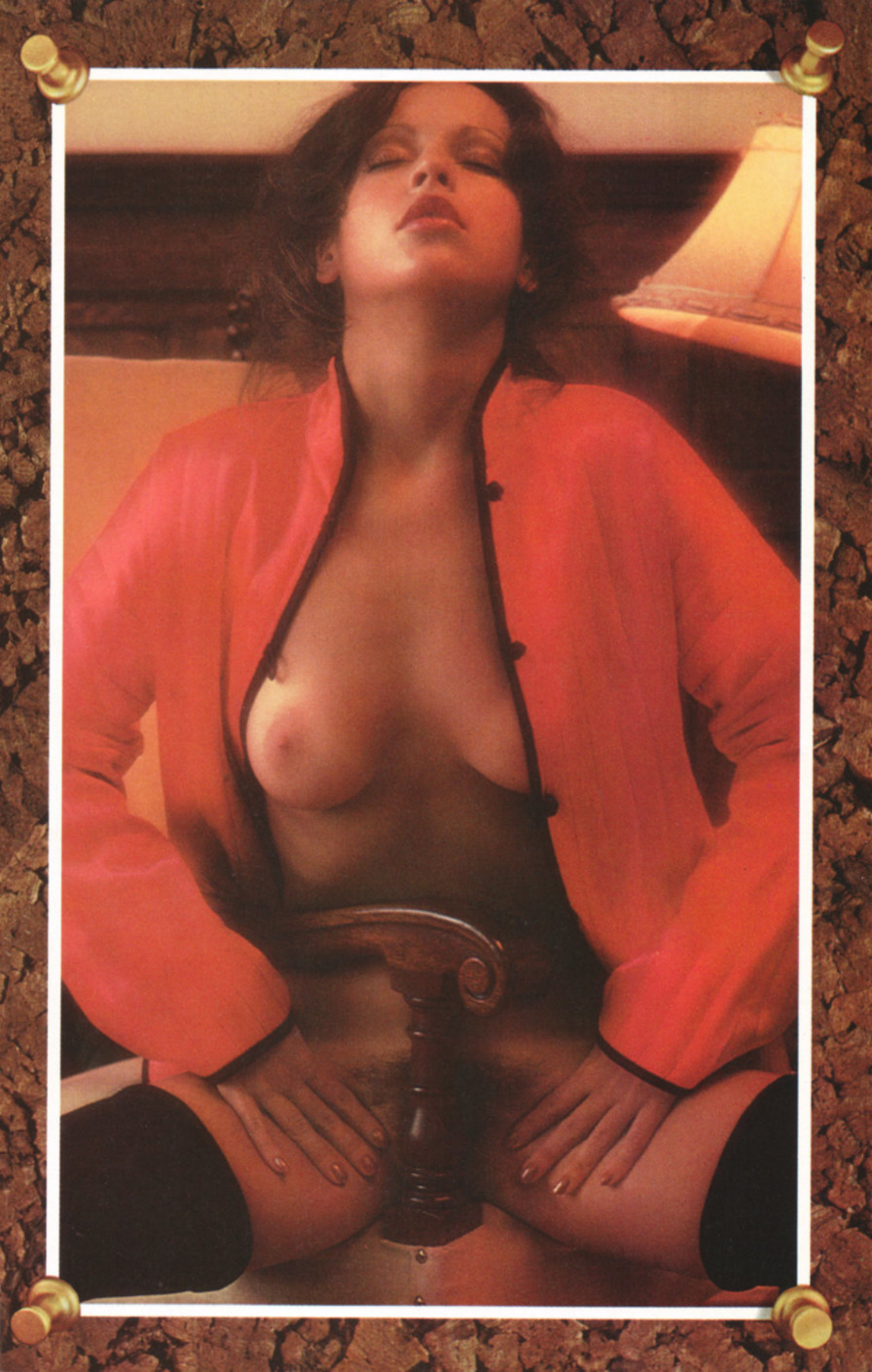
TUESDAY
27

WEDNESDAY
28

THURSDAY
29
A good day for squash—the game or the vegetable.

FRIDAY
30

SATURDAY
31

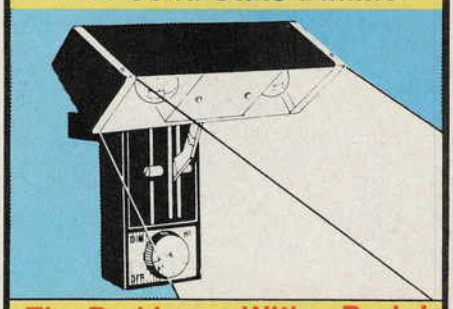


Easy Reader

Twin Light, High Intensity

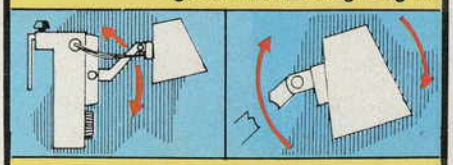
Bed Lamp

With Solid State Dimmer



The Bed Lamp With a Brain!

Dimmer Adjustment
Rotating dimmer switch lets you adjust light to any brightness level you want . . . from soft dim glow . . . to full bright light.



Fully adjustable
You can move it up and down and rotate it a full 360° from side to side . . . to direct the light exactly where you want it. Provides excellent reading light for two. Or you can direct the light so you can read while your mate sleeps. Clamps easily to any 1" or 2" headboard by means of an adjustable, non-marring clamping device.

Twin Lamps double your pleasure
Here's the first bed lamp you've ever seen that makes reading in bed a pleasure and an eye saving experience. If you have enjoyed the use of a high intensity lamp in the past, just imagine the delight in having two powerful high intensity bulbs working for you. And you can adjust the brightness level from a warm, romantic glow to a bright as daylight brilliance.

Great at home . . . for students at school
Complete with 8 foot cord and two high intensity bulbs. The brightest idea in bed lamps for anyone who likes to read, relax and rest in bed.

It's so easy to order.
Send check or money order. Or use your credit cards. Give Account No., Bank No. (if any), Expiration Date, Signature. N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

Order No. 45960
Bed lamp. Black-n-Brass **$27.50**
Order No. 45962
Bed Lamp. Brown-n-Brass . . . **$27.50**
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It's the only sleeper of its kind to carry the Wear Dated Label and the Good Housekeeping Seal.

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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☐ Charge my Credit Card or Bank Card # indicated below:
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☐ BankAmericard
Signature _____

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Sun Yellow — **Baby Pink**
Fire Red — **Powder Blue**

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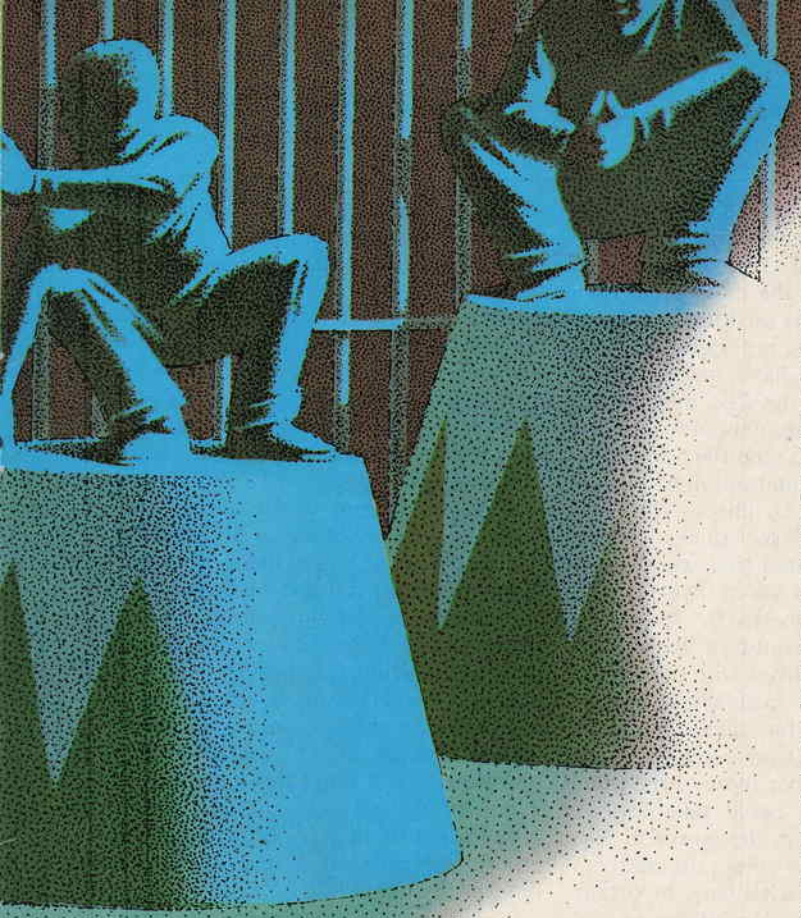
Up to 5'2"	Small
5'2" to 5'4"	Medium
5'4" to 5'6"	Large
Over 5'6"	Extra Large



THE GOSPEL OF SEX ACCORDING TO MARGO ST. JAMES

WATCH THE GEORGE MEANY OF HOOKERS DOMINATE THE COPS. SEE HER SUBDUE THE POLITICIANS. THRILL AS STREETWALKERS PLAN AN ASSAULT ON WASHINGTON.

ARTICLE BY BURR SNIDER

Illustration by Alex Murawski

It's Big John on the horn. One of the original crazies. He's the gunslinging West Coast business maverick who hit the headlines when he Terry-and-the-Piratesed a cargo of contraband refugees out of their war-torn country under fire and against the orders of the U. S. Government. Real screwball. Margo likes him. He's smart, she says, and he listens when you talk. She's been after him to fly some loose women to Washington, D.C., this summer for her own special Bicentennial salute, the Third Annual Hookers Convention and First World Meeting of Prostitutes. It's the kind of thing you might think would appeal to Big John's outrider instincts, hauling whores to the capital to raise a little good clean hell, but so far he's been a little slow to commit himself. Furthermore, his English secretary-boy was on the phone earlier today to report that his boss was nursing a giant case of the red ass because of Margo's failure to return his calls.

It's getting dusky out on San Francisco Bay, and just about everybody is gone from the little waterfront-funky COYOTE office on Pier 40 where Margo St. James and her small but merry crew wage their quixotic campaign against the exploitation of civilization's most enduring scapegoat, the prostitute. The daytime buzz-saw quality that usually prevails around the place is beginning to cool a little now, and since for Margo, Pier 40 serves as home—be it ever so humble—as well as office, this is a very good time. A little chunk of solitude is a very dear commodity when you're the most notorious sex guerrilla in the land.

Margo's still going strong, though, still whirring along with the smooth equilibrium of a well-oiled gimbal, even though there's been virtually no letup since six this morning when she started the day with her usual five-mile run around the wharf.

All day long a steady stream of visitors has clambered up the rickety stairs to the office. Some were old pals like Paul Krassner, who, full of hempish wit, dropped by late in the morning to show off his spiffy new battery-powered roach clip. Some were just plainly and unabashedly curious to meet the infamous Coyote Trickster, and a few even had legitimate business to conduct here at Sex Central. In the morning there was a conference to plan some of the theatrical contretemps Margo has in store for the political summer and fall. After that there was a screening of a video tape from the COYOTE Masquerade Ball—a bizarre and splashy Halloween howl. For lunch she bicycled to a restaurant a couple of miles down the waterfront; she met with some writers there and reluctantly agreed to give an interview to one of them in the afternoon. She's been on the phone maybe 50 times during the day—pulling strings, making connections, wheedling, needling and, above all, promoting the cause of the downtrodden whore. And just as she was about to finish up the interview after three exhaustive hours, in walk these two dudes from the vice squad, just casually, you know, dropping by to check out the shady ladies. You couldn't precisely say things came to a standstill when the rollers walked in, but you couldn't say their presence escaped anybody's notice, either. Margo finessed the situation beautifully; she gave them the big smile, hugged them warmly and gave one a pat on his substantial paunch. "We got a nickname for you around here, but I better not tell you what it is," she said. He wasn't amused, but before they left she'd jived them each into taking a handful of COYOTE buttons to hand out.

Now she picks up the telephone, puts her feet up on a desk, fires herself up a fat one and settles in to do a little

MARGO ST. JAMES *"I generally resent feminists telling me how to earn my money. If they'd only realize it, whores are the scouts behind the enemy's lines for the women's movement. Every army needs spies."*

soliciting. "Hiiiii, John," she drawls broadly, and then with a big horselaugh, "how come I don't hear from ya?"

Big John is a longtime COYOTE contributor, so she gives him a quick rundown of what's happening in her war to get the law off the working girl's back and then enthusiastically begins telling him about the hooker convention and the theatrics she's planning to draw the eyes of the politicians at the Democratic and Republican national conventions in New York and Kansas City. "We're not biased," she tells Daly. "We've got customers in both parties."

While she's talking, her voice gets lower and more intimate until she's murmuring into the phone almost the way you'd talk to a favorite lover. The effect is absolutely devastating. Apparently Big John is feeling it, too, because she's smiling like a Steinway now and giving the high sign that everything is going to work out. He's going for it; he's going to pop for the planes. But wait a minute, Big John's a businessman above all, right? He wants value received, *some* sort of compensation. "Well, *what?*" Margo asks. There's a pause and then she gives out an incredulous laugh. "Are you serious? You are, aren't you? OK, wait a minute, let me get this down." She fishes around for a pen. "Yeah, I got it," she says after a few moments. "Are you *really* serious? For when? *Fifteen minutes!* Fuck, John, you don't ask for much. Stay right there, I'll see what I can do."

"This guy drives some bargain," she says after she hangs up. "For starters he says he wants a beautiful brunette with big tits—sensitive, nonopinionated and well-educated, master's degree preferred, who can cook and clean. For a platonic weekend. And he needs to know right away, fifteen minutes. He must be used to making people *jump*."

Well, Margo's jumping, sort of. She's got her book out and is leafing through it looking for likely numbers, still unable to stop chuckling at the absurdity of her playing pimp for this big-time business mogul. She finds a prospect and begins to dial. "Of course, in a pinch I guess I could always send myself over," she says.

In a pinch, Margo St. James would almost certainly do. Although she's 39 and a shade past prime time for a hooker and although she hasn't personally turned a trick in years, she exudes a healthy, heady, high-powered sensuality that combines with her strong Goya-esque features and outdoorsy vigor to form a package that can still, by God, turn plenty of heads. And then, of course, there's the cachet. Since forming COYOTE (Call Off Your Old, Tired Ethics, named after the most promiscuous animal on earth) on Mother's Day, 1973, her burgeoning notoriety and flair for the spectacular have made Margo a media darling of the first magnitude. Her first effort as a genital politician was a successful battle to stop the San Francisco cops from quarantining busted streetwalkers for V.D. checks ("It was patent harassment," she fumes, "since it's widely documented that whores are responsible for only about five percent of the V.D. in America"), and she's been tugging the strings of the media ever since. "I once lived with a journalist," Margo says in explanation of her publicity expertise, but there's more to it than that. Take it from Herb Caen.

"As a space-grabber most of the publicists in this town could take lessons from her," says Caen, the powerful *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist and arbiter of what is and what isn't important around the Bay Area. Herb Caen knows a force when he sees one and hardly a week passes without a mention, however waspish, of Margo in his column. "I'm not sure what it is she's up to, exactly," he admits. "She's always playing games, of course. But her heart is pure, her motives inspiring and her results are certainly unnerving. Maybe she just wants to become the First Madam of the country. Maybe she wants to be Secretary of Labor. I don't know."

Well, one has only to ask. Margo St. James has nothing less in mind than the altering of a whole culture's perspective on its most central issue. "I want this society to begin recognizing sex as a basic need," she says. "I want to cut through all the hypocrisy that surrounds sex and I want prostitution to be recognized as the honest profession it is. In fact, it's one of the most *honorable* of professions, in that the hooker is out front about getting her dough. She doesn't want to hang around a guy and sign him up for a lifetime, she just wants to sell her time by the minute. She's out front about the fact that her affection is only momentary. By the time they're five years old, females are conditioned to want to get a man and spend his money; they learn fast how to con Daddy out of a new dress. I think the tension between the sexes is over money and who has it. A hooker just comes clean about it, that's all."

COYOTE's goal is to get all prostitution laws off the books, to "get the government out of the bedroom, out of the whole purview of sex," as Margo puts it. She sees pross statutes as serving to promote one-sided monogamy—in the interests of men, of course—and fostering men's illusions of superiority. ("They don't want to admit that we're better at it than they are simply because we can do it any time we want," she laughs.)

"We want prostitution not legalized, but decriminalized, which is a whole other thing," she says. "To try to regulate it and license it would be a big mistake. We don't want to license women, we want to give them license! I think marriage, for instance, is just the church's monopoly on licensing women to fuck, and I don't want the government getting into that business anymore than it is. I don't want to carry over the stigma of prostitution into a system of formal labeling, which is what legalization would be. I don't think the government should get into the business of procuring. I think Jerry Brown, our governor, is great, but I sure don't want him for my pimp!"

Yes, but what about those—especially the militant feminists—who scream that prostitution is the ultimate degradation and exploitation of women? "Well, for one thing, the whore is *not* exploited economically—she's doing pretty well there—only politically. And *all* women are oppressed and exploited politically. I'm fairly intolerant of moralistic types anyway, and I generally resent feminists who tell me how to earn my money. If they'd only realize it, whores are the scouts behind the enemy's lines for the women's movement. Every army needs spies."

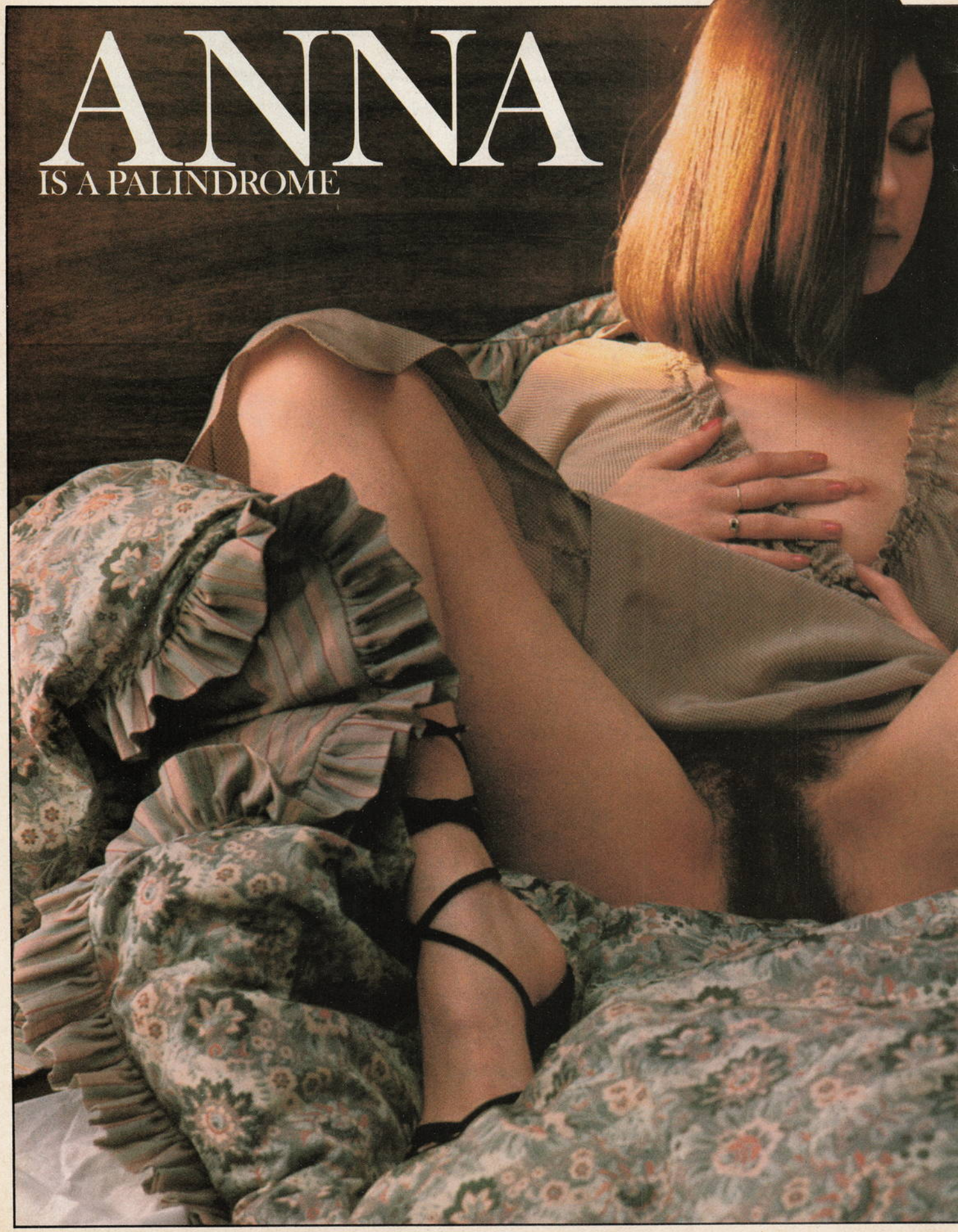
Chairmadam St. James isn't particularly starry-eyed about her little band's chances for immediate success, however. It will take some time before the Great Unwashed are prepared to swallow this most radical load. But she is optimistic. "Actually it's very easy for a movement like ours to spread. All a city needs to start a COYOTE chapter is a feminist, a lawyer and a whore."

•

Margo blew into San Francisco at the tail end of the Fifties, at the age of 21, lured by the siren song of the Beats, and stamping and steaming with an excess of good Northwest Territory vigor. She had spent a rather isolated and lonely childhood on a farm in Bellingham, Washington, and then as a teenager, she had married and had a son by the star high school jock. It took four years for her to decide that this wasn't what she'd had in mind at all, *(Continued on page 159)*

"So you really do find out who's naughty or nice."

ANNA
IS A PALINDROME



 Photography by Frank Gitty

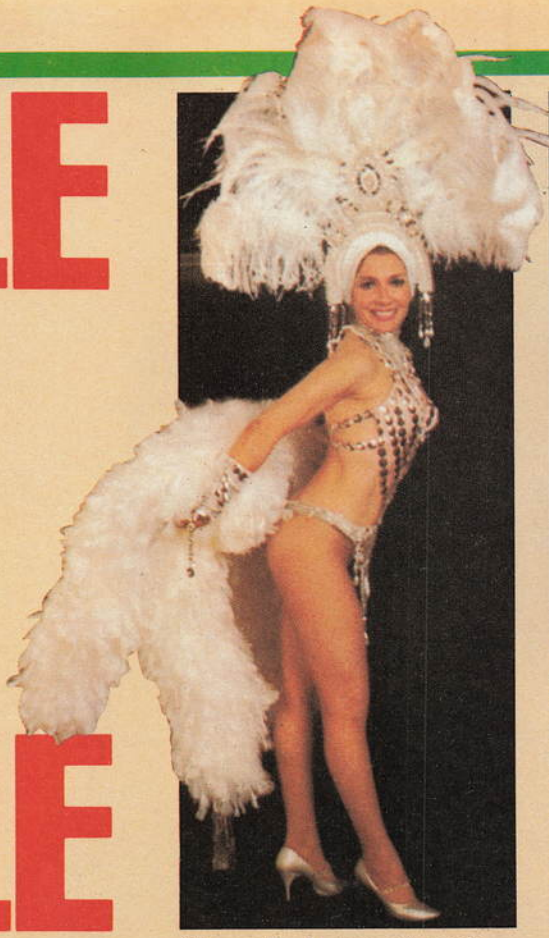
PALINDROMES ARE NICELY ROUNDED OFF

"Able was I ere I saw Elba" is a classic palindrome, reading—like Anna—forward and back. The fact that Anna is a palindrome is perfectly consistent with her personality. One: She has a tendency to play both ends against the middle. Two: It's hard for other people, sometimes, to tell where she's coming from. Three: She's approachable from either side. Four: She has a tendency to look around her at all times, and if there are two possible exits from a certain situation, she's sure to choose both. Five: The way she completes a given task is not likely to be affected by her choice of a starting point. Six: She likes comfort, like the Ns in her name, which are supported by the pillowlike A's. Seven: She's very conscious of her uniqueness. All palindromes are conscious of it, since they've heard countless dumb jokes about their names. They also find ways to capitalize on it; Anna, for instance, has spent years trying to figure out a palindromic way of introducing herself better than the immortal "Madam, I'm Adam." She's still working on it. All this is consistent with her disarmingly simple name, and she admits there is evidence to support the argument. She always played off her mother against her father to get what she wanted, and usually she was successful. When she got everything she wanted in town, she went to the city. Her co-workers in the drafting department of a large toy-designing company sometimes have a hard time telling what she's up to. She's responsive to a friendly approach, but an authoritarian one, her boss has discovered, also gets results. Conversely, she's been known to escape unpleasant circumstances by the opposite methods of telling an unpleasant truth or a congenial lie. She does finish what she starts, though the route she takes may resemble a grapevine.

And comfort? Anna lives for her days off. Battling traffic is not her flask of chianti. She prefers to spend her afternoons lolling about in bed—though she also gets a charge from the light brocade of her divan—and dreaming. She enjoys reading far-flung, romantic scenarios into the designs of her bedcovers. To most people who know or meet Anna, of course, her palindromity is baffling; they can see the manifestations but they don't know what those manifestations mean. Her parents don't fully comprehend, either. Farming, not linguistics, is their business. When Anna tried explaining the situation to them, they thought she was griping. So it's lucky that she has a boyfriend who does understand her problem. The question Is Anna going or coming? is one he never has to ask. He *knows* when she's coming. She makes sure that he does. His name is Otto. Now, the odds against palindromes pairing off are pretty steep, but it's a good match—as well as a good subject for cocktail chatter. Who wants to talk politics? Let the Communists have sway if they want it. Nothing significant will change. See, in Rome, everybody does what the Romans do, including Anna, who is not a native; she's from the south, specifically a one-church town where she and Otto don't visit too often because Anna's parents don't approve of Otto. They think that in bringing home another palindrome, she's just trying to torture them. Also, they think that Otto's a foreigner. As it happens, a palindrome is something of a foreigner anywhere, regardless of language; but it's only coincidental that Otto has a German first name. And his being a palindrome is just slightly more than coincidence. Rome is obviously not a palindrome, not even in Italian. Roma—Amor. Backward, it makes sense, but it doesn't read palindromically, like Anna.

A SEDUCTIVE AMBIVALENCE

PEOPLE WHO LOVE PEOPLE SHOULD GET PEOPLE FOR CHRISTMAS...and



Zia, exotic dancer *extraordinaire*, will add a touch of the Levant to your next fete by providing eye-popping entertainment fit for a caliph—all at a bargain $250 per hour.

Cesar Chavez, embattled leader of the embattled United Farm Workers Organization, can make a person feel guiltier than he has any right to feel: all that stooping, dirt, sweat, lettuce—*ooooh, Cesar!* In addition to his union work, you see, Chavez also lectures. The perfect downer for the upbeat crowd at your next hair-shirt-optional gathering. His fee: an assuaging $2000. *Arroz* is *arroz* is *arroz*.

Henny Youngman will rent you one or more of his sparkling one-liners (of which form he is king) at $50 apiece, with a money-back guarantee if you are not completely satisfied; in fact, says Henny, he will give your money back even if you *are* satisfied. For starters, you might try a time-tested line like "Take my [fill in the blank]—please." Guaranteed to make you the life of any party—even the Communist Party.

The Juilliard String Quartet provides swanky classical renderings at a price of $3000 for the package. Consider them for your next *thé dansant* or pool party.

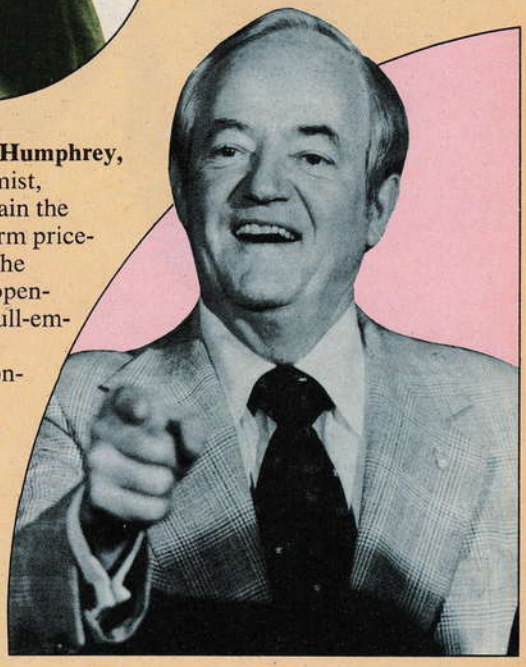
Haskell Wexler, Hollywood's top cameraman and TV commercial maker, would be better than anyone at producing advertisements for yourself—complete with tracking shots, hand-held footage, lap dissolves, second-unit atmospherics and zooms. His fee: $30,000 per week. All you have to furnish is the cast, the script and the director's chair.

The Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., saying grace at your next sit-down dinner? How devilishly chic! The undisputed star of last summer's Democratic National Convention might prefer something more, ah, ecclesiastical, however. His fee: $600, plus two first-class, round-trip airplane tickets.

Bobby Riggs—Santa's favorite sugar daddy and the answer to "Who's game?"—will provide you and yours with a game or two of unforgettable tennis for an unforgettable $5000-per-hour fee. For $6000, Bobby will play left-handed; for $7000, he will play with a wastebasket. For a little more, he might play left-handed *in* a wastebasket.

Anthony "Torpedo Tony" LaScalla, reputed member of a so-called family in an alleged organized-crime syndicate, will perform personal services with discretion, dispatch and cement. Price? "Make me an offer," says tight-lipped Tony, who likes to keep his major options open. How to reach him? "This is not a matter for your concern," he says. "I'll be in touch."

Anne Waldman, trenchant poetess of the New York School, will read out to you and your mates with excerpts from such cunning works as *Fast-Speaking Woman* for a modest $500 honorarium.



Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, the optimists' optimist, will come and explain the SALT talks, the farm price-support program, the Helsinki accords, open-housing laws, his full-employment bill, the Berne copyright convention, the vinyl shortage, the Dred Scott case, the ANZUS Treaty and much, much more, for a liberal (if not progressive) $2000, expenses included.

here are a few of the best

The New Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia

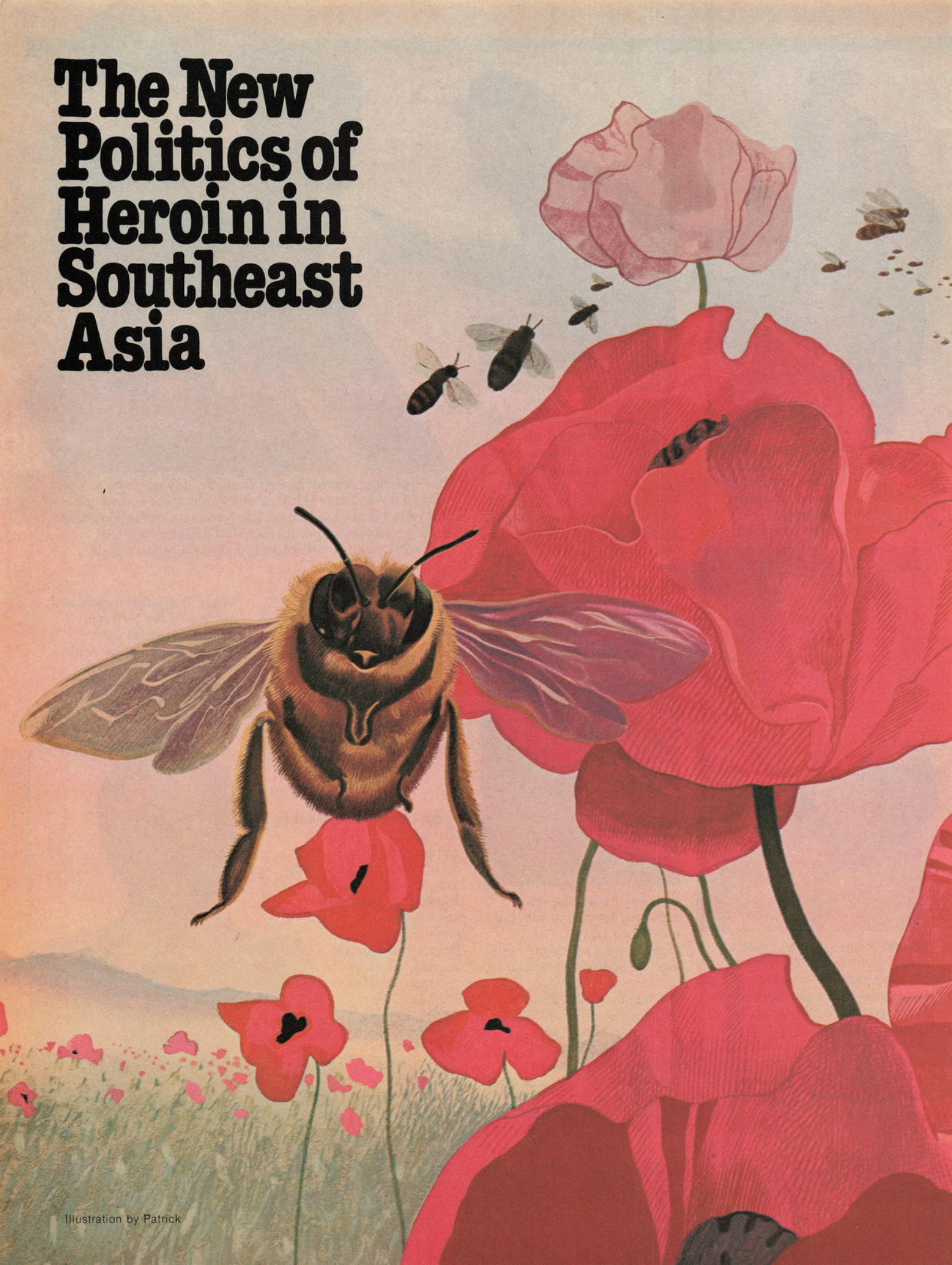


Illustration by Patrick

THAILAND--THE LAST REMAINING AMERICAN CLIENT STATE IN THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE AREA--IS NOW A FOCAL POINT FOR INTERNATIONAL NARCOTICS TRAFFIC, SAYS THE AUTHOR WHO FIRST EXPOSED CIA COMPLICITY IN THE ASIAN OPIUM BUSINESS

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT BY ALFRED W. McCOY

If our team of agents had not come here in 1971, Mexican drug dealers would still be making *tortillas* and the Chinese would be selling Southeast Asian heroin on every American street corner.

—Special Agent, U. S. Drug Enforcement Administration, Bangkok, December 1975

I have worked all over the world for DEA, but I have never seen such corrupt police as I have here in Thailand. Our programs here cannot be called anything but failures. And the reason is corruption.

—Special Agent, U. S. Drug Enforcement Administration, Bangkok, December 1975

At seven P.M., March 22, 1975, a middle-aged Sino-Thai businessman named Sukree Sukreepirom emerged from a high-rent apartment above the Warner Theater on Pechaburi Road in downtown Bangkok. After mingling briefly with the crowd emerging from a late-afternoon showing of *The Big Game*, Sukree descended into an underground parking garage, put a key into the lock of a late-model sedan and was almost immediately surrounded by a swarm of Thai police and U. S. narcotics agents. An on-the-spot search turned up 25 kilos of Golden Dragon Pearl number-three heroin, and Sukree was taken to central police headquarters; during a brief interrogation, he was told that his wife might be indicted as an accomplice, so he signed a full confession regarding his role in heroin trafficking. While Sukree was being interrogated, Thai police raided the Europa Hotel in Bangkok's unfashionable Samyod district; there they arrested a visiting Chinese businessman from Malaysia, Hoi Se-wan, and seized a suitcase containing several hundred thousand dollars in Thai currency.

Police colonel Chavalit, head of Thailand's Narcotics Suppression Center, immediately called a press conference to announce the arrests of "top international drug traffickers"; President Ford sent letters of commendation to the two U. S. agents responsible for the months of undercover work that led to the arrests; and in the summer 1975 issue of the Drug Enforcement Administration's public-relations organ, *Drug Enforcement*, the arrests were hailed as the culmination of two years of careful field work and the two suspects were described as men who had "controlled a transcontinental

heroin pipeline for more than two decades."

The reports were not exaggerated. Police files from Hong Kong, Malaysia and the Philippines reveal that Sukree and Hoi Se-wan were longtime partners in a narcotics syndicate that purchased morphine base in the Thai-Burma border area—the so-called Golden Triangle; that they operated heroin-processing laboratories in a variety of Southeast Asia locations; and that they had been leading exporters of narcotics to Malaysia, Hong Kong, Manila, Amsterdam and the United States. From their profits, the two had bought controlling interests in a Malaysian tour-bus company, a Penang refrigeration plant, a Thai antimony mine and a Philippine mining company.

The Thai police quickly presented a dossier of detailed evidence against Sukree to the Department of Public Prosecutions (the Thai equivalent of the U. S. Justice Department). On June 16th, however, the prosecutor responsible for the case decided not to file charges on obscure procedural grounds, and on June 20th—84 days after his dramatic arrest—Sukree walked out of prison, a free man.

Ranking Thai police officers—variously described in the press as stunned, astonished and outraged—fired off a letter of protest to the prime minister, demanding a full investigation of the Department of Public Prosecutions; and police narcotics agents told newspaper reporters that Sukree was only one of six international traffickers who had been released by the prosecutions department on spurious grounds in recent months. As the subsequent investigation narrowed in on the director general of public prosecutions, Aroon Israbhakdi, as the official chiefly responsible for Sukree's release, a Thai police general revealed to the press that $250,000 had been paid to Director General Aroon and his associates for their "sympathetic moral judgment" in the Sukree case.

A month after Sukree's release, Aroon, in response to mounting public criticism, ordered Sukree to his office to give evidence against his former partner Hoi Se-wan. Sukree made his statement, then slipped out a side exit to elude the heavy police guard poised to arrest him at the main entrance of the prosecutions department. He disappeared for the last time.

On December 5, 1975, Aroon was found guilty of a "serious violation of discipline" and was fired from his post, despite his explanation that Sukree had been tortured into making his confession by the police and that, at the time he was arrested, he had only been inspecting a car he was considering purchasing. Thai police subsequently issued a new warrant for Sukree's arrest and have received a variety of vague reports that he may be hiding somewhere in Thailand, Malaysia or Burma.

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Behind the Sukree case lies the fact that Thailand, the last remaining American client state in Southeast Asia, has become the distribution center for 80 percent of the world's heroin. The Sukree case itself is a revealing example of the problems that have plagued the Drug Enforcement Administration's antinarcotics campaign in Southeast Asia during the past five years—a campaign that has frequently found DEA agents combating narcotics traffickers who were set up in business by the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency and are now assisted by the American-backed government in Taiwan.

In 1969, there were only three U. S. narcotics agents stationed in Bangkok; their responsibilities included both answering the telephone and monitoring the flow of narcotics throughout the whole of Southeast Asia. Mesmerized by the myths of Communist China's dominance of the Asian drug trade and of the Turkey-Marseilles French Connection as the sole heroin source for America, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) and its predecessor organization, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics (FBN), paid little attention to the increasing flow of morphine and heroin out of Southeast Asia. The token BNDD staff in Bangkok made few arrests.

In 1970 and 1971, however, as the GI heroin epidemic in Vietnam immobilized combat units and broke across the front pages of American newspapers, the BNDD was forced to alter its priorities. A special fire-brigade team of BNDD agents was dispatched to investigate the GI drug problem, and, more importantly, to make sure that Southeast Asian heroin did not start spreading throughout the world.

As part of President Nixon's well-publicized war on drugs, the U. S. State Department had pressured the Turkish government into accepting $35,700,000 in foreign aid in exchange for which Turkey gave up poppy cultivation. Although poppies were grown legally in Turkey—ostensibly for pharmaceutical purposes—much of the product had been diverted into Marseilles's heroin laboratories and had provided the bulk of the heroin in America for over two decades. Long-range studies prepared by the BNDD's director of strategic intelligence, John Warner, forecast that Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle had the potential to replace Turkey as the source of America's heroin supply and speculated that Asian heroin was already making a far more significant contribution to America's addiction problem than the BNDD had been willing to admit.

The BNDD studies were dispatched to the Nixon White House and reviewed by the Cabinet Committee on International Narcotics Control (CCINC). The committee decided to give Southeast Asia an increased priority; its executive director, Egil Krogh, Jr., of Watergate fame, was charged with administering the project. One DEA Southeast Asia veteran recalls that when the young Nixon aide called him in for a pep talk prior to his departure for the Orient, Krogh grabbed his lapel, pulled him over to a map, pointed to the Golden Triangle and said with a determined look: "Go get me opium caravans."

BNDD increased its contingent of special agents in Southeast Asia from three to 21 by mid-1972. By late 1974, the group was further expanded to 31 special agents and has continued at that strength despite closure of DEA offices in Vietnam and Laos after the Communist victories.

Despite decades of experience in foreign operations in Europe and the Middle East, the DEA agents arriving in Southeast Asia in 1971 were generally unprepared for the complex opium politics that confronted them. In Europe and the Middle East, the narcotics traffic was controlled by fringe groups remote from the center of their nations' political power—by the Sicilian Mafia, Marseilles's Corsican gangsters and impoverished Anatolian opium farmers in Turkey.

While each of these groups was sometimes able to purchase a considerable amount of political protection, none commanded the influence of Southeast Asia's leading opium dealers—a group that counted among its numbers men such as the commander in chief of the Royal Lao Army, the chief military advisor to the president of South Vietnam and the commanders of the CIA's various mercenary armies throughout the mountainous Golden Triangle region. The reason for the difference is largely historical.

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Although mass opium and heroin addiction was initially fostered in Europe and America during the late 19th Century by legitimate pharmaceutical companies such as Bayer of Germany, once opiates *(Continued on page 150)*

WHAT'S SIX INCHES LONG, SLIGHTLY CURVED, SOLID, PLIABLE AND SO FORTH?

YOU GOT IT. IT'S THE BANANA. (THOSE OF YOU WHO THOUGHT SOMETHING ELSE, GO WASH YOUR HANDS.)

ARTICLE BY ALEX ABELLA

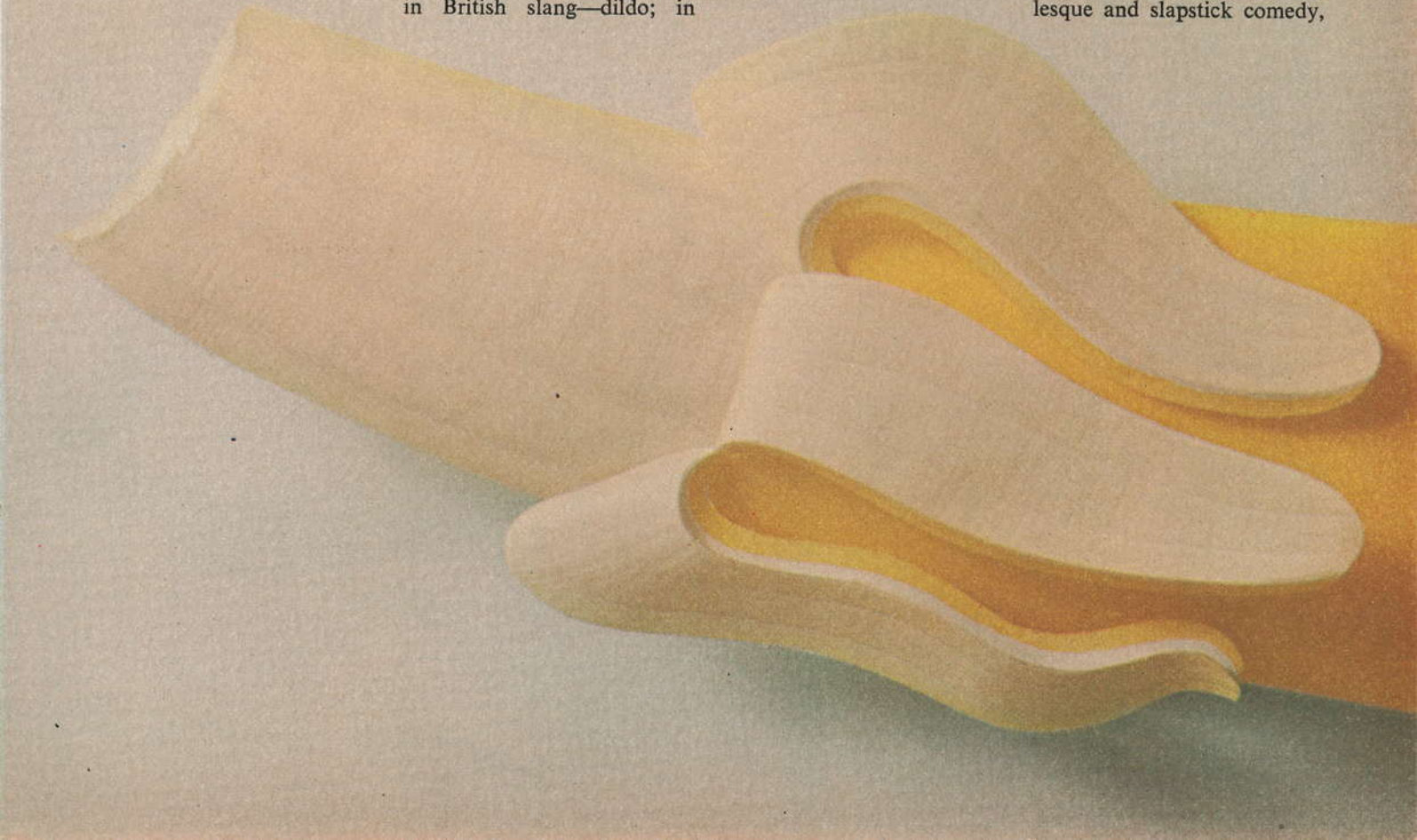
This is a tribute to everyone's favorite yellow fruit, which—let it be said up front—doesn't always work as well as it ought. Remember Donovan's *Mellow Yellow*, which, with its recurrent reference to electrical banana, inspired thousands of attempts to reach psychedelia? It was 1967, the beginning of the Summer of Love; and Donovan, the flower child, had issued *Mellow Yellow* apparently extolling the psychotropic properties of bananas. The rumor went that once banana peels were thoroughly dried, you could smoke them to get high. Some people compared the peel to a mild joint; others said it made them feel loose and floating. Suddenly hundreds of thousands of teenagers began drying banana peels in their ovens and puffing on the remains. At be-ins in San Francisco and New York (remember be-ins?), giant replicas of bananas were passed around as symbols of psychedelic consciousness. Posters read: SMOKE BANANA PEELS. Well, it was a classic example of banana oil, meaning bullshit. Banana peels did not contain any hallucinogens or mind-altering substances; the highs were all self-induced. A spokesman for United Fruit said at the time, "The only kind of trip you get from a banana is when you slip on the peel." Most probably what Donovan was referring to in his famous song was not the fruit but what banana means in British slang—dildo; in this case, an electric dildo.

Bananas are about the only fruit or vegetable that resembles the male sex organ. Most of the others suggest the *female* body: Breasts are like cherries, grapefruit or melons; complexions are like peaches, and all the produce together is a nice tomato. So bananas are unique—except for zucchini, and that has green skin.

Even English-language banana terminology is suggestive. A single banana is a finger, a cluster of ten or 20 fingers is a hand and the whole bunch is a stem. The British caught on early and used the expression to have a banana to mean a low fuck. A very popular tune at the turn of the century had the catchy refrain, "I had a banana with Lady Diana." Banana also came to mean dildo in Britain, since many British women apparently used bananas to masturbate.

In the U. S., the sexiness of the banana was first noticed by blacks in New Orleans, which for years was the most important port for unloading the fruit. There, too, a banana was a penis and to have your banana peeled was to ejaculate. Banana was also a term of endearment for quadroon girls, that is, those whose skin was high-yellow.

Some banana language is suggested by the shape, color and grouping of the fruit—banana nose, banana seat, banana bunching. There are more than 30 such expressions in the language. Most of the other banana language originates in old-time burlesque and slapstick comedy,



The gizmos above are not fake anything but real representations of bananas. They are decoration, diversion, delectation and depiction. Delovely. Bananas have also been seen in sundaes and daiquiris. There is but one spot where they should never be seen, praise God: inside the fridge.

as exemplified by the movies of Mack Sennett, who always had some pompous asshole or rushing fool slip on a peel and collapse to the ground. This, for reasons alien to our modern sensibility, used to crack everybody up. There were also banana jokes, such as "Remember the banana; when it leaves the bunch it gets skinned" and "You may be a fine upstanding citizen but that makes no difference to a banana peel."

ART IN A BANANA REPUBLIC

The banana has been a fruitful theme for many artists in the past 100 years, and Americans have always been in the vanguard. Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a New Orleans–born concert pianist and composer, wrote the first musical paean to the fruit. Gottschalk reached the height of his fame in the mid-19th Century, when Europeans considered him the equal of Chopin. French poet Théophile Gautier praised him; to Hector Berlioz he was "the poet of the piano." A great lover—often literally—of African creations, Gottschalk spent a long sojourn in Cuba, where the banana got him.

The most famous musical banana composition was written in the Twenties—*Yes! We Have No Bananas*. The song became the anthem of the Jazz Age; F. Scott Fitzgerald even had the hero of *Tender Is the Night*, Dick Diver, listening to the song on the golden sands of the French Riviera.

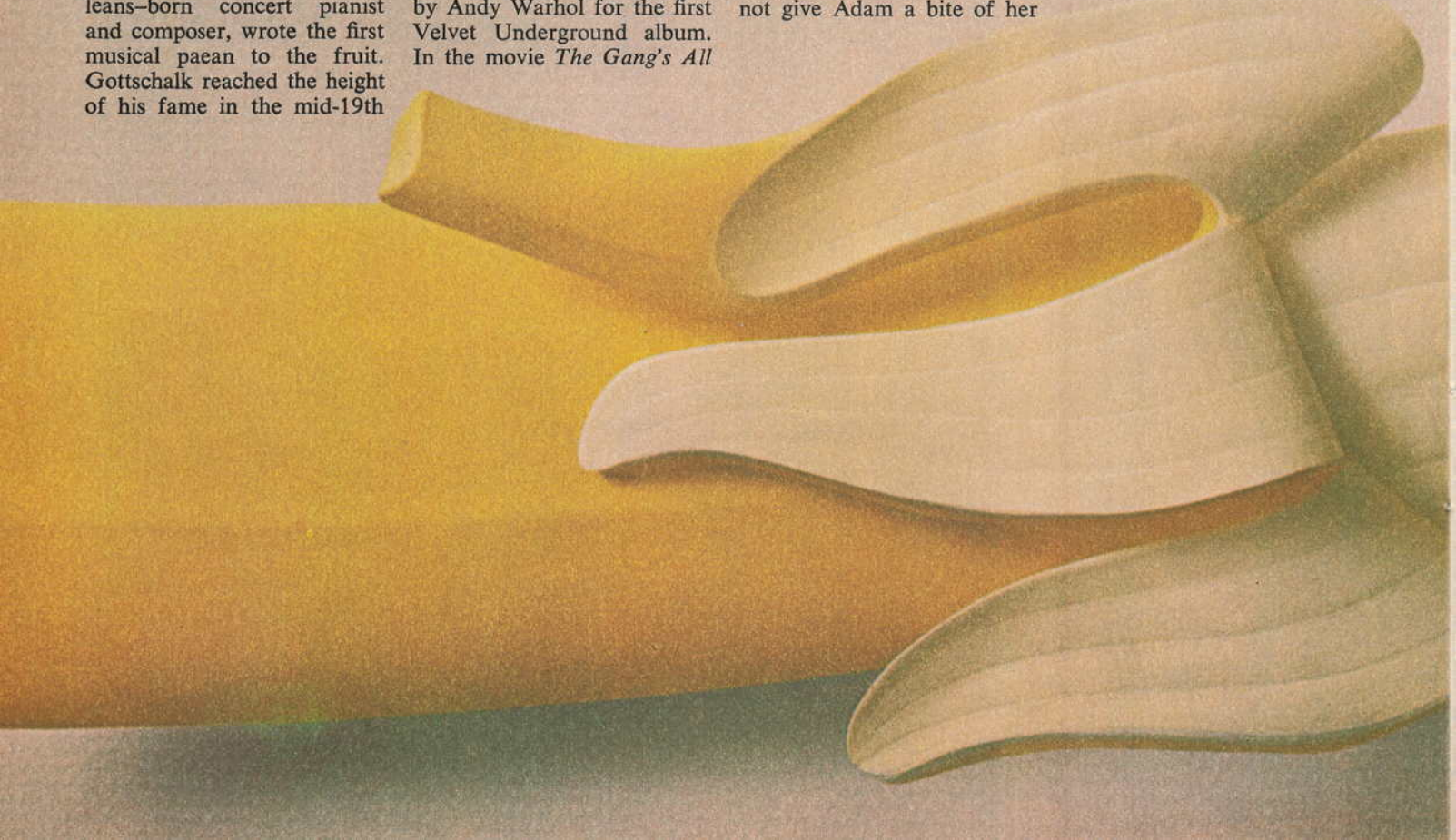
Bananas also pop up in the plastic arts and in literature. In American art, the most notable example is the peeling-banana cover designed by Andy Warhol for the first Velvet Underground album. In the movie *The Gang's All Here*, Busby Berkeley had a procession of belles sway giant bananas in time to the music; Carmen Miranda led them. And, of course, there was Woody Allen in *Bananas*—about a *schlep* in a banana republic.

In English, there are dozens of books about bananas; the latest is *Bananas*, by Sonnie Bluh, advertised with stencils painted all over the sidewalks of New York.

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR

If you're ever in a Spanish-style market and happen to see a 16-inch banana, don't eat it raw. That's a plantain, a cousin of the banana, which must always be eaten cooked. Legend has it that Eve did not give Adam a bite of her apple but of her plantain. If true, Adam had a tough mouthful, for uncooked plantains are as hard and as tasteless as raw potatoes, which they often replace in Latin-American cooking.

Yellow bananas—the ones that come from banana republics—are good for you. A six-inch finger has only 85 calories, less than a serving of cottage cheese, and contains an impressive number of vitamins—mostly vitamins A, B_6 and approximately one quarter of the daily requirement of vitamin C. Bananas are also rich in potassium, phosphorus and calcium, while low in sodium, fat and protein. They are often given to treat diabetes, to control diarrhea from celiac disease and to soothe peptic ulcers.



THE FIRST LADY OF BANANA

Many artists have had a peculiar affinity for the banana but none has gone so far as Anna Banana to raise America's banana consciousness. Anna Banana has founded the School of Bananology, the only center of its kind in the world. At the S. of B., bananas are the only required subject matter and although no studies are mandatory, prospective students are urged to contribute some information to banana lore before graduation.

For the past two years Anna Banana has also staged the Banana Olympics. Her last games were held at Embarcadero Plaza in San Francisco, where, dressed in banana costume, she led students in the banana salute—a series of graceful acrobatic exercises performed with giant specimens of the fruit. "It's very Dada," she explained. At the olympics there were also a songwriting competition for the most original banana song and a belly-to-belly banana race, in which couples ran to the finish line with a banana between their middles.

Although Anna had been called a banana all her life—"Most girls named Anna get called that," she said—she did not discover her life's work until six years ago on the mystical shores of Big Sur. "I slipped on a banana peel at a party and fell into a crate of bananas," she said. "I thought, 'Hmm, I think fate's trying to tell me something.' "

But all was not smooth at first. Anna tried to become the town fool of Victoria, in Vancouver, but the town fathers would not allow it. "The parents wouldn't let their kids come near, and things like that," she said. In utter desperation she quit her fool job, moved to San Francisco and put together a banana show for colleges and universities, but that, too, was a flop, so she took ads in newspapers and magazines extolling banana consciousness. Soon she began receiving samples of what lately has been billed as correspondence art—works whose medium is the mails. Pictures, stories, postcards, drawings came from all over the world—even plaster bananas from Germany and banana prints from Australia.

School of Bananology headmistress Anna Banana demonstrates her world-famous "a peel to heaven."

With the material Anna received, she has put together four issues of *Vile* magazine and paid for them out of her meager earnings. On the cover of the first one, a guy holds his heart in his hand; on the second cover, a naked hanged man has an erection; on the third, a woman dressed in long johns bends over while a man peers up her snatch.

Vile has already drawn scholarly attention. "I got a $500 grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, which is funny, because I never thought *Vile* was particularly literary," she says. Sometimes she worries about what will happen to her life and art once her style catches on, but comments, "Does that mean I would be spoiled by money? I look forward to answering that." ▣

Photography by
Jean-Paul Goude/Pierre Houles

THE TAKING OF SAM JUAN HILL

An indoor adventure with decor

Sam is not a roughrider. He spends his pay check on boxing matches and shirts. He tithes to his tailor. He moves like liquid mercury over silk. His footwork is a credit to his shoes. Carmen and Rosita are hip to his tricks. They want to fix his wagon. They want to charge the Hill.

There is always a calm after the storm. The air is brittle with ozone and car sounds. Carmen and Rosita fix their hair and look like angels who have been caught in a soft tornado. Sam is a wiser man but tired. He is thinking ecumenical thoughts. Everyone goes down in history.

Illustration by Michael Gross

THE BIORHYTHM METHOD

IT HAS BEEN USED TO PREDICT DEATH, ACCIDENTS AND THE OUTCOME OF CHESS TOURNAMENTS. BUT WILL IT TELL YOU IF THE LADY IS FEELING HOT TO TROT?

ARTICLE BY LEE FRANK

As it happens, I like to mix business with pleasure. So, when the OUI editors asked me to do an article on biorhythm—a very easy-to-follow system with which, by using your birth date as a starting point, you can supposedly predict your emotional, intellectual and physical capabilities for any given day—the big question was not whether I'd do the piece, but how I could do the piece and get my cookies off, to boot.

Here's the perverse logic I followed in approaching my investigation: Since I can predict my own emotional, intellectual and physical capabilities from my birth date, then it follows that I would be able to predict what another person's—say, a prospective date's—emotional, intellectual and physical capabilities are simply by knowing *her* birth date. Therefore, by checking out a lady's biorhythms when I first meet her, I can plan an evening accordingly: Like, if the woman is high intellectually, I could invite her back to my place and titillate her with Plato; or if I go out with a woman who's high emotionally, I could say I've been hurt and ask her to be gentle; and if my date's physically up, I could try driving her to ecstasy by suggesting a few sprints around the block. My idea was to see if I could improve my chances for scoring by following the biorhythm-seduction plan.

So that, I decided, was how I'd find out if there is anything to biorhythm. I'd conduct my investigation purely for the benefit of science, and who knows where such a high-minded endeavor might lead? A few wily women, some boffo adventures—all in all, not such a terrible way to win the Nobel Prize.

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Among the information I found on biorhythm was a list of things that have happened to people when their biorhythms showed they were having a critical day—the day (we each have about six per month) when a person's potential for bad judgment is 67 times greater than on ordinary days. On their respective critical days: John Kennedy chose to discard the bulletproof bubble on his limousine and ride through Dallas in an open car; his brother Teddy went for a dip in Edgartown bay; Bobby Fischer suffered his only defeat against Boris Spassky; Jim Marshall of the Minnesota Vikings scored a touchdown for the other team by galloping to the wrong goal post; Jack Ruby, Sirhan Sirhan, Arthur Bremer and Squeaky Fromme each took aim and squeezed a trigger.

Biorhythms are big in Europe, where it is believed that forewarned is forearmed. Hundreds of thousands of Europeans believe that they can prevent accidents by knowing their biorhythms. Why they believe such a seemingly outrageous idea is that comprehensive accident studies have resulted in equally outrageous-seeming conclusions—such as the one conducted in West Germany that showed that nearly 98 percent of the accidents studied occurred on the critical days of the people responsible.

Swissair has been studying the effects of biorhythms on its pilots' performance for a decade now, and some time ago decided that a pilot or copilot having a critical day should not be allowed to fly with another who is also having a critical day. Swissair has not had a single accident on the flights where it has applied this system.

The Zurich Municipal Transit Company, which operates trolleys and buses within the city, has been using

THE BIORHYTHM METHOD *No one really knows why biorhythm works. Biorhythmists believe the proof is obvious. They become indignant when I ask for scientific evidence.*

biorhythm to warn its drivers and conductors of their critical days; the year after the company initiated this program, its accident rate dropped 50 percent.

Throughout Europe, many doctors chart their patients' biorhythms to determine when they will be best able to tolerate surgery. For example, in Locarno, Switzerland, Dr. Fritz Wehrli has used this system in his clinic for more than 20 years and today claims that he hasn't had a single complication in more than 10,000 operations.

The Japanese think that biorhythm is the best thing that's come along since the transistor. More than 5000 Japanese companies regularly distribute biorhythm charts to their employees (in certain factories, workers wear blue badges on critical days), and all newly licensed Japanese drivers are given their biorhythm charts along with their license. The latter policy was the result of a study conducted by the Tokyo Metropolitan Police, which showed that 82 percent of all self-caused traffic accidents happened to drivers on a critical day.

And if there's anyone in Japan who feels left out because his biorhythms aren't receiving attention, then here's good news: Japan's major insurance companies, which already distribute biorhythm charts to the folks they insure, are now pressing for legislation that would require every worker's biorhythm chart to be placed in his pay envelope.

Even America has biorhythm now. Hundreds of companies in this country are trying to reduce employee accidents through biorhythms, including such nononsense corporations as Union Carbide, American Can, Bell Telephone, Exxon, Procter & Gamble and Sperry Rand. One of the reasons they believe their programs can work is that a study conducted by Russell K. Anderson, a renowned consultant in industrial-accident prevention, showed that, in more than 1200 accidents investigated, 70 percent occurred on the critical days of those who caused them.

But of all the accident stuff, these are the items I like the best: At Richard Nixon's press conference after his stunning defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial race, when Nixon was groggy with rejection and bitterly said the press wouldn't have him to kick around anymore, he was experiencing a critical day. He was also having a critical day when he shoved Ron Ziegler. Woodward and Bernstein take note.

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So now I am ready to begin testing biorhythms for myself. I begin by picking up a little gizmo called a Biomate, one of several devices on the market that will calculate your biorhythms. The Biomate costs $9.95 and comes in a snappy satin pouch; it says on the pouch that now I can be safe and happy. The Biomate itself is a baby-blue plastic arrangement with four dials and a gear at the bottom that rotates them. It looks kind of like a circular slide rule, with the dials and all the little numbers and different-color curves.

The instruction booklet that comes with the Biomate says that from the moment we are born, we begin having three regular and distinct cycles: a 28-day emotional cycle, a 23-day physical cycle and a 33-day intellectual cycle. The instructions don't mention *why* this is true. In my investigation, I will discover that no one really knows why biorhythm works. Biorhythmists believe the proof is obvious. They will become indignant when I ask for scientific evidence.

The instruction booklet says, "Moods and 'up and down periods' will no longer be a mystery." Good—now I can know how I'm going to feel before I even feel it. But the part I loved the best was where it said, "With Biomate you have a greater potential for getting along with people and for enjoying a richer, more gratifying love life."

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Now, at this point, I ought to mention my prejudices toward all of this: Let me first say that I'm the kind of guy who doesn't like to have his horoscope charted or his palm read—or for that matter, to hear people talk about movies I'm planning to see. I happen to get a kick out of surprises. Even if I *could* wake up in the morning and learn how I'm going to feel as easily as I learn what the weather will be, I'm not altogether sure I would want to. Come to think of it, I don't listen to weather reports much, either.

The other thing I worry about is that what my biorhythms predict might subconsciously be self-fulfilled.

So instead of setting this contraption for my own rhythms, I phone my old pal John, who has just moved to New York from Washington, D.C. I tell him what I'm up to and ask when his birthday is and half seriously say that I shall now let him know when his last severely rotten day was. I set the Biomate to reveal John's rhythms for the entire year.

There is an emotional, an intellectual and a physical dial and each dial has a curve and each curve has a positive and negative side. A critical day is when the curve passes from positive to negative, or vice versa. Just as a light bulb blows when it is least stable—usually at the moment the current is switched on or off—so is a person most prone to accident through misjudgment when his biorhythms are least stable, or when one or more rhythms change from one phase to another.

I tell John that, according to his biorhythms, three weeks ago yesterday was his least best day of the month.

"Three weeks ago yesterday," says John, "was the day I got fired from my job in D.C."

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It was Henry Ford who said that each person has two reasons for everything he does: a good reason and the real reason. I figure that setting up dates with ladies according to their biorhythms is a *good* reason to see if biorhythm works. And, as if I need to rationalize my sneaky libido any further, I decide to work only with a lady's *positive* rhythms; to work with her negative rhythms would be to take advantage of her weaknesses, and that would be manipulative.

And since this is to be a scientific experiment, so to speak, I shall also need a control group. This control group will consist of dates whose biorhythms I won't know. By having this control factor, I'll be able to tell whether sussing out a lady's biorhythm can affect the game of scoring. If the truth be told, I suppose I have about the same amount of luck with women as any other guy: win one, lose one; then lose another five or six, then maybe come closer to winning but lose one, then win one, then lose another ten or eleven.

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I recall that one of the newsmagazines published an article on biorhythm within the past few months, and I decide to find it. I call a person I know named Katey who works in the magazine's index office. I've never met Katey; I've just spoken with her on the phone a bunch of times when she's helped me locate articles.

"Oh," she says, "you're the guy who was looking for that article on the Loch Ness Monster, because you'd been on a number of expeditions searching for it."

"You remember," I say.

"And you're the guy who was looking for that article on Bigfoot, because you'd been on several expeditions to find it. And that article on the upcoming fight to the finish between a white shark and a scuba diver, because you wanted to be there when it happened," she says, getting *(Continued on page 179)*

"I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less you will settle to one."
—Rudyard Kipling

WHIPLASH!

THE PAIN IN THE NECK YOU LIKE

ARTICLE BY MARGO COLEMAN

As much as I would love an S/M audience, I tell you now that this piece has nothing to do with whips and lashes. It is, rather, about something as American as frozen apple pie. Whiplash, quite simply, is a pain in the neck—unless you are an insurance company; then it's a pain in the ass.

Whiplash is so much with us it even has that most status-y form of recognition: its own jokes. I offer you two, just to keep you from banging your spoons, but only two:

1. During a skirmish in the Sinai desert, two enemy tanks collide. The Arab tank driver jumps down yelling, "I surrender!" The Israeli hollers back, "Whiplash!"

2. In his book *Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?*, John Powers remembers crazy Freddie LeGrand who, when his parked car was hit by a truck, jumped up and ran out his front door holding his neck screaming, "Whiplash!"

You should know that, along with the jokes, there is also a mythology of whiplash. This lore has it that blacks and Puerto Ricans are particularly susceptible to the injury. I think that this is not true, but it is hard to prove one way or another because the people who have the statistics will not part with them. The reasons will become clear later. Maybe.

Dr. Jesse Weinger, an orthopedic surgeon at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, says that whiplash is a non-scientific term for a variety of injuries to the neck—usually, ligament sprain. He explained that he and his colleagues use the term in order to be understood by laymen and lawyers.

Therefore it came as a small surprise when I brought up the subject with a personal-injury lawyer who hadn't a clue as to what I meant by whiplash. I went into greater detail, and then he interrupted, "Oh, you mean cervical sprain!"

Dr. Weinger is something of a historian of whiplash. He told me that the word was coined by a Dr. Crow in 1928 in a paper on injuries to the spine. Weinger believes that the term was then popularized by attorneys. "What is

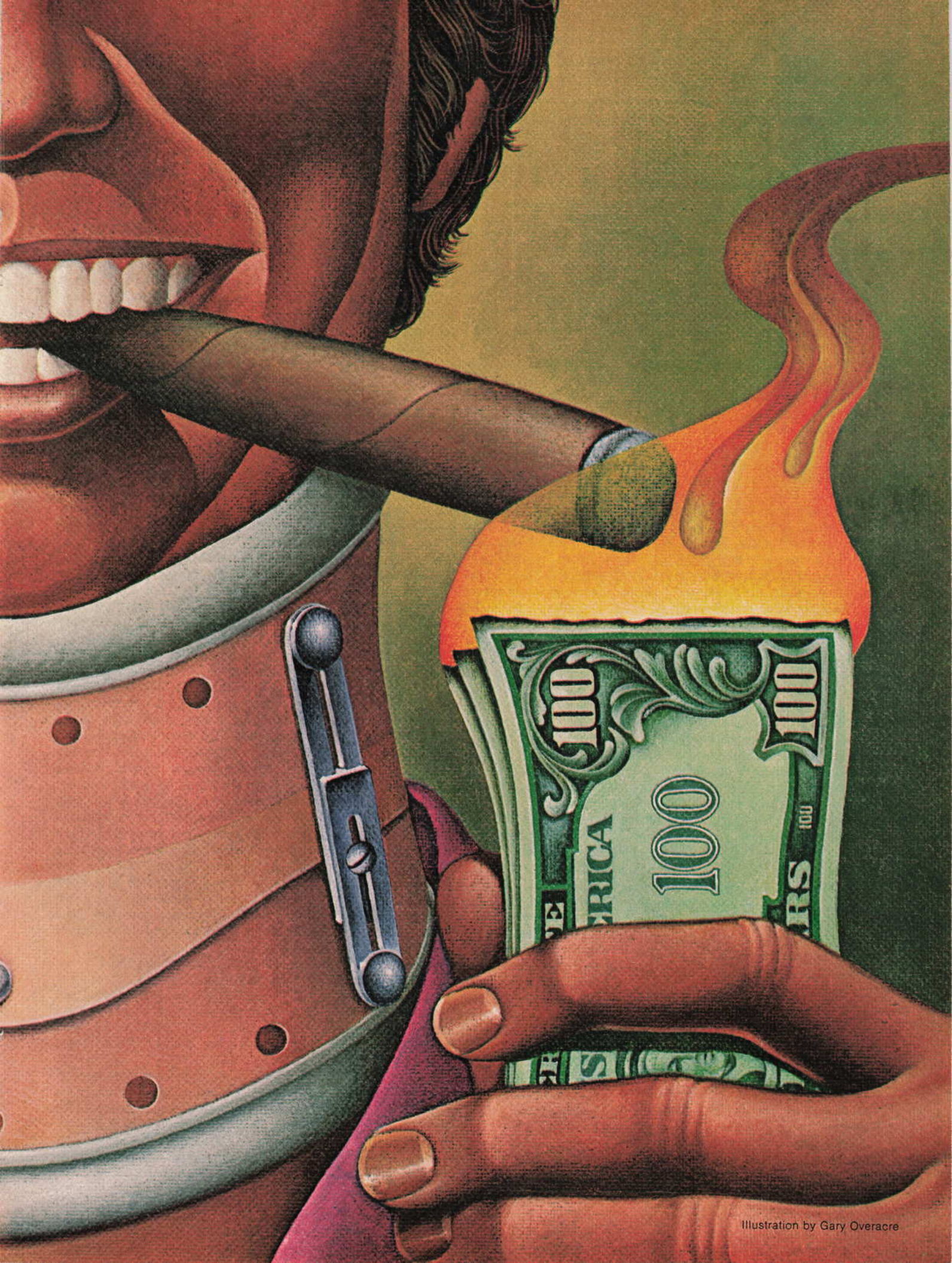


Illustration by Gary Overacre

WHIPLASH *In any discussion of Driving for Dollars one could not not get Melvin Belli's opinion. The San Francisco miracle worker is famous for winning terrific settlements in injury cases.*

understood," he explained, "is that this injury occurs in a rear-end collision. The head goes forward, then back, and something snaps. Actually this is a flexion-extension injury that can produce a wide variety of problems. The worst one is dislocation or fracture of the neck, producing spinal-cord injury or death."

Usually, though, whiplash is a minor and transitory woe. The common complaints of whiplash sufferers are pain and spasm in the neck and shoulders, headaches, dizziness, occasional ringing in the ears and pins-and-needles sensations.

Weinger went on to say that there need not be objective findings. Injury to ligaments and soft tissue, in fact, does not show up on X-rays. Only bones do.

The treatment for whiplash is limited. A doctor can prescribe a soft collar or a soft neck brace, muscle relaxants, pain killers or a heating pad. Traction and physical therapy are tried when nothing else provides relief.

Attempting to answer my question as to whether or not he thinks many people try to fake whiplash injury, Weinger says yes, he has felt that some patients were lying. "They just had numerous complaints with no findings. I have been told stories of constant agony, but these people were smiling at me all the while they were talking. They also had totally normal motion."

He wished to stress that what is considered *serious* whiplash goes by other names. Fracture and dislocation, for example, are not whiplash. "What we're talking about is the mildest form of injury to the neck. But there is pain—and it is impossible to prove."

OK, that's what it is medically. Not that you could take the orthopedic boards based on the last few paragraphs, but it's got to be more than you knew before.

What is it legally? I asked Philip Corboy, who is considered the best in the Midwest when it comes to collecting settlements for injuries. Would this reputation make him a personal-injury attorney? "That term is generally inaccurate for me," he said. "I am a tort lawyer. T-o-r-t. With an e, it's dessert." By way of showing me that the personal-injury label was wrong, he announced that he was "now representing five dead people." I said that seemed to me like the ultimate personal injury but that I would be very happy to identify him as a tort lawyer. T-o-r-t. Corboy is also past president of the Chicago Bar Association.

Corboy couldn't even remember the last whiplash case he had handled. "There is no such injury as whiplash; rather, whiplash is the occurrence that may give rise to an injury. Unless the whiplash results in neurological syndrome or a spinal problem, damages are ordinarily not permanent. That type of lawsuit is adaptable to, uh, younger lawyers."

His office surroundings tell you it's been a while since he was a "younger lawyer." His large and lush space is filled with sculpture, Steuben glass and paintings. I remarked that one of his large *objets d'art* was particularly modern. At the end of a long inhale, he told me that the piece in question was an X-ray shadow box for reading film. Corboy is not kidding around.

He has a wonderful head of white hair, although I don't think he's 50 years old yet. The words shot out like fast forward on a tape recorder as he recalled that he has gotten clients as much as $125,000 for whiplash where there has been serious cervical injury but *no* damage to the spinal cord. *With* damage to the spinal cord, he has gotten $1,000,000. And more than once, too. Corboy pointed out that people with million-dollar injuries have names: paraplegic or quadriplegic.

Corboy got on his intercom and instructed a secretary to bring in a neck.

She brought in a model of a back, instead. It was jointed, like a lobster's. He explained several medical conditions to me, pointing to the model. Did I know what he was talking about? Not bloody likely. Anyway, he used a great many medical terms and, in fact, had an extensive medical library in a little room next to his office.

He postulated that it would be an "interesting case" if one were hit from the rear by Mayor Daley's car or perhaps the sheriff's. What I think this means is that since cities aren't insured, either the sky's the limit on collecting or one could get nothing. In most settlements, the money comes from insurance companies, which have limits.

As for the lifetime of a chance, Corboy said that the statute of limitations on anything considered whiplash injury is two years from the time of the event. If the victim is a minor, then it's two years past his majority. This statute acknowledges the possibility that the injury might not show up immediately—which, I guess, is common. A friend, in fact, told me that he'd been feeling discomfort recently from a whiplash injury he'd sustained 20 years earlier. Well, you know the old tune: "The song is ended, but the malady lingers on."

It is possible, Corboy said, to get something for pain and suffering besides Darvon. Most cases, however, are settled without a lawyer, between victim and insurance company. Insurance companies, by the way, are said to run and settle so that injury claims won't get to court. Smart people, however, do not make a claim, or settle, unless something is really wrong.

"There's a claims reference bureau that records such claims. Should you be seriously injured in the future, it doesn't look too good to have had small claims. Also, your rates go up." Just as a generalization, Corboy doesn't think that people are overpaid for whiplash injuries.

Of course, in any discussion of Driving for Dollars one could not *not* get Melvin Belli's opinion. The San Francisco miracle worker is famous for winning terrific settlements in injury cases.

I do not wish to sound self-deprecating, but Belli will apparently take a call from anyone. And he does have a darling sense of humor. When I told him the name of our very own dear magazine he said, "Well, I hope you're writing something dirty."

He is certainly very gracious. When I said the subject was whiplash, he answered, thoughtfully, "You know, I was just thinking about that subject the other day. The injury is a serious and a very real thing."

As to whether or not he thinks whiplash is an ailment for mercenaries of the steering wheel, Belli said he doesn't think that the people who come to him are phonies. "I have more faith in the human being than *Herr* Reagan has."

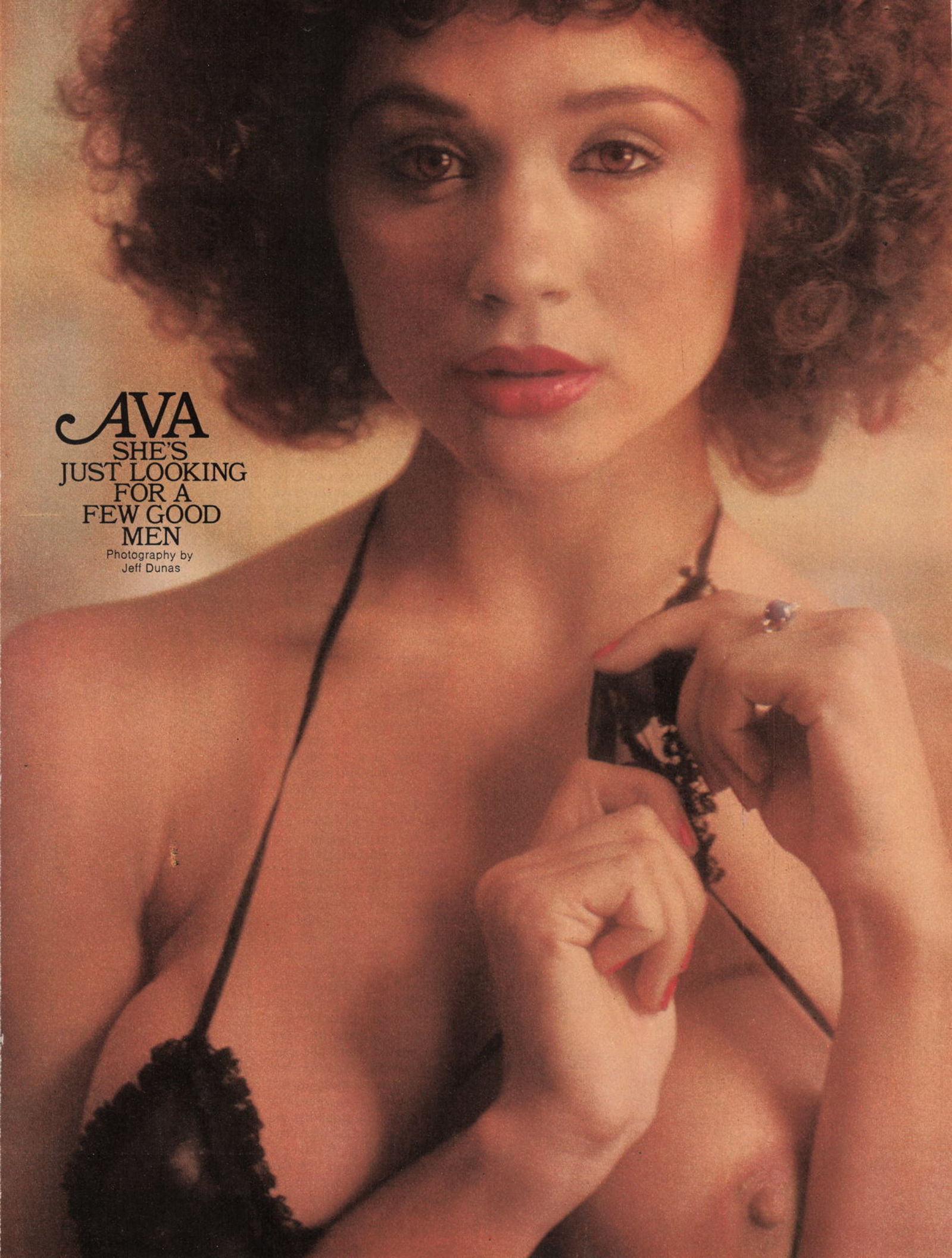
Unlike Corboy, Belli still handles whiplash cases. And he wished to stress the broad spectrum of such injuries. "Whiplash encompasses meleés that may give you a headache for two or three days to the case where two women in a sports car were hit from the rear, causing their little car to be sent all the way across the street." It starts to sound like a mystery story because his voice becomes lower and quite dramatic: "The police look in the car, and do you know what they find?"

They were maybe in the trunk?

"No, they found them *dead*!"

The largest settlement he recalled getting for a whiplash client was $75,000. I mention Corboy's $1,000,000. "For that, you need broken bones." Neck bones, I presume.

There was one case he remembered in particular. A woman in California was in front of a devout Catholic judge. "The woman was unmarried and dabbled—if that's the right word—in prostitution. She also may have had a touch of syphilis. She said *(Continued on page 184)*


AVA
SHE'S JUST LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN
Photography by Jeff Dunas

AVA DOES NOT LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING

This is Ava. She was once a professional ice skater, but now she is a professional model, and she lives in a big city. She was born in Hungary. None of this will explain, however, why she is wearing candy-striped stockings here, nor why she seems so sad in the photograph on the previous page. Later in these pages she is dressed in textured white stockings and taking a nap. If you have peeked ahead, you are already aware of this. We suspect you have peeked ahead. We know you do not read this magazine the way you read a book. If you are a cunning reader, you have, perhaps, inferred a connection between Ava's sadness on the preceding page and her somnolence on the following pages—whether a connection exists or not. For the sake of argument, let us suppose that such a connection does exist. Let us suppose that Ava is expecting someone. Let us suppose that it is you she is expecting. (One might be willing to sell one's own mother if that were true.) You are late for an important rendezvous with her; she is not sure if your once-hearty resolution to come and pay her a visit is still in force; perhaps you won't show up at all, and she will be morose and get out her skates and take a taxi to the rink and try to dissipate her disappointment through rigorous physical exertion. But let us suppose that Ava believes that you will come. That is why she put on her striped stockings. Can we not accept it as plausible that you find stockings of this stripe erotically provocative? Yes? Swell. (A bit of information that has been withheld from you but to which this magazine has

TOLSTOY
WROTE
"A NAP AFTER
DINNER IS
SILVER;
ONE BEFORE
DINNER IS
GOLD."
AVA PREFERS
A NAP
INSTEAD OF
DINNER.

been privy is that Ava is an amateur authority on Tolstoy. Be assured, however, that Ava's literary taste in no way bears upon our inquiries. Those of you who are interested in Ava's work on Tolstoy should check out her monograph *Backpacking with God: Trekking Imagery and the Quest for Long Distance in Tolstoy's Later Works.*) In preceding pages, we have seen Ava as she prepared to take a nap. She has since stripped off those striped stockings and replaced them with some lighter and more delicate apparel. Or is lighter an understatement of sorts? It could be said that she is wearing nothing at all, if it weren't for some accessories at her extremities and some next-to-nothing lingerie that she uses more to uncover herself than to cover up. Some sentences back, we perceived a connection between Ava's wearing striped stockings and her presumed desire to titillate you. It is now only a short step to the proposition that she has removed her stockings in order to let you know that her attitude toward you has changed. She wants to punish you, because you did not arrive when you promised you would. The shoes she has put on are in no way connected with thoughts of you but are fetishes of her imagination only. Supposition aside, Ava says that she is just looking for a few good men. She learned this ambition from the marines. She even concedes that she may be in competition with the marines. Ava thinks that she would perhaps like to open an enlistment office. That is what she is thinking about in the photograph on the next pages.

SHE IS IN COMPETITION WITH THE MARINES

oui

CONVERSATION WITH

BRIAN WILSON

The poet laureate of surf and sand talks about the tribulations of being a genius, his ongoing struggle with things chemical and his monumental plans for the next great album

It would be difficult to overstate Brian Wilson's influence not only on the Beach Boys but on a whole generation of surf-music apostles from Hawaii to the shores of Peru. As the Beach Boys' leader, producer and chief songwriter, the bear-like 34-year-old Wilson is to California mythology what the Pope is to Catholicism. The sun-tanned, hedonistic minions of the West Coast are as much Wilson's children as the progeny of Greenwich Village are Dylan's.

From his first hit, "Surfin," in 1961, to the artistically prophetic "Pet Sounds" (a concept album that predated "Sgt. Pepper" by 18 months), to "Good Vibrations" to "Sail On, Sailor," Wilson was responsible for the wide-open harmonies that became the Beach Boys' trademark. Even during an 11-year absence from live performances—and despite a nervous breakdown in 1964 and a hearing problem—Wilson remained the Beach Boys' undisputed spiritual leader.

"Brian Wilson is the Beach Boys," said brother and fellow Beach Boy Dennis Wilson. "He is the band and we're his fucking messengers!" In spite of their own enormous contributions over the past 15 years, brother Carl Wilson, cousin Mike Love and friend Alan Jardine enthusiastically agree that Brian Wilson was always very much the felt-if-not-seen presence that served to hold the group's sound and image together.

The term genius has often been applied to Wilson, and he's paid the price for it. After "Pet Sounds," Wilson embarked with lyricist Van Dyke Parks on an ambitious experiment in humor and song—the legendary but never-released "Smile" album. However, drugs plus Wilson's inability to deal with the mounting pressures of total adulation forced him to abandon the project.

Wilson stayed at the boards for another generation of Beach Boys' albums, but his life grew more and more erratic on the downhill slide. Wilson truly lived from moment to moment. He would arrive unexpectedly at friends' houses, often with a bizarre entourage in tow. Rumors circulated that he was drugged-out and insane; even that he had gone so far as to install a huge sandbox in the living room of his Bel Air home, where his piano sat. Eventually Wilson retired to his room, alone, vastly overweight, shrouded in enigma and mystery.

Today, Wilson is in the hands of a clinical psychologist who, through a physical-fitness program and stringent scheduling, is attempting to wrest Wilson from the hold of drugs and schizophrenia. But some of Wilson's oldest friends, recently declared persona non grata *by the doctor, are suspicious of the doctor's methods. They also feel that Wilson will break down again before he can recover.*

OUI *sent free-lancer David Rensin to talk with Wilson. Rensin reports: "It's almost impossible to maintain a professional distance from Brian, simply because of his eyes. Often they are depthless and reflective; but sometimes you see in them a prisoner begging for help, a frightened child. Then Brian's calculating intelligence shows through and you feel used. It's hard to look, but harder to look away.*

"Brian is a massive presence—like his rambling Bel Air estate, which was once owned by Edgar Rice Burroughs. His dining room is done with jungle-flora wallpaper and there are two framed pictures of est founder Werner Erhard on the wall. In the music room, there is a pool table on which Brian's daughters Carnie and Wendy carouse. During our talk, Brian perched on an overstuffed couch in the den. He seemed less nervous than I'd anticipated, but he has a short attention span and frequently got up to take a cigarette from a pack on the upright piano. Otherwise, despite the presence of one of his doctor-ordered attendants, he tried his best to answer directly, and he opened up even more when his watchdog left the room. Wilson, by his own admission, has tried to hide from the world these past few years. But even so, he was never really hard to find. His garbage cans are spray-painted with the family name.

"Nevertheless, we opened the interview with a discussion of his reclusiveness."

OUI: The newsmagazines and everyone else say that Brian's back. Where exactly have you been?

WILSON: In my room. I hid in my room for four years.

OUI: Why?

WILSON: A lot of reasons. One was drugs. I was taking a lot of cocaine, a lot of uppers, and I got my life all fucked up. They got me into such a paranoid state that I'd snort cocaine in my room and then it got to the point where I liked it there. Then, pretty soon, I didn't like it anymore, but I had no choice, because I'd gotten into the pattern of staying in my room.

OUI: Anything else keep you off of the streets?

WILSON: Pressure. People kept asking, "What's your next song going to be, Brian?" I didn't know, and it got so that I didn't want to know. And then I wasn't able to create because of the drugs. At first, I was creative on drugs and then I got to a point where I couldn't even go to the piano—I was too afraid.

OUI: But the Beach Boys depend on you, don't they?

WILSON: Yeah, they depend on me a lot,

BRIAN WILSON *Maybe I have a genius for arrangements and harmonics, but I don't think I'm a genius. I believe the word genius applies only to people who can do things that other people can't do.*

come to think of it. They couldn't function without me—they'd flounder. Their stage show is down pat, but they need me in the studio. The guys have always acted as though they look up to me—I don't know if they really do—but they've shown a lot of respect for my music and the stuff I've created for them.

OUI: For *them*?

WILSON: I approach it like that. I believe that what I'm doing is creating things for *them*. I do it for the group. Everything I do is for the group.

OUI: And your comeback was for *them*?

WILSON: Yeah. We hadn't been around for three or four years and I realized that we had to make some money, so I decided to make a go of it and to create some new music.

OUI: Isn't three or four years a long time between albums?

WILSON: I think our natural cycle is about three or four years. Not an album every six months.

OUI: You spoke of creating new music a moment ago, but a lot of the tracks on *15 Big Ones* are old songs.

WILSON: Well, we wanted to showcase some material that we thought was really good. I have a new attitude about oldies: Old songs are where it's at.

OUI: Are important things being written today?

WILSON: Sure, but not like those oldies. I think the oldies are greater, more original. The lyrics are more interesting. I even like the old Beach Boys songs better; *15 Big Ones* started out as an album of nothing but oldies, but then we ran out of them. Halfway through, Mike Love decided to make the record half old and half new. I didn't like the idea at first, but he literally forced us to do it his way. I resented that.

OUI: Some people say that Love's only interests are money and success. Is that true?

WILSON: He meditates. Michael is interested in both success and meditating equally. He used to be more interested in the money, but now he cares about the spirituality.

OUI: Mike has compared *15 Big Ones* to *The Beach Boys' Party*.

WILSON: Yes. They both have the same light feeling, but I don't think the new album is light artistically. The new album has much stronger, more elaborate tracks.

OUI: What do you think of the reaction you've gotten to it?

WILSON: Gerry Beckley from America says *Just Once in My Life* is one of the best cuts he's heard in a long time. But if the kids hadn't liked it, I would have been very hurt, because I put a lot into it. It would have wrecked me and I'd probably have hidden out again.

OUI: Do you think the industry or the kids would be unkind if you put out a bad album?

WILSON: No, I think they would be very understanding. They would realize that I was going through a bad period. I think they would simply expect a good album later.

OUI: When you were recording *15 Big Ones*, did you feel a lot of the old pressure you had been trying to avoid?

WILSON: Yeah. I felt a lot of pressure from the Beach Boys, because I told them that I'd produce an album for them and then I started to change my mind, and they said, "Come on, come on, Brian. You can't stop."

OUI: Why did you want to stop?

WILSON: Because I got tired of the job. I just didn't think we were getting anywhere at first, and I just wanted to go back in my room. But they pushed me and pushed me until it was done. I'm glad they did, now. I think it's a good album, and if you listen to it, you can see where all the work went.

OUI: Was it the album that got you out of your room?

WILSON: No, it was my doctor. My wife, Marilyn, called him and they decided to have me go on a health program of jogging and bowling and stuff like that.

OUI: Do you see your doctor a lot?

WILSON: He sees me a lot.

OUI: How do you like the new regimen?

WILSON: At first, I didn't have the balls for it. I didn't want to go out of my room. I didn't want to go anywhere. But now I see that it pays off to stay in shape. And it lessens my dependence on drugs. For sure.

OUI: Have you used drugs recently?

WILSON: No.

OUI: Do you miss them?

WILSON: Oh, no. I learned a lot about myself from them: I learned that I could put more into whatever I was doing; I learned about my energy levels; but now I maintain my physical stamina without them.

OUI: What got you into drugs?

WILSON: I don't know. Curiosity, friends. A lot of friends used them. They turned me on and started me on the road.

OUI: What are your views on marijuana?

WILSON: I think it should be legalized, because it's good for people. It helps them grow and see the light. There's a point where it becomes too much—just like drinking—but I think people can tell what their limits are.

OUI: What about acid?

WILSON: I didn't understand the effects of it at first. But later on, a couple of months after I first tried it, I started thinking about sounds and that's where *Pet Sounds* came from. Acid showed me combinations of sounds—how to combine different instruments to get a sound there's no instrument for. Infinite sounds. Forever sounds. Sounds that are combined and echoed so that they remind you of something you can't touch. Acid also taught me about color and showed me that it's more vivid than I ever imagined.

OUI: Would you take acid again?

WILSON: No. I don't think I need it now. I've had my big experience. Its usefulness has passed.

OUI: *Pet Sounds* is called a masterpiece and people say you're a genius because of it. Are you?

WILSON: Maybe I have a genius for arrangements and harmonics, but I don't think I'm a genius. I'm just a hard-working guy. I believe the word genius applies only to people who can do things that other people can't do. I can't do things others can't. I wasn't a genius in high school and I'm not now. But because of *Pet Sounds*, people thought I was a genius. You see, the album was a radical departure from what the Beach Boys had been doing previously. At first, the group thought it was a little too artistic, but I told them there was a need for this artistic kind of thing. This was in 1966. After they heard it for a while, they realized that I was right and they understood the validity of art records. Basically I think it just *scared* people into thinking that I was a genius. Maybe it overwhelmed them.

OUI: Did the album overwhelm you?

WILSON: Yes it did—while I was making it. When I played it back, it started me thinking that we hadn't had enough spirituality in our music until then. But in *Pet Sounds*, I think there was spirituality in the harmonics and in my voice. My voice carried a spiritual value that went very deep. Also it was the first time anyone had used the word God in a rock-'n'-roll song—in *God Only Knows*. The whole thing caused a big turnaround and made me more aware of spiritual love. I got a better grasp of it.

OUI: There's also a lot of Phil Spector—who is *(Continued on page 134)*

HAIL TO THOSE BACK-YARD BIRDMEN!

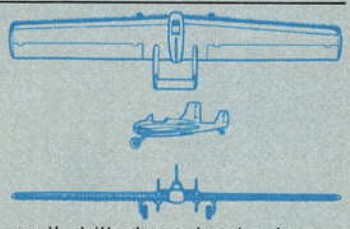
THEN YOU'D BETTER HAIL AN AMBULANCE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE McCALL

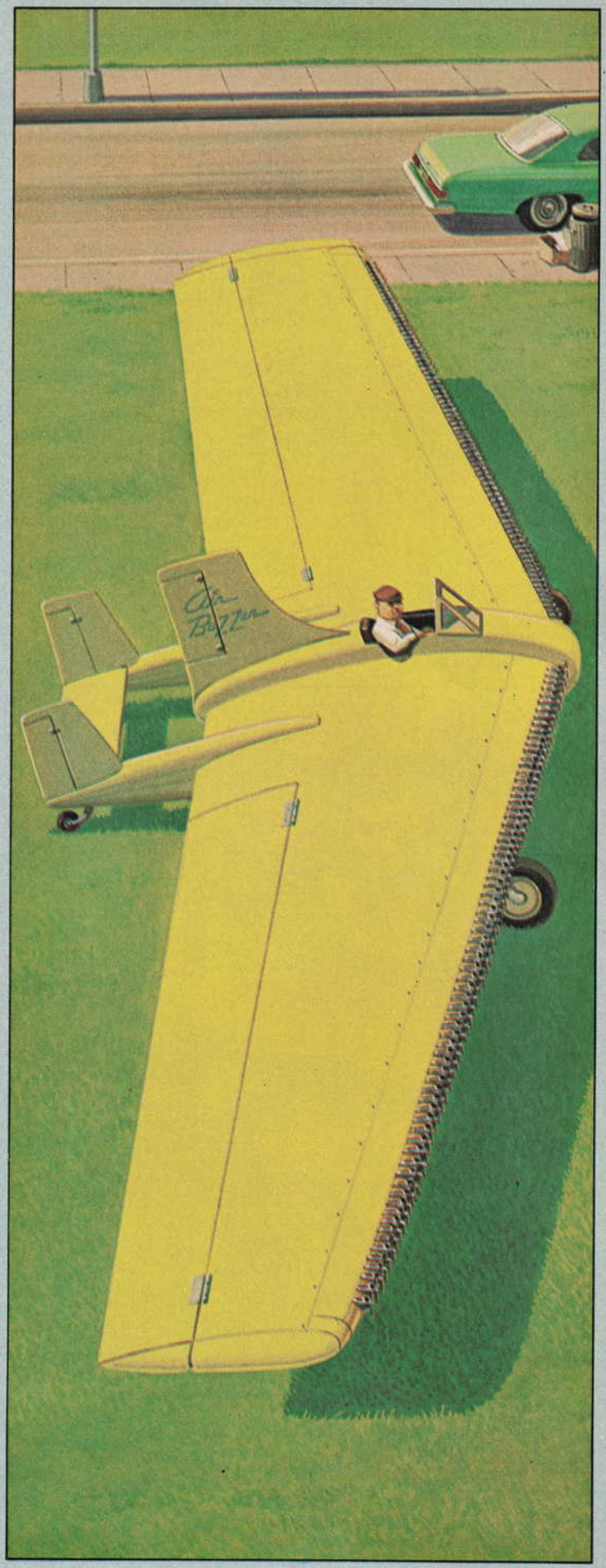
Scholars still bicker over which came first, back yards or aviation. Until their donnish quibbling is resolved, no one can accurately establish how long it has been with us, this pursuit that Proust once termed "*Le sport des trous de cul.*" The sport of assholes? Well, Marcel, you ought to know! But Proust, schmoust. America has been both birthplace and graveyard (in the home-built aircraft hobby, the two are seldom more than a few feet apart) for hundreds of would-be Wrights and Lindberghs. Tinkertoy heroes chasing Erector set dreams, some say. Erector set heroes chasing Tinkertoy dreams, say others. Mercifully, Lincoln Logs have been kept out of it. Whatever its drawbacks and foibles, back-yard aviation has often been said to be wallowing in a technological and intellectual limbo. And in the forefront are the men and machines you are about to meet.

THE FUFFERDAW MK III AIR BUZZER:

A MAN, A DREAM AND 180 BALKY MODEL-AIRPLANE MOTORS



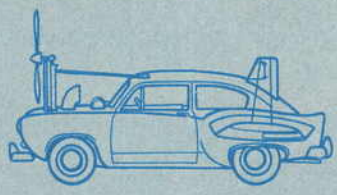
Take the man on the right—please! He is Basil Fufferdaw, who had a dream (or was it a nightmare?) after a model-airplane meet and poured most of his life's savings, plus the inventory of his hobby shop, into making it come true. Fufferdaw's nephew Maurice once got 97 motors popping all at once; but by then, as Basil recounts, "The kid was bawling so hard over his cut-up fingers that he was useless, so I let him run on home for more bandages." That's as close as the Air Buzzer has come to gaining full power in the 12 years Basil Fufferdaw has spent trying. There are other problems. What with the neighborhood whispering campaign, skilled ground crews are tough to find, harder to persuade and impossible to keep. Like the Feeney twins—just getting the hang of it when their old lady finds a couple of thumbs missing and calls in the cops. A whole team of well-drilled mechanics is the real answer, but the local scaremongers have made it hard to dig up one lousy volunteer. It *is* a tricky job, flicking 180 tiny propellers to life without mangling your digits in their spinning frenzy, moving fast enough to get the last one going before the first one sputters out of gas. But Basil Fufferdaw—dreamer, designer, would-be pilot—thinks it can be done and must be done. Not only to prove his radical aeronautical theories, not only to publicize his hobby shop, not only to make a dream come true, but to show 'em, make 'em eat their words, shut 'em up once and for all. Especially that little punk Maurice.



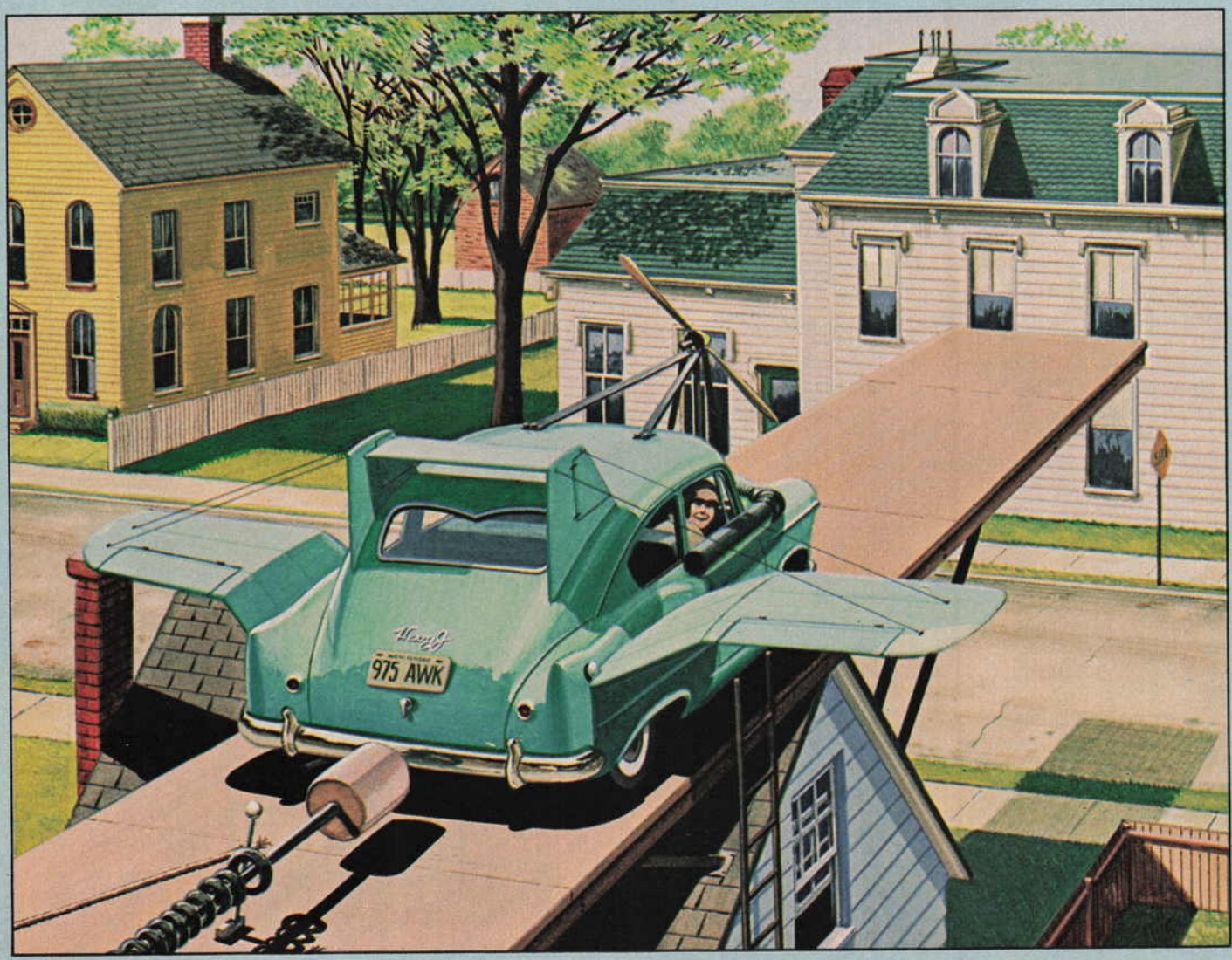
LONKY AUTOMOTOPLANE:

IT'S A BIRD! A PLANE? A HENRY J??

The little Henry J sedan of the early Fifties was a car more ahead of its time than any but a handful of top Kaiser Industries executives and janitor *extraordinaire* Floyd Lonky ever knew. But don't go looking for the real story in the archives or in the press, because it's been a closely guarded secret known only to those Kaiser big shots—and to Floyd Lonky. The way Floyd tells it, he was a boy with no education who rose to become a man with no education and who parlayed his wartime K.P. experiences at Fort Dix, New Jersey, into a career in janitation. It was while Floyd was going about his assignment as a dust expediter on the late shift at Kaiser,



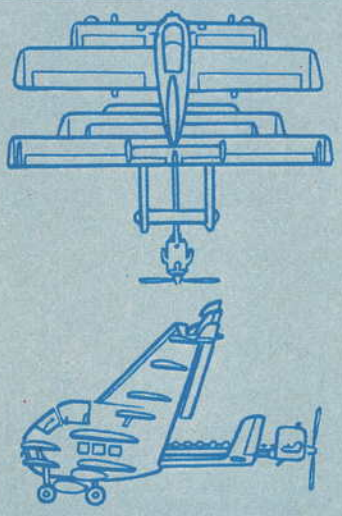
pushing a mop around the deserted executive suite, that he paused to rest near the men's washroom—and overheard the words that changed his life. "I can remember it as if it were just yesterday," Floyd insists almost 25 years later. "The one big shot said to the other big shot while they were wiping their hands at the towel rack, 'Don't worry about sales; we're going to get this baby off the ground.' " To Floyd Lonky's mercury-quick mind, that could mean only one thing. Those Kaiser daredevils were planning to make the Henry J fly! A floundering car would be transformed into a flying one! Alas, six months later, Floyd Lonky was one of hundreds of Kaiser employees out of a job. Fate had done in the bold plan before it could be launched, he surmised. Floyd hasn't held a job since—not officially, that is, not on anybody's payroll expediting anybody's dust. But up on the roof over at Chez Lonky, the work started the day the pink slip arrived. And it hasn't slackened since. Using nothing much but horse sense and his own lovingly preserved 1953 Henry J, Floyd has painstakingly done alone what the entire Kaiser engineering staff would have been charged with doing. He's built an airborne version of the Henry J—the Lonky Automotoplane. It's ready, even eager to fly—so eager that it's fallen off of the roof twice. Assisting in the take-off will be a spring-powered piston, poised to add a powerful send-off kick from behind, at the moment when Floyd gives wife Wilma the high sign. Now he's waiting only for the old big shots from Kaiser. The Automotoplane was designed to put the company back on its feet and on the map, and Floyd wants the Kaiser people in attendance for the maiden flight. He's sent out invitations to each and every one of them; in fact, in the past six years, Floyd Lonky must have mailed at least a dozen sets of invitations. And not one reply. But Floyd shrugs. "They weren't mailed early in the day—and you know the Post Office."



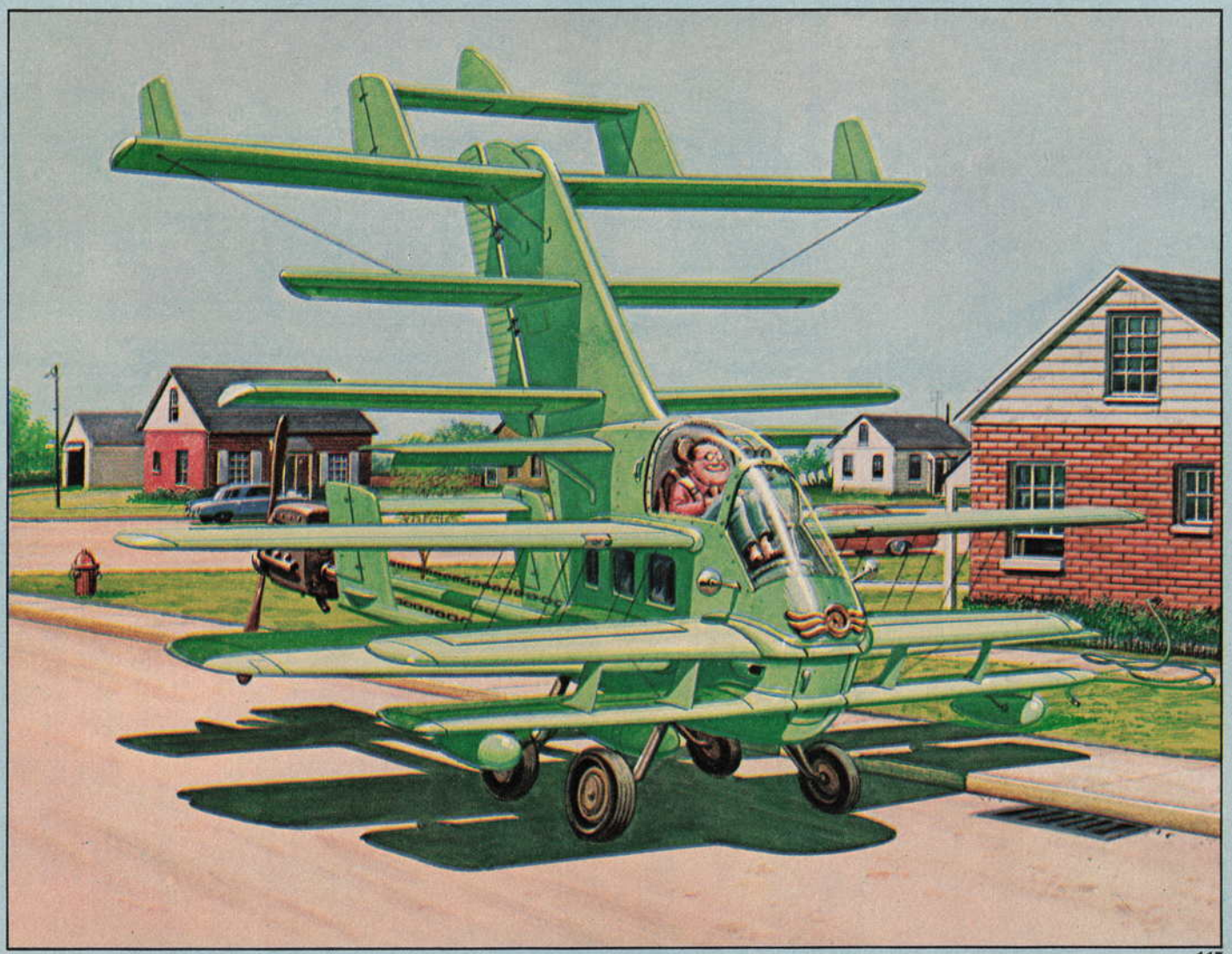
MR. ELBERT NICELY'S POLYOPTOCOPTER, NICELY DOES IT:

COMIN' IN ON 18 WINGS AND A PRAYER

Nobody in aeronautical history had ever built a true polyoptocopter before. Perhaps this was because the idea for a polyoptocopter had never occurred to anybody before. Certainly not to Elbert Nicely, a tire vulcanizer by trade and a religious visionary in his spare time. It was in the Nicely breakfast nook a few months back that the family's Sunday plans were interrupted by the ringing of the phone —a collect call for Mr. Elbert Nicely, the voice said; would he accept the charges? Gladly! The caller was Mr. Jesus H. Christ. "He was most emphatic about the H,"



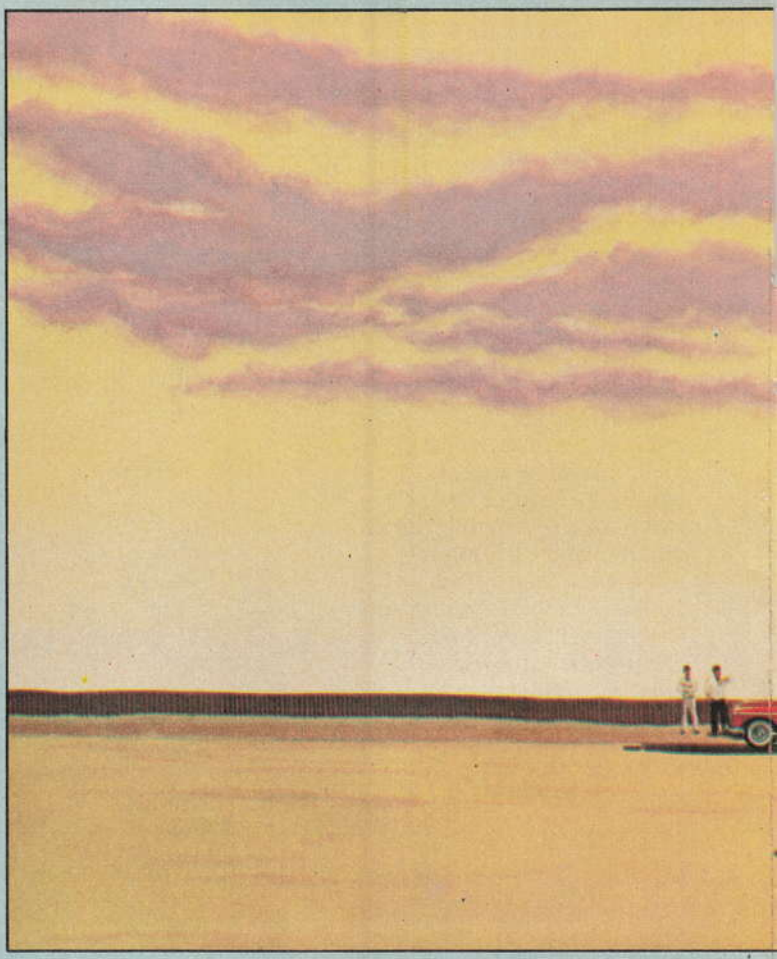
notes Nicely, who, as the founder and guiding light of the First Homogenized Rotogravure Divine Missionary Church of Babel, confesses that the call came as no huge surprise, collect or otherwise. He had seen a vision a few days before: Mr. Christ and Mr. Nicely lounging around the pool at a Miami Beach hotel with the 12 apostles running back and forth carrying white Princess telephones as calls came in for Mr. C. from all over. "So his calling me, it kind of clicked," concludes Mr. Nicely, "although I'd been expecting something more along the line of 'Keep pitchin', Elbert.' " What Nicely got was orders to build a polyoptocopter, using the family's savings and a lot of old stuff that had been lying around the garage. "I had six old lawn mowers," Nicely recalls. "Never knew I was saving them against a Divine Plan." He followed orders step by step as they came to him during nocturnal visions. The exact flight plan of the Nicely Does It will be kept secret to prevent Satan from sabotaging the flight, but Nicely admits that his plans include ferrying the missus and the two young Nicelys by way of Mattoon, Illinois, to a final destination in Xanadu. Once there, he is slated to take a key post in the milk-and-honey game, with a comfortable four-figure salary and lucrative perqs. One thing, though: Nicely has never flown. Doesn't a long flight in such a craft terrify him? "Not one iota," he snaps. "Jesus H. Christ is my traffic controller. And anyway, after that flying saucer ride to Venus and back last year, this trip will be a lead-pipe cinch!"



THE DA VINCI-NANG LOKO-MO-KRAFT:

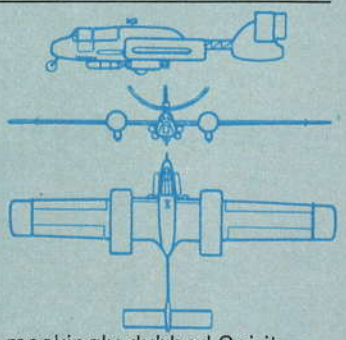
COMPARED WITH THE LANDINGS, THE TAKE-OFFS WILL BE A CINCH

Unless Clyde Nang's whole idea is haywire or the cops decide to block off the beach, the incredible Loko-Mo-Kraft will shortly break from a canter, heave itself up off its four stumpy legs and gain powered flight. Clyde's full of optimism. After all, everything has been worked out in advance, right there in the *Matchbook Academy of Knowledge Wallet Encyclopedia*: detailed plans for a mechanical bird as designed in the 16th Century by Leonardo da Vinci's illegitimate son Marvin. Clyde has updated only the power source, from the breath of 1,000,000 cherubs to a Chevy V8, and affixed a conventional propeller rather than the original living pinwheel of Tuscan doves. Otherwise, the Loko-Mo-Kraft is pure Marvin. All well and good—but how does Clyde intend to get back down to earth again on those tiny iron feet? Clyde smiles and points proudly to the very next page in the *Matchbook Academy of Knowledge Wallet Encyclopedia*. Marvin da Vinci not only invented the Loko-Mo-Kraft; who do you think it was came up with the idea of the roller skate?

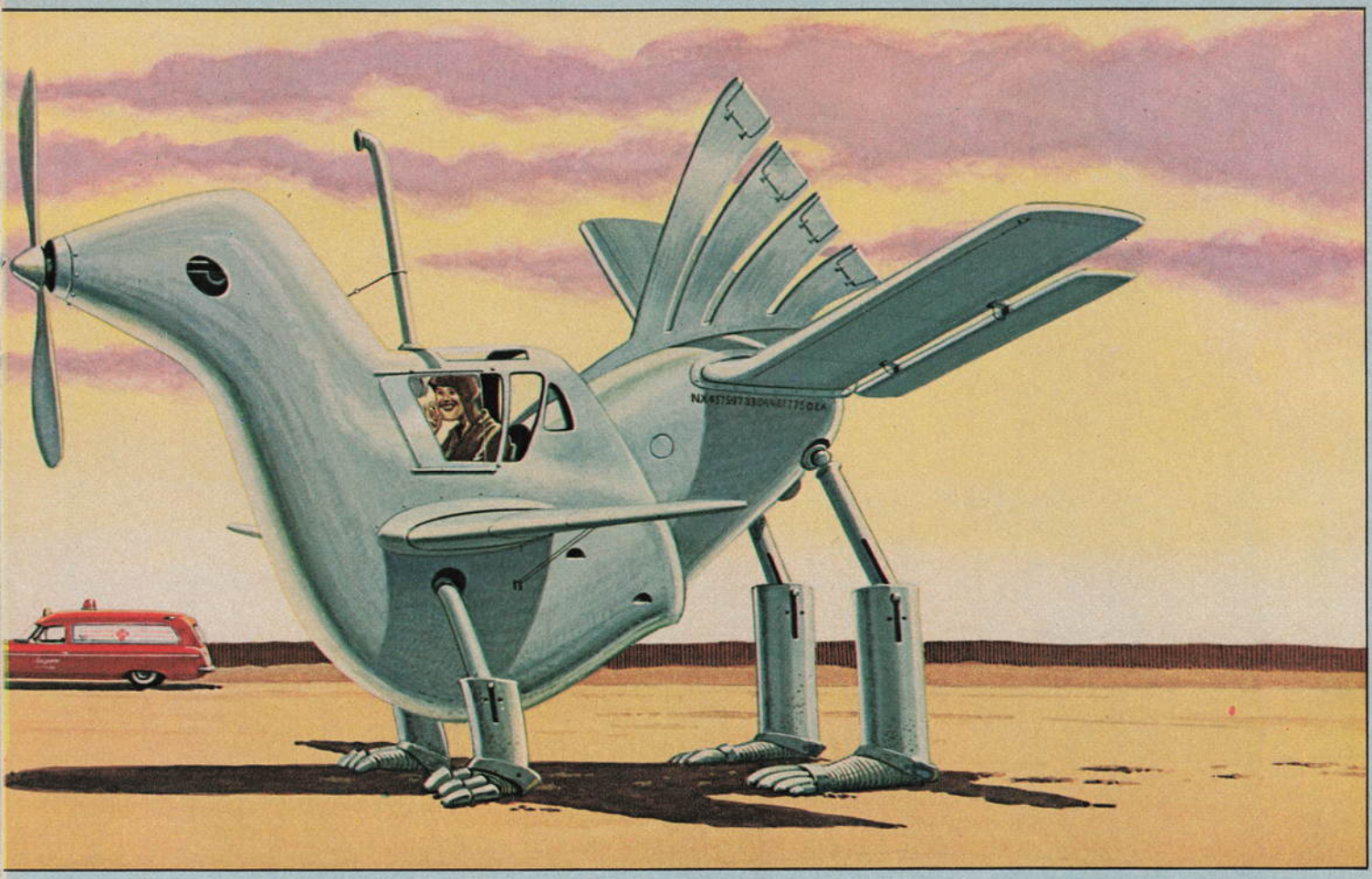


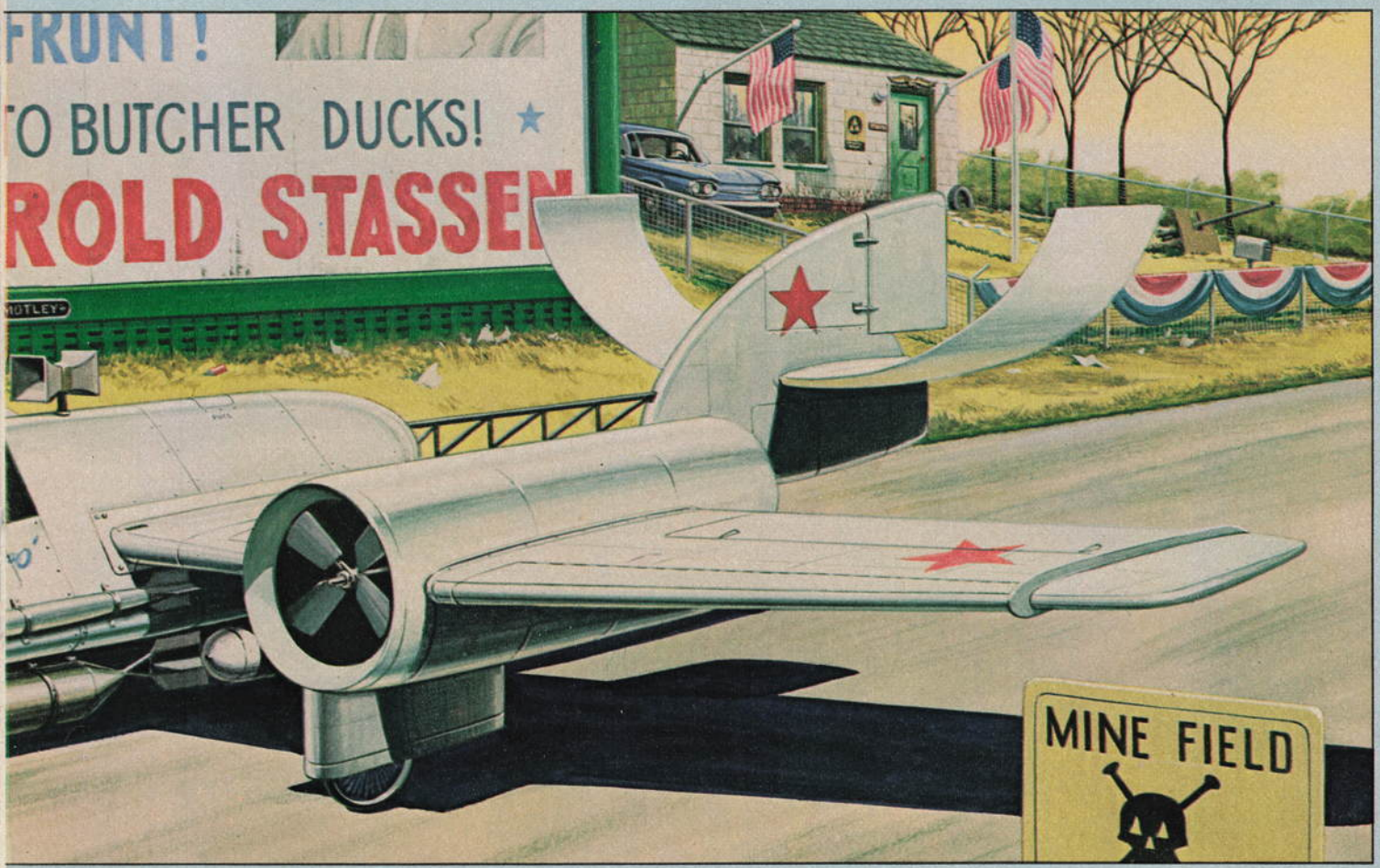
FUNK FF-USA SUICIDE BOMBER, SPIRIT OF GLASSBORO:

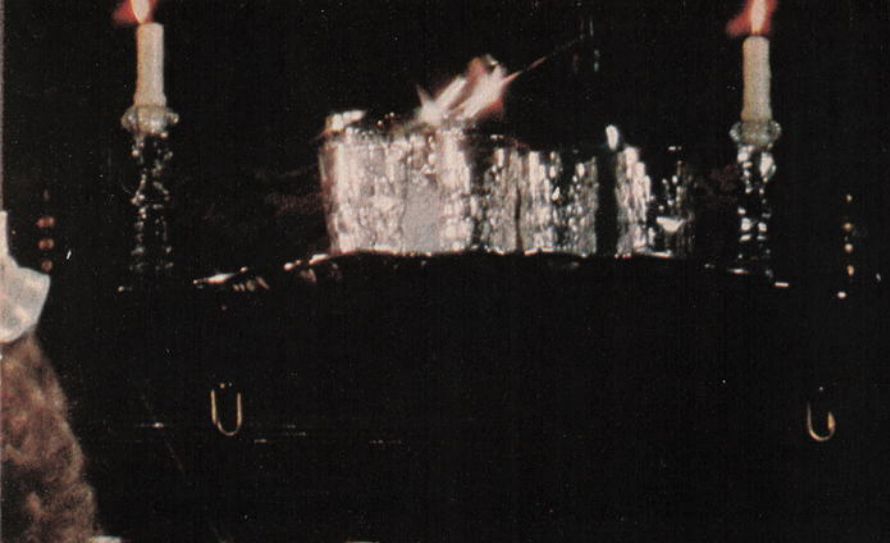
YOU COMMIE RATS WANT DUCKS? THEN DUCK THIS!



The so-called Spirit of Glassboro never fooled New Jersey duck rancher and hyperpatriot Fred Funk. Just another Red phony, that 1967 Kosygin-Johnson parley, a trick to get KGB agents close to Funk's El Rancho Quack for some fowl play. Poisoning those ducks would advance a Commie terror campaign triggered in the Fifties with fluoridation of the drinking water. But Fred struck first, slaughtering every duck on the lot *before* the Kremlin spooks could act. And as a result, Red goons have kept the ruins of El Rancho Quack under day-and-night surveillance ever since, itching for revenge. Fred sees them, even if nobody else can. But they couldn't stop him from building the suicide bomber mockingly dubbed Spirit of Glassboro or from planning to take off soon on a one-man, one-way mission to Moscow. Fred has a new reason to think that there's no more time to waste before he makes his desperate move. "I got to thinking it all out," he confides, eyes narrowing, "and suddenly it dawned on me. What makes me so all-fired cocksure I'm not a Commie plot myself?"




FRONT!
TO BUTCHER DUCKS!
ROLD STASSEN
MOTLEY
MINE FIELD



THE GREAT SCOTCH CABINET RAID:

A QUICK GUIDE ON WHAT TO LOOK FOR

The master is asleep. He has forgotten to lock the liquor cabinet. The upstairs maid and the downstairs sub-butler, Bernice and Bernard, have discovered the situation and are about to make the most of it. They're surprised to find that the old boy stocks only Scotch. That shouldn't be surprising: Scotch has effected something of a drinking revolution in the United States since World War Two. More than 21,000,000 cases are drunk here every year. And yet Scotch has a reputation to maintain. It has come to be known as the preferred drink of the urban rich—those who need a strong, clean drink to help the day settle down. Neat, on the rocks, with water or soda, the elaborate blend of flavors is as mellowing as the 86-per-cent-proof kick it packs. But different people have different tastes, and that makes for the variety in Scotches. The big question facing Bernice and Bernard is *which* Scotch to drink. Inherent in the method of Scotch production is the possibility of infinite variation. We will try to describe some of the variables, so you can pick among them to find your own taste. First of all, Scotch must be from Scotland. Attempts to make it elsewhere (for example, in Japan and Germany) have failed—largely because the Scottish air, water and peat that produce malt whisky—the key ingredient of

Photography by Bill Arsenault

"Oh, Bernard, you old shiny-headed faker, didn't you know that it's the peat fires drying the malt that give Scotch its smoky flavor?"

Scotch—cannot be duplicated outside of Scotland. Until 1853, Scottish malts were always unblended. Then malt whiskies started getting put together with grain whiskies, and Scotland was in line for a world-wide reputation. Malt whiskies lend Scotch character; grain whiskies smooth things out. Originally practically every Highland family had its own pot still and made its own whisky—much as people in rural France make their own brandy. Drinking the product was a bone-melting experience. It was often harsh and had all the subtlety of a thermonuclear explosion. But this still whisky was a labor of love, and lots of folks made for lots of different strokes. What all the still whiskies had in common, however, was a pleasant smokiness and pungency, which, to this day, set Scotch apart from American and Canadian whiskies.

Many people, like Bernice and Bernard, are overwhelmed by the variety of Scotches available to them. Educate your taste, as Bernice and Bernard are planning to do. Drink different kinds against one another. But don't expect that you will be able to discern between brands after you've tasted three or four. Alcohol at 86 proof puts a temporary but effective freeze on your taste buds.

There are four regions from which malt whiskies come: the Highlands, the Lowlands, Campbeltown and Islay. Each area produces a whisky with unique characteristics. In every region, barley, the basic ingredient in Scotch, is malted—that is, allowed to germinate. It is dried during the kilning process, where it is slowly toasted over a peat fire. (Peat is coal's youngest brother and one of the basic heating fuels of Ireland and Scotland.) The peat fire gives the smoky, pungent flavor to the young malt. The toasting process varies throughout the four regions; however, in Campbeltown and in Islay the malt is more heavily roasted than in the Highlands. Lowlands malt is the least kilned of all.

The malted barley is then mixed with warm water, which turns the starch into sugar. The mixture is known as wort. Yeast is added to the wort, which is then allowed to ferment. The product of this is called beer, or wash. The wash is distilled through a pot still. The shape of the still itself has an effect on the whisky that comes out. Scotch enthusiasts tell a story about a distiller whose pot still had worn out. The distiller replaced the pot still but his whisky didn't taste the same. Finally the distiller had his old still copied—right down to the metal patch—and his Scotch tasted familiar again. After distillation, Scotch is aged, often in sherry casks. They give the liquor its characteristic tawny, caramel coloring if they have been previously used to age wine or sherry. Grain whiskies are made with a patent still, which makes more liquor faster than a pot still. Grain whiskies are made from malted or unmalted barley, maize and other mashed cereals. They differ from malt whiskies in that they lack oily and aromatic pungency; the grains are not dried over a peat fire. Whiskies of varying Scottish origins were first blended together in an attempt to broaden the Scotch market. Generally a Scotch is 40 to 60 percent malt whiskies, with the grain whiskies

"Listen, Bernice, I was drinking the stuff before you were born. The age on the bottle isn't important; it's the quality of the juice inside."

making up the difference. It was somebody's idea to include the lighter grain whiskies as a cost-saving device, inasmuch as patent-stilled liquors are always less expensive than pot-stilled liquors. The product of the merger exceeded everyone's expectations; it was a lighter, a more balanced whisky, which, to Scotland's good fortune, was highly marketable among Americans and Europeans. Differences between blends depend on the proportions of the four types of malts used. Highland malts are considered the finest; they are relatively light in flavor and body, without much peatiness. Those from the Glenlivet and Speyside regions are the finest of the finest. Lowland malts are also light, but with even less peatiness. Both the Campbeltown and Islay malts are full-bodied and pungent with smoke.

As one might suspect, whiskies whose characteristics are different age differently. In the aging process, the blender takes on the major role. He uses his million-dollar nose and taste buds to marry whiskies that will reach their prime harmoniously. Blending is usually done when the whiskies are three or four years old. Most blenders agree that the best blend is made up of half Highland and half Lowland malts, with a pinch of Campbeltown and/or Islay thrown in for punch. The fuller-bodied Campbeltown and Islay whiskies require ten to 12 years to reach maturity, while the Highland and Lowland malts mature in six to eight years. Grain whiskies mature in four years. No whisky that is under three years of age may be sold in the British Isles, and no whisky younger than four years old is imported into the United States. The blender must know exactly when the whiskies he's mixing are ready and then come up with the perfect match to ensure the uniformity of his particular brand name. Sometimes he blends as many as 50 kinds of whiskies—30 to 40 malt whiskies and five or more grain whiskies—before he's done.

Age isn't necessarily so important as many Americans have been led to believe. An aged cognac, wine or Scotch unequivocally suggests quality to most people. But the suggestion is not a useful one. A 12- or 24-year-old Scotch doesn't have to be better than a Scotch with no stated age. Unless the blender has done a good job and unless the whiskies are at their peak, it doesn't matter how old they are. A bad whisky does not improve with age. It just kind of lies there. The trend in America to lighter drinks of all kinds, especially Scotches, has radically affected the Scotch industry. Since nearly half of all Scotch produced is exported to the United States, distillers have made an effort to blend lighter malts for American tastes. In America, the light Scotches have become the largest sellers. No one should be fooled by color, though. Color says nothing about the relative lightness or heaviness of a blend. It is common practice for distillers to add burnt sugar to their Scotch in order to give it a light, uniform color.

Drinking Scotch is a celebration of the good life. As Bernice and Bernard have found, it can grease the sometimes ponderous wheels of social intercourse and can lead to the gentle abandon of excessive behavior. Take time to appreciate it. Like all good things, it is its own reward. ▣

LOCH NESS NELLIE CALLS ON ME

Two fugitives issue a communiqué

A fable by Abbie Hoffman

I first saw Lucky Nellie on August 25, 1954. This is how it happened. Me and Brenda, this girl from Revere Beach, were necking out on the Cape Cod Canal near Buzzard's Bay. I was feeling her up and moaning real low, getting all excited, when all of a sudden I looked over her shoulder, through the foggy windshield, and I saw this absolutely gorgeous creature rise straight out of the water and smile at me with the prettiest smile I ever saw. Farther back, down the canal, I could see her huge, giant tail. Wow! She was all emerald green and scaly; she must have been at least 60 feet long and had to weigh at least eight tons, if a pound or more. She was very, very pretty. She had a long, long neck and large gray eyes with eyelashes a good six inches long. She talked in a soft, sultry voice, not unlike that of Marilyn Monroe or Jackie Onassis. She called me by my name and said if I would keep her little secret, she would grant me a wish. I was really amazed that Brenda couldn't hear the voice. Luckily she had her eyes closed and was panting into my neck and shoulder. I nodded agreement.

She said that her name was Nellie and that we could use telepathy to talk, and no one would hear but us. She said she was 1500 years old and had three little children back home in Scotland in a lake. She was looking around for different places to live and have fun, and she liked to live in private, but folks kept sneaking up on her. She told me that once, about 1000 years ago, some bloody miserable saint tried to transform her into the queen of Scotland. She had been really upset because she didn't want to be a superstar and go around giving people orders and signing autographs all her life. So she up and pulled out stakes with her kids and lived for 500 years near the South Pole, even though it was mighty cold. After that, she got lonesome for Scotland and went home.

Everything went well for a while until about the Thirties, when some really bad accidents happened to poor Lucky Nellie. First, some busybodies came out from London and saw her crawl across the road, heading for the North Sea. She was making secret raids on Nazi Germany at the time. They blabbed when they got home to London, and next year a scientist got a pretty good picture of her bobbing her head, so she bundled up the kiddies and headed for the Indian Ocean. Now she was looking around and asking different folks along the way for ideas and suggestions. Well, I said, if I was her, I'd talk to Greta Garbo or maybe go to these little islands I knew out in the Pacific. Oh, no, she said, Greta Garbo was a real bitch and those little islands I suggested were already being used for atomic-bomb testing. But she thanked me anyway and said some day she'd get back and see me again. Then she said that I could have my wish. So I thought real quick and I said I just figured maybe I could go all the way with Brenda. Lucky Nellie just smiled and winked and said she understood it. And then she ducked out of sight. Just before she went, she said, "Oh, by the way, you don't think I'm a monster, do you?"

I smiled back and shook my head, "Oh, no, you're really pretty." And later that night, Brenda and I really got it on something fierce.

Now a time passed. I kept my promise and I never told anyone until now. Twenty years went by. By now, I was a fugitive on the run, roaming the globe myself, looking for a nice place to settle down. Sometimes I got lost, sometimes I got lonely. Once in a while I'd go up to a friendly face and I'd say, "Hi, my name is Abbie. Can you keep a secret?" I've had real good luck so far, no one's told and everyone's kept the secret.

One day, a few months ago, I was scuba diving off the Yucatán peninsula, out by the Isla Mujeres, looking for the place where the sharks go to sleep and get high. They do that down in some caves near there. I was going to check the caves out as a possible hide-out, seeing how everyone's so afraid of sharks. When lo and behold, up swims Nellie.

Oh, Jesus, was she ever big! Underwater, everything gets magnified 25 percent. She looked bigger than the fucking Titanic itself. Immediately I knew something was up. She was sad and she was angry. She started talking, but it wasn't like Marilyn Monroe anymore. She talked very heavy street talk; she talked like a spade from Harlem. She was *angry*. "Hey, man, how are you doing, you fugitive? I've got a real problem here. These goddamn scientists are on to my tricks. I had a neat deal worked out with the Scottish government, see. I mean, they kept pooh-poohing the stories about me existing for 20 or 30 years, you know? Kept a lot of the tourists and scientists and head-hunters away, but then the depression came in, you know, recession and all that kind of shit. I guess it got to them and they got to make their money. I can't blame them, but Jesus, they sure put me uptight. You know what these folks are bringing in? Sonar beams and laser beams and TV cameras and wise punky college brats crawling all over my goddamn home. I'm real uptight, man; they're going to stick me in a goddamn cage just like you, sure as shit. My kids are stashed near Canada with a baby sitter. We're nomads; we're on the run; we're pissed. I talked to Bigfoot the other day, and I talked to the Snowman. You heard anything from Don Juan?"

Well, I thought, gee whiz, times are changing. "Oh, yeah, Don Juan, hey, it's a funny thing you should mention him. I met him, yeah, Mexico City. Uh huh, yeah, I didn't know him at first; I mean, he was wearing his suit and tie so I didn't recognize him right off. He said he's

got the same goddamn problem: 10,000 hippies crawling all over the Sonora desert looking for him and mushrooms. Goddamn, he even closed down his answering service. He told me he was headed to Las Vegas; he's up there now posing as a blackjack dealer. I got his secret number if you want it. I don't know, hon, what's your group have on this technological crap they're tracking you with?"

"Well, from what we heard, it's CIA, real advanced. They spotted Ché with it in Bolivia, three thousand feet high in an airplane. They could measure the length of his beard. And that was ten years ago. Goddamn, it's open season on us creatures."

"What are we going to do?"

"I'll tell you, I'll tell you, Abbie. I'm going to swallow the first fucking goddamn scientist I see. Dolphins are filling us in on all the goddamn boats; we're not even sure we trust Cousteau anymore, since he's gone commercial."

"Well, I met him once. I like him. Hey, take it easy, Nell. We've got folks working on your team. We've got two phone freaks fresh out of Leavenworth. They want to do freezes in the Himalayas to stop them from looking for the Snowman. Yeah, they're together, they're really going to help. We've got folks all over the country who are going to call *National Geographic* magazine, saying that they just spotted you in South Dakota and Miami Beach and Las Vegas, things like that, sending all these bounty hunters on wild-goose chases."

"Hey, blood," Nell answered back, "you've got it; but dig it, we're just playing games. I don't know what's going to happen. This Bigfoot, Bigfoot's a mean motherfucker. He wants to sink the whole goddamn country, he's so pissed. You know what he did? He went and busted a fucking dam in Idaho the other day, and he says if that don't work, he's going to jump up and down on the San Andreas Fault near Los Angeles next year, and my kids are going to join him. They like him. They think he's got the right approach; they're going to sink Los Angeles. Hey, you know how to write; tell them to leave us creatures alone."

Just before I left, she asked to borrow my knife. It was my special underwater knife and there, underneath the Caribbean calm, we crossed blood with our thumbs. And just before she went away and I went my way, I yelled out, "Hey, Nell, what's your code name?"

She shouted back, "Angel."

That's incredible, I thought. Every beautiful woman in the underground is called Angel. Maybe this *is* heaven. ▣

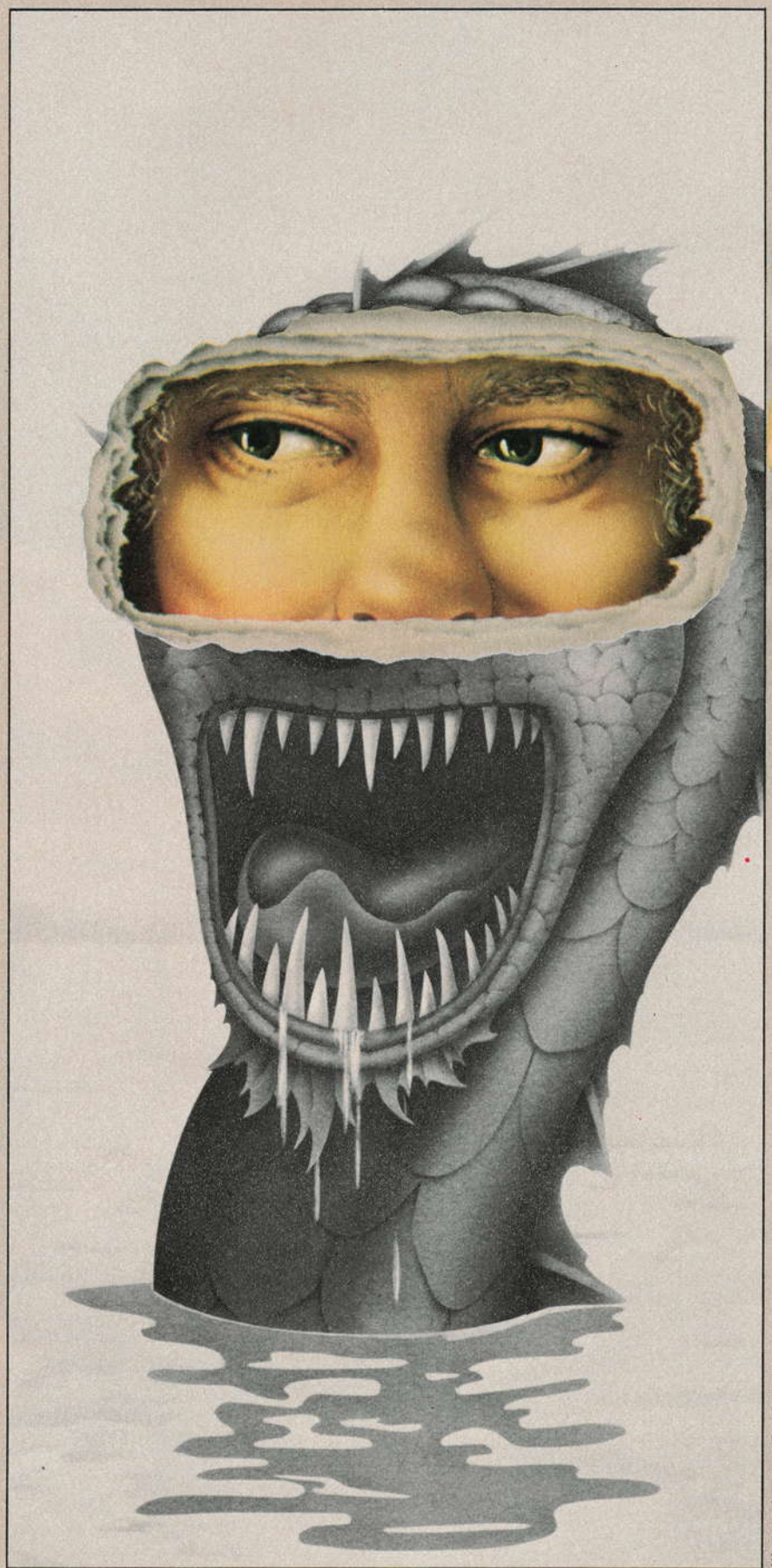


Illustration by Fred Nelson

Photography by Jean-Pierre Bourgeois

Manila Float

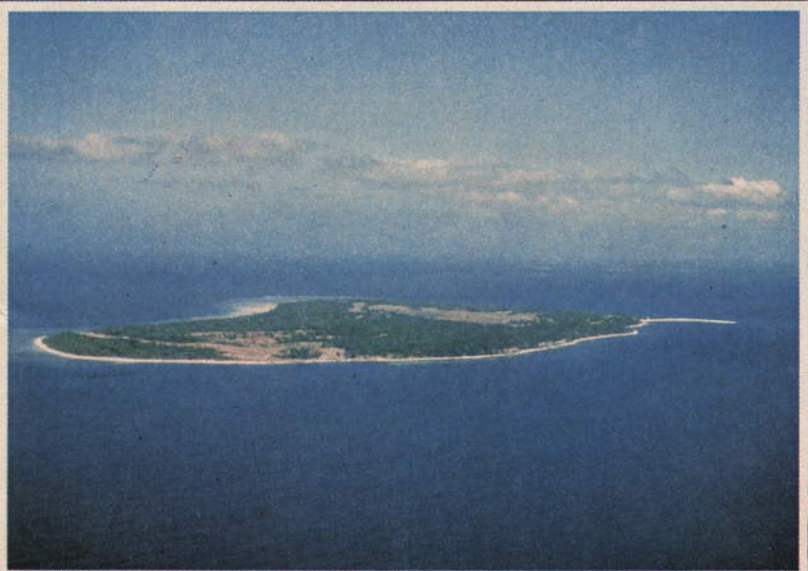
THE SEXUAL LIBERATION OF THE PHILIPPINES

Anna, the Dane, got on the Philippine Air Lines DC-10 in Amsterdam. Ulla boarded it in her native Frankfurt and Anne-Marie, the American, joined them in Rome. They stopped this morning in Bangkok and have just made an hourlong flight in a helicopter to this private island not far from Manila. Needless to say, after so much travel, they're content to spend the afternoon lying on a raft, listening to the little waves go burble and slurp. After a few hours of this, Ulla finds herself thinking that water is funny stuff. "How does it manage to keep changing its shape, yet retain it all the time?" "Proper diet," says Anna, "and lack of any preconceived direction." "Water just goes with the terrain," chips in Anne-Marie. "That's why people can stare at it for hours and come up with nothing more than an inconclusive haiku or a drawing that looks like steel wool." "Out here," frets Ulla, "we'll be lucky not to come up with a giant octopus." And the little waves just go burble and slurp.

Our heroines are determined to have a grand time on their Philippine vacation, regardless of what Philippine president Marcos might think of liberated ways: Estrogen is stronger than imperial fiat. Besides, what he doesn't know won't hurt SEATO. If the truth be told, Marcos should let the Filipinos concentrate

on what they do best: making little cigars. Boxing. Sucking up home brew. Squiring their gringo guests to the cockfights. "That's a cockfight?" wonders Ulla. "I don't see any." She's joking, of course. More action than she's seen since Ali fought Mildenberger. And if a cock gets wasted, so what? Ulla's never been partial to birds: "They're stupid and cruel to begin with, so what's the difference if we exploit that a bit?" Anne-Marie is quiet. And she's still thinking about that later as the chopper takes them to another part of the island, where they will dine on fish caught by the natives before their incredulous but hungry eyes.

THE ISLANDS COVER A HUGE PIECE OF THE PACIFIC AND ARE RICH IN EVERYTHING FROM GOLD AND SILVER TO OKRA AND HEMP



It's outrigger time on the atoll. Time to look for funny objects in the surf and to see how coral behaves in its natural habitat. Is this how the head-hunters used to get around the islands? A chord of paranoia vibrates in paradise. "I hope we don't run into any long-lost American soldiers," says Anna. Anne-Marie isn't too crazy about that remark. All the Yanks got out on time, she thinks; it's just the Japanese stragglers who haven't heard of the cease fire. "We don't have to worry about that," she reassures her friends. "If we meet any American soldiers, the last thing they'll do is shoot us, and by then, we won't even care."

TO MAKE INSTANT PHILIPPINES, TAKE A PIECE OF LAND THE SIZE OF ARIZONA, BREAK INTO 7100 PIECES AND DIP IN SALT WATER

MACARTHUR DID RETURN, AS HE PROMISED; MAGELLAN COULDN'T MAKE IT. HOW SAD, THINK ANNA, ULLA AND ANNE-MARIE.

Many little waves have lapped at our heroines since they arrived here. Many ultraviolet rays have burnished their cuticles. They've become well acquainted with sand, which is everywhere and seems to get into the apertures and crevices of damn near everything. They've certainly had some good times; they've gambled in a floating casino, out where the laws of the land don't matter too much. They've gotten drunk in a native village, along with the entire population over the age of twelve. They have flown over the water, skimmed its surface, blown bubbles up from its depths and stared at a lot of weird crustaceans. They've knocked around lots of tennis and golf balls. They've been titillated by movies from the private collection of the hotel owner, who also owns the island, and a few other things. But the dream, like any other, is wearing a bit thin. It doesn't matter how lovely the color is when you can't switch the channel. The Orient is exotic, all right, but it mostly sits there Buddha-like, showing off its transcendental knowledge, and their Western spirits are beginning to get restless, as Western spirits do. So tomorrow the girls will hie themselves back to the city, then get aboard another DC-10 for the flight back to their homes. They'll take with them some sweet memories, the knowledge that at least one Philippine island has been diverted from the path of self-righteousness, and if all goes according to plan, a couple of cute Filipino houseboys.

BRIAN WILSON *With doctors on your ass, it's impossible to make a move. I can write when I want, but I can't go to the studio unless they tell me I can.*

(Continued from page 114) considered the master record producer—in *Pet Sounds.*

WILSON: Yes. He's my idol.

OUI: Does he know that?

WILSON: Yes. I really respect him as a producer—so I just copied him. The music had an original feeling but it definitely copies his techniques. I thought that, using his style, his quality, his combining instruments into certain sounds, I could make impressive records with the Beach Boys. I enjoy copying.

OUI: Do you think you out-Spectored Phil Spector?

WILSON: Well, I don't know.

OUI: What about the famous rivalry between you two?

WILSON: It isn't a real rivalry. I think he bitterly resented the fact that we copied him, but he never called me on it.

OUI: Is there anyone else you'd like to copy?

WILSON: Sure. Three Dog Night. Elton John. Paul McCartney.

OUI: Do you really mean copy?

WILSON: Really copy. I mean really copy.

OUI: Same sound, same tunes?

WILSON: Yeah. Same sound, tunes, everything.

OUI: Why would people buy your record instead of the original?

WILSON: I don't know. We'd soon see. Maybe they would.

OUI: But what would the purpose be in copying?

WILSON: I think it would be funny. Yes, I think people would go, "Hah, hah, hah. They copied him."

OUI: Not for $4.95.

WILSON: Well, this is the chance we take.

OUI: You'd put your money into that kind of record rather than into land?

WILSON: Oh, yeah. Yes.

OUI: Have you seen Paul McCartney lately?

WILSON: Yes. The other night. I was scared of him when we had met earlier. He had said that *God Only Knows* was the greatest song ever written, and when he came to visit, I wouldn't come out of the pool house. I was frightened. If it was the best song, what was there left for me to do? This time, though, he played a lot of piano for me.

OUI: Is there a rivalry between the Beatles and the Beach Boys?

WILSON: Yes. It was set up long ago and I think it's just now peaking. I think the Beatles are going to get back together and have a big jam session with us.

OUI: Have you and Paul discussed this?

WILSON: No, but I just know it's going to happen. They're going to get back together, because I can tell they want to do an album like *15 Big Ones.* The rivalry exists today and it's one that's going to go on and on and on. It's something you wouldn't believe. But the Beatles and the Beach Boys are going to be playing on the same bill pretty soon. And who knows who's going to close the show?

OUI: Have you met Dylan?

WILSON: No. But I'd like to.

OUI: What would you and he talk about?

WILSON: I don't know. That's difficult to determine. I think it would be up to him.

OUI: Why would it be up to him?

WILSON: I don't know. Maybe it would be up to me. I think we'd talk about something—and end up talking about something. Do we have enough material for the interview?

OUI: No, but do you want to stop for today?

WILSON: I'm just a little uncomfortable today. No, let's just go ahead.

OUI: How about rumors you're not often left by yourself?

WILSON: I have bodyguards. I have two people working for me per doctor's orders and they haven't left me alone for six months. They don't allow me to go where I want or anything like that.

OUI: Do you resent them?

WILSON: Yes. Very much.

OUI: The bodyguards aren't really part of the physical-fitness program, are they?

WILSON: Yes, they are. But they're also bodyguards. Some people aren't allowed to visit me here and I can't go anywhere unless they go with me.

OUI: Why?

WILSON: Because some of my friends use coke and the doctor doesn't want me to be around them.

OUI: If cocaine were offered to you, would you use it again?

WILSON: Oh, I would use it if I were around it, yes.

OUI: Doesn't that imply a lack of self-discipline?

WILSON: Yes, it does, but I would go back to it in a minute.

OUI: Are you comfortable with your contradictions? A while ago you said you were off drugs.

WILSON: Yes, I'm comfortable with myself—about my lack of self-discipline. I go through periods where I think, "God, I'm so thankful that I have a doctor," you know? Then I go through periods where I think, "Goddamn, he's doing nothing but restricting my fucking mind!" It's paradoxical, I know, and I feel an inner battle. Today I want to go places. I want to go to Danny Hutton's house, but I can't because of the doctor. I feel like a prisoner, and I don't know when it's going to end.

OUI: Do you think that you'll eventually be allowed your freedom?

WILSON: Yes.

OUI: How can the doctor stop you from just leaving?

WILSON: Well, I haven't got a driver's license and besides, he'd put the police on me if I took off.

OUI: The police?

WILSON: Sure, and he'd put me on the funny farm.

OUI: You mean he threatens to have you institutionalized?

WILSON: Yes, all the time. He's always got that threat of putting me on the funny farm.

OUI: So what are you doing about it?

WILSON: Waiting it out. Playing along. That's what I'm doing.

OUI: You're said to be good at that. One of the best.

WILSON: Yes, I am.

OUI: Van Dyke Parks says you're the greatest poker face there is.

WILSON: Yeah, I have a pretty good poker face. Van Dyke's too much. Do you have any uppers?

OUI: No.

WILSON: Could you find me some?

OUI: You aren't supposed to do drugs.

WILSON: But I'd appreciate it 100 percent. It would help me write; I want to write today. If you could get me an upper, I'd really——

OUI: Can't we finish the interview first? You say you've decided to wait your captivity out?

WILSON: Yes. I've decided to wait it out because, with doctors on your ass, it's impossible to make a move. I can write when I want, but I can't go to the studio unless they tell me I can. I can't record with the guys unless they say I can. It's kind of hard, you know?

OUI: Do you feel that the doctors are trying to change your thinking?

WILSON: Yes. They're making me think in terms of a schedule. Now you do this and now you do that. That's not the way I used to think at all, and it's very hard to get used to.

OUI: How did you use to think?

WILSON: I used to think sporadically. I never, ever had a schedule. I got used to the idea of being a night person. I'd think all night long but not at all during the day. I'd come to life at night.

OUI: That must have affected your health.

WILSON: Yes. It got me very fat and very lazy.

OUI: Did you know that people thought you were eccentric—maybe even crazy, sitting in your room for years?

WILSON: No. *(Continued on page 168)*

MONSTER MASH

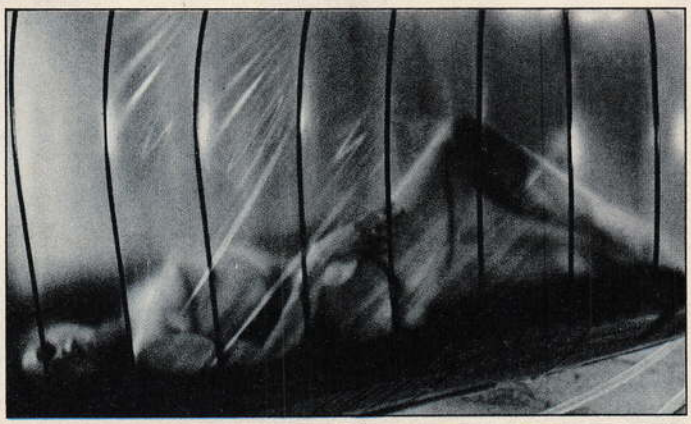
SEX IN SCIENCE-FICTION FILMS FROM *KING KONG* (1933) TO *KING KONG* (1976)

America's all-time favorite giant gorilla is hovering toward New York again, bank-rolled by Paramount and Dino de Laurentiis, for another try at consummating his 43-year relationship with white womanhood—and good luck to him. Kong and the lady aren't built for each other; Kong, in fact, might not be built for anyone. Everybody's outsized id, the hairy king of his primeval jungle, turns out to be Jake Barnes in disguise, despite the fact that part of the appeal of the film—and the beauty-and-the-beast myth—is the thought of the mismatched couple *flagrante delicto*. Science fiction has been an only subliminally sexy genre, though there have been overtly sexy sci-fi movies in recent years—*Flesh Gordon*, *Barbarella* and *Zardoz*, to name a few. Sexual impulses traditionally

Illustrations by Vincent Topazio

find bizarre and desperate means of expression in sci-fi and horror movies—and, as the movies end, these impulses are somehow blunted or frustrated.

Dr. Frankenstein's monster—first played by Boris Karloff in 1931—suffered from unfulfillment as badly as Kong does. The good doctor tried to solve the problem in *Bride of Frankenstein* (Universal, 1935). But when the bride-to-be opened her eyes and saw her intended, she said nix nix. Still, something must have happened somewhere to produce *Son of Frankenstein* four years later (also Universal). The more modern 'Steinies get a lot sexier: In *Dr. Frankenstein on Campus* (Astral/Agincourt, 1970), the ragman goes to bed with his college sweetheart, and in a movie called *Lady Frankenstein* (Condor, 1971), the title character—the daughter of the misled scientist and no slouch in the lab herself—sticks her husband's brain into the body of her lover, thereby creating a monster that wound up killing her. Lesson: Like normal people, she should have kept



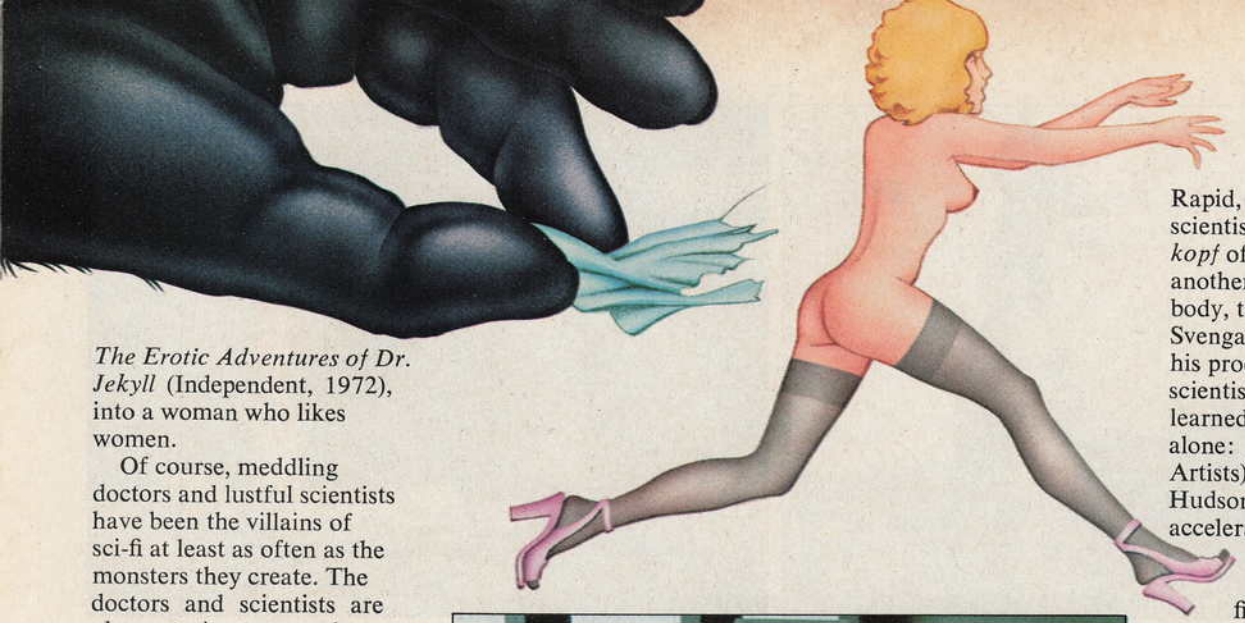
In "Barbarella," Jane Fonda relaxes (top) in an alien's ice sled after her sexual initiation, and later in a winged lover's nest—but not when the villain tries to kill her with his organ of sexual pleasure. Barbarella, of course, survives.

spouse and paramour separated. The extremely mad scientist in *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* (Bryanston, 1974) also messes up. The composite body that he created was supposed to sire a race of zombies. So what does he do? He gives it the head of a celibate. In

The mad scientist in the early Russ Meyer film "Kiss Me Quick" wanted extralusty females from the Meyer mold.

Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein* (20th Century-Fox, 1974), the well-endowed monster, instead of waiting around for someone to fix him up, undertakes to rape his creator's previously frigid fiancée, who eventually married him out of gratitude. This brings the myth full cycle, sexually speaking; the monster is now getting it and the doctor is on the outside, looking in.

The libidinous nature of Dr. Henry Jekyll's other self has also always been unmistakable. No matter who played the role, the doctor started chasing—and abusing—women as soon as he turned into Hyde. Eventually, in *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (Hammer, 1971), he turned into a woman, and in the hard-core

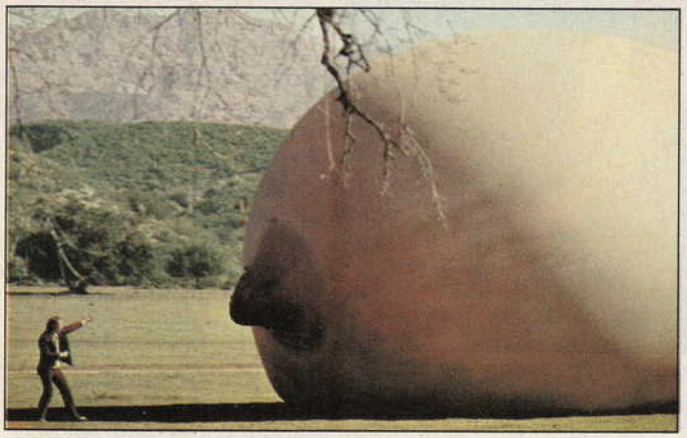


The Erotic Adventures of Dr. Jekyll (Independent, 1972), into a woman who likes women.

Of course, meddling doctors and lustful scientists have been the villains of sci-fi at least as often as the monsters they create. The doctors and scientists are always trying to rework nature—with disastrous results. Or maybe science was the real monster all along. In *Balaoo*, a 1913 French film that appeared in America as *The Demon Baboon*, the half-human title character abducted the

"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" created beings of both sexes but put the head of a celibate on the male body.

daughter of his creator—a deluded Darwinian. In *Island of Lost Souls* (Paramount, 1932), H. G. Wells's evil Dr. Moreau (Charles Laughton) turned animals into pseudo people; among his unnatural progeny was Lota the Panther Woman, whom Moreau tried to mate with shipwrecked Richard Arlen. Moreau was eventually done in by his own freaks, but the business of creating patchwork beings was continued in later epics such as *Kiss Me Quick* (Fantasy, 1964), an early Russ Meyer porn job about a mad scientist (what else?) who attempts to create super-lusty women, one of whom he deals to a sex-starved extraterrestrial; *SSSSSSS* (Universal, 1973), in which a scientist turns people into snakes and expects one of his male subjects to mate with an honest-to-God reptile (sorry, boss, but she feels a little cold); *The Neanderthal Man* (United Artists/Global, 1953), in which the hero actually turns himself into our ancestor and goes around killing people—except for a lady he saves for you-know-what; and *The Head* (Trans-Lux/Rapid, 1959), in which a scientist grafts the severed *kopf* of a deformed lady onto another woman's luscious body, then maintains a Svengali-like hold over his product. As of 1976, the scientists still hadn't learned to leave well enough alone: *Embyro* (Cine Artists) had an unlikely Rock Hudson doing his best to accelerate the growth of a female fetus: Hudson, playing his first-ever nude scene, wound up in bed with her (after she was no longer a fetus, of course). John Carradine should not be omitted from a list of cracked scientists, either; in Woody Allen's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* (United Artists, 1972), his obsession with women's breasts led him to create a giant—and very dangerous—tit.



In "Sleeper" (top), Woody Allen got himself locked in the orgasmatron. Earlier, in "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (bottom), he created a monster that drowned its victims in milk.

Once in a while, the tables have been turned, and a scientist or two have been victimized by someone else's evil plot. In *Terror from the Year 5000* (American-International, 1958), a female mutant from the future tries to snare a scientist for propagatory purposes. In *The Unearthly Stranger* (American-International/Anglo Amalgamated, 1963), another scientist unwittingly marries a weirdo from space.

And scientists aren't the only victims of lecherous aliens. In the ABC-TV film *Distant Early Warning* (1975), a soldier is deceived into sleeping with an extraterrestrial stand-in for his wife. In *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* (Paramount, 1958), aliens mate with—but fail to procreate with—human females. In *Blood Beast from Outer Space* (World Entertainment, 1967), a radiation victim comes to earth to harvest love slaves for his planet—and does abscond with a few. Other aliens haven't been quite so nasty. In *Slaughterhouse-Five* (Universal, 1972), beings

The 1933 Kong—currently enjoying reruns in some theaters—battled the biplanes; the 1976 model enjoys a quiet moment with Jessica Lange. The giant simian who was destroyed by his unrequitable love—and by the hucksters who brought him to Gotham—remains the greatest of movie monsters and the most sympathetic. When you consider the American girl was but the latest in a long line of regular-sized letches, it's easy to see why Kong is uptight. And why he's got so much energy.

from a planet of Kurt Vonnegut's invention capture a human couple and, for curiosity's sake, have them mate. The monkey folks in *Planet of the Apes* (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1968) urge Charlton Heston to have sex with Nova, a captive

In "Zardoz," the Immortals overcame their sterility—and their immortality—through contact with Zed, a mutant played by Sean Connery. Zed didn't really like sex; the Immortals paid him off in knowledge.

woman, as a reward for his good behavior. And in *Phase IV* (Paramount, 1974), superintelligent ants choose a young couple as a latter-day Adam and Eve.

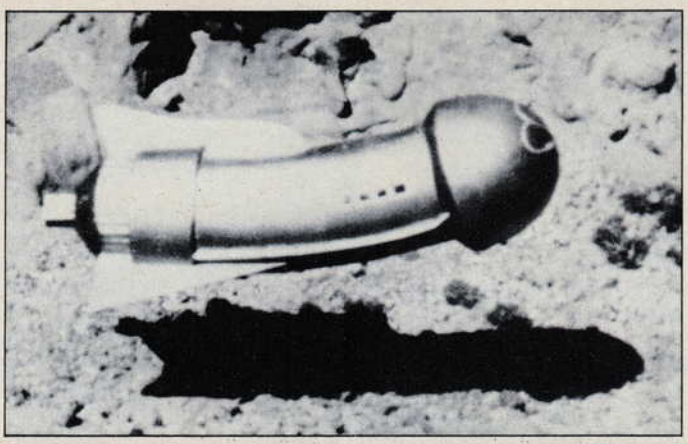
On occasion, extraterrestrials have not only made direct sexual advances to humans but have gotten them pregnant; the results have been uniformly disastrous. In *Night of the Blood Beast* (American-International/Balboa, 1958), an astronaut commits suicide after finding himself filled with embryonic monsters. *Village of the Damned* and *Children of the Damned* (MGM, 1960 and 1963) are about the supersmart but sometimes murderous offspring of human females who are made pregnant by a mysterious agent. *The Stranger Within*, another ABC-TV movie, has Barbara Eden—and a number of other women—getting knocked up by a light beam from a UFO (evidently another attempt to use us for breeding) and eventually blasting off in a spaceship.

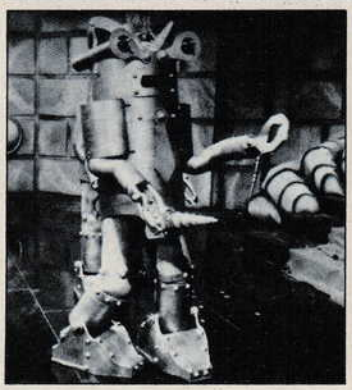
In *The Dunwich Horror* (American-International, 1969), based on an H. P. Lovecraft story, a mortal woman gives birth to twin demons, one of whom later hypnotizes and rapes Sandra Dee. In the low-budget *Space Thing* (Pussycat, 1968), the monstrous title creature—actually a human in the throes of a dream—boards a spaceship and seduces the females on it. Conveniently, for the porn audience, the females happen to be bisexual.

Fiction-scientists have dealt progressively less with animal parts and more with tubes and plates. There have been several hundred productions in which androids played key roles, starting with Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (Paramount/UFA, 1926), in which a robotrix amused her creator by turning on a bunch of lust-blinded businessmen. But it's in more recent years—and not surprisingly, as we live in a world where ever more people carry mechanical parts in their bodies, and more machines act like people—that the android has come on strong. *Creation of the Humanoids* (Emerson Genie, 1962) was a low-budget entry that had human survivors of a nuclear holocaust mating with machines, which, in this instance, were able to reproduce. The $1000-a-day amusement park in *Westworld* (MGM, 1973) featured mechanical prostitutes that were programmed to please. These films play on pretty common fantasies; some men, presumably, would like their sexual function to have the unemotional efficiency of a machine; others would like to find the perfect sex doll. Android spouses, ever agreeable and willing, were used to replace the real thing in *The Stepford Wives* (Columbia, 1975).

In the Sixties and Seventies, a few science-fiction films have taken

advantage of the new permissiveness. In *Barbarella* (Paramount, 1968), Jane Fonda, as the sex siren from the French comic strip, bounds around her galaxy balling anyone and everyone who will save her life. In *Zardoz* (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1974), Sean Connery plays a mutant who brings death—but also the ability to reproduce—to the Immortals. *Flesh Gordon* (Mammoth, 1974) was a hilarious erotic take-off on the classic adventures of Buster Crabbe 38 years earlier. And a luscious Dale Ardor, the leading lady, finds herself menaced by Wang the Most Perverted; by Dr. Flexi Jerkoff; by the giant penisauruses; by the gargantuan Murder Monster; and by a trio of rapist robots with revolving sex organs. Flesh, meanwhile, has to evade Prince Precious and his flying fags, as well as the monkey women. Unfortunately the producers weren't so successful in fending off the censors, and the film was drastically cut in return for an "R" rating. And a picture for our times, indeed, was 1975's film version of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (Twentieth Century-Fox), in which a transvestite scientist from another planet manages to create, among other things, a perfect stud named Rocky Horror, who is seduced by the horny heroine. A little incest and an all-drag revue, strewn by the side of the plot, kept the movie perking along.





"Flesh Gordon" flew a penis-shaped spacecraft and fought dildo-bearing monkey women; Dale Ardor was menaced by various predators, including rapist robots with rotating penises.

But such liberated goings-on don't appear to be the wave of the future (look what happened to Harry Reems). See, we haven't dealt yet with the sci-fi films that look into the crystal ball and visualize society a generation or two hence, usually under one form of dictatorship or another. If these films are clairvoyant, the time to party is now. In *1984* (Columbia, 1956), for starters, love and sex are forbidden by the state. In *THX1138* (Warner Bros./American Zoetrope, 1971), the same; but masturbation is allowed, and people have access to erotic 3-D holograms. In Warner Bros.' *The Illustrated Man* (1969), based on a Ray Bradbury tale, visiting astronauts are set up with Venusian prostitutes. In the MGM film *Soylent Green* (1973), a few rich moguls are able to enjoy the live-in whores who come, furniturelike, with their luxury apartments.

Obviously a lot of scientific knowledge has been spent, in the movies, on securing sex or prohibiting it, but very little on improving it. There have been accidental benefits on occasions; in *The Sorcerers* (AA/Tigon-Curtwell-Global, 1967), Boris Karloff and an elderly woman are psychically linked to a young stud via a machine that enables them to control him from afar. They make him commit murder and rape, and when he experiences orgasm, they do, too.

But it remained for Woody Allen, in *Sleeper* (United Artists, 1973), to come up with the orgasmatron, a device for intensifying sex between consenting duos. How did Woody make out? He got himself locked in it, alone, and nearly tore himself apart.

Which is the way it goes. As we said, sci-fi sex is risky stuff. But there's no reason for the monsters and the androids and the flaky scientists not to keep on trying. Welcome back to New York, O great horny ape. ▣

THE FAMILY THAT FELL TO EARTH

AMY AND EBEN GOSSAGE WERE THE GILDED ISSUE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO YOUTH CULTURE. AND THEN THEIR DREAM ENDED IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

ARTICLE BY MICHAEL WOLFF

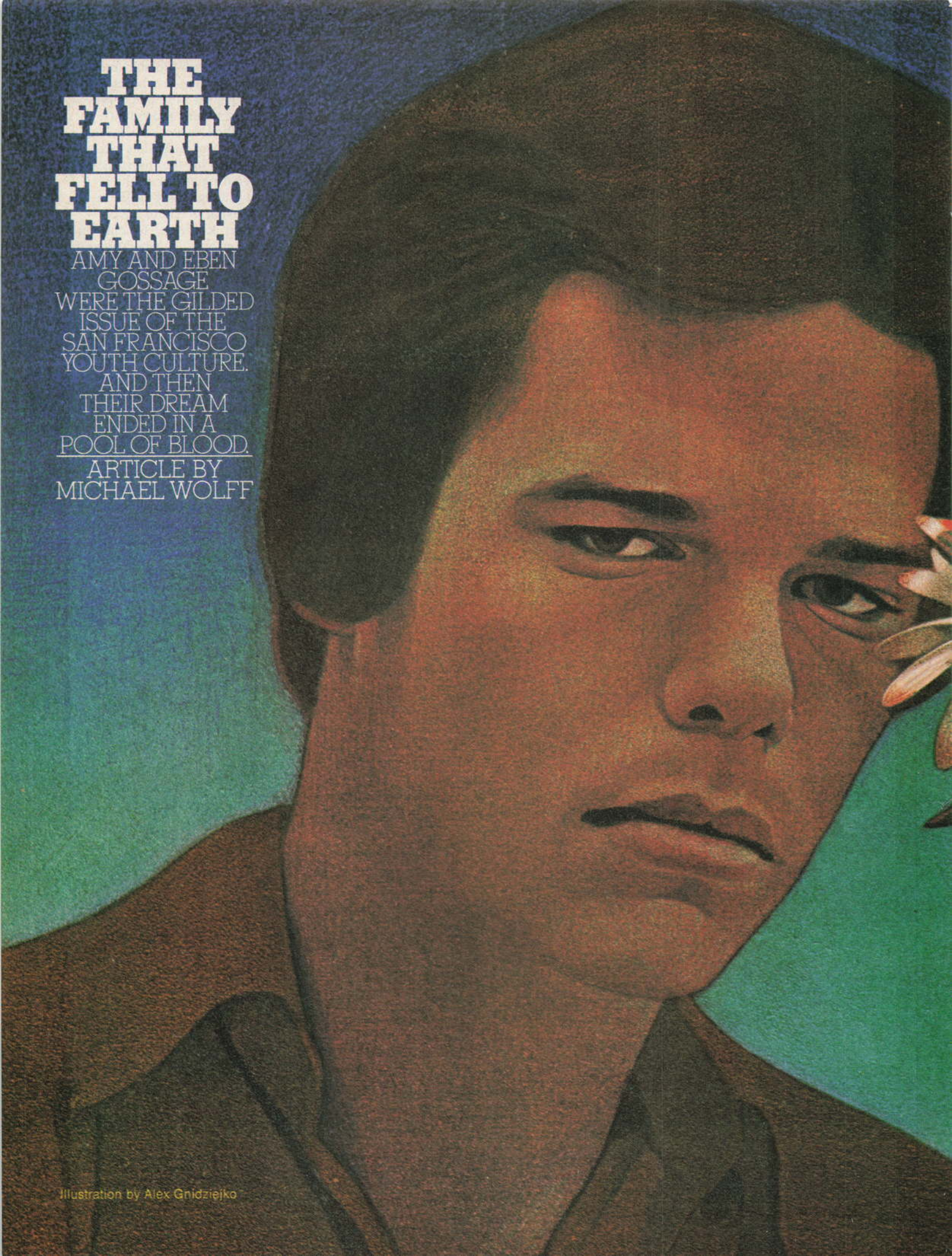


Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

QUESTION: Mr. Seto [an aging and nervous middle-class San Francisco landlord, who might well curse the day he rented to the strange American children from North Beach, the city's bohemian strip], I invite your attention to Thursday, the thirteenth day of February, 1975. In the morning, did you have occasion to be contacted by somebody in regard to apartment number 1170 Kearny Street? [The location is a squat, forest-green building of small flats on Telegraph Hill, a block from the Caffè Trieste, the cracker-barrel Italian coffee shop where generations of Bay Area artists, anarchists, poets, nihilists and malcontents have shmoozed and sulked and wasted time.]

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Tell the members of the Grand Jury just how that came about.

ANSWER: Sometime before noon, before twelve, I got a telephone call from a stranger that I never know him before. . . . And he claimed his sister's apartment, he called the apartment and nobody answer, and he think something happened to his sister, and asked me to open the door. And I said I don't know him. So I said, "Since this apartment is very close to our office, why don't you come to my office and identify yourself. . . ."

QUESTION: I'm holding up

exhibit number four. [It is a bad photograph of Eben Gossage, catching the look of a frightened boy, missing the presence, the panache.] Is that the person who came to your office?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Did he explain to you what the emergency was all about?

ANSWER: He don't make much explanation. He just said, "Look, I cannot get into the room and I knock for quite some time." And he said to me that sometimes his sister is in deep asleep and cannot wake up just by knocking. So it got to be opened, the door, to wake her up.

QUESTION: Did you walk with him to the apartment?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Tell the members of the Grand Jury just, basically, what you saw when you opened the door.

ANSWER: I found Amy Gossage lying—lying on the floor, and all bloody on the floor.

QUESTION: Showing you here an exhibit which is number seven, consisting of four photos: [Amelia Luck Gossage, Amy, 19, half-naked, her head bloody, but her face still lovely, her knee pulled to her chest] Is this what you saw?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Was Mr. Gossage there with you at the time?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Did he say anything?

ANSWER: He is screaming and said, "Who did this? Who killed my sister?" *And screaming.* And screaming.

•

He said I must never reveal his plans or someday he would get me. I confess I half believed him—how can you predict what a crazy man will do? You notice I have not given his name here—though I am undoubtedly safe. The Sixties are over. —GARRY WILLS

A short walk from the Caffè Trieste and from the flat where Amy Gossage died, on Pacific Street, there is a block of renovated turn-of-the-century factory buildings, these days occupied by interior decorators, boutiques and stylish attorneys.

In the Sixties, the block housed the offices—part ad agency, part think tank, part rumpus room—of the late Howard Gossage, father of Amy and Eben Gossage and master of that plump, specious, smooth-tongued style called slick. Some San Franciscans still think of the building as a monument to the *élan* and imagination of that dear, dead decade. It was there that Gossage developed and tended his pet projects and became perhaps the greatest back-room impresario of Sixties arrogance and style.

For one thing, he patched a dour portrait of Beethoven onto terrycloth, thereby giving America the camp landmark Beethoven sweat shirt. He sensed a growing market for ready-made childishness and therefore staged The Great Paper Airplane Contest of 1967, later binding the entrants into one of the classic books of coffee-table chic. He had an idea that television could be to his children's generation what sex was to Freud's, so he turned up Marshall McLuhan—an obscure English professor with a subspecialty in communication—made press releases out of his unreadable books, coached him in the ways of the media and made him into a prophet. He recognized that for a nation that had lived vicariously through the Kennedys, there was now a great need to feel *involved*—so he urged his journalist friends to go beyond the objective facts and make news into vivid, romantic reality, so that readers would feel like participants; in the firehouse conference room, an idea called the New Journalism got put on the table. Gossage also knew there was a market for radicalism, if only it were not dressed in doomsday language and frugal butcher paper. So he took a liberal Catholic journal called *Ramparts*, hired a new art director and made it into a New Left muckraker out of which came an image of radicalism as joy ride. For such clients as the Sierra Club and the opponents of the ABM, he pioneered anti-establishment advertising—which is to say he took the methods of Madison Avenue, added a touch of San Francisco ardor, clean graphic lines and imagistic copy, and made cleverness pass for confrontation.

Along the way he gave his media advice to Mary Quant, Mark Lane, Jerry Rubin, Andy Warhol and Barbra Streisand.

Gossage talked frequently of his fascination for the generation he saw coming into its prime in the Seventies, a generation whose first awareness of public events would have been John Kennedy's assassination. He had a theory that this new generation would have a different kind of glands and a different kind of sexuality and a different kind of creativity. The hippies would not last, he said, because they were reactionary, had Cold War glands, tried too hard. But they would create a shore for the next wave of children, who would know intuitively how easy it was to oppose, to go one's own way, to remake America from scratch. He saw his historical moment as the turning point; and he saw his own children as the most advanced citizens of the coming age.

So for Eben, born in 1954, and Amy, in 1955 ("I refused to conceive a child during the hostilities in Korea," Gossage once said), a kind of symposium was begun.

"Ah, how Howard enjoyed those kids," says a family friend who watched them grow up. "He believed that they could really be everything that people thought he was but wasn't, because he came from times too tough.

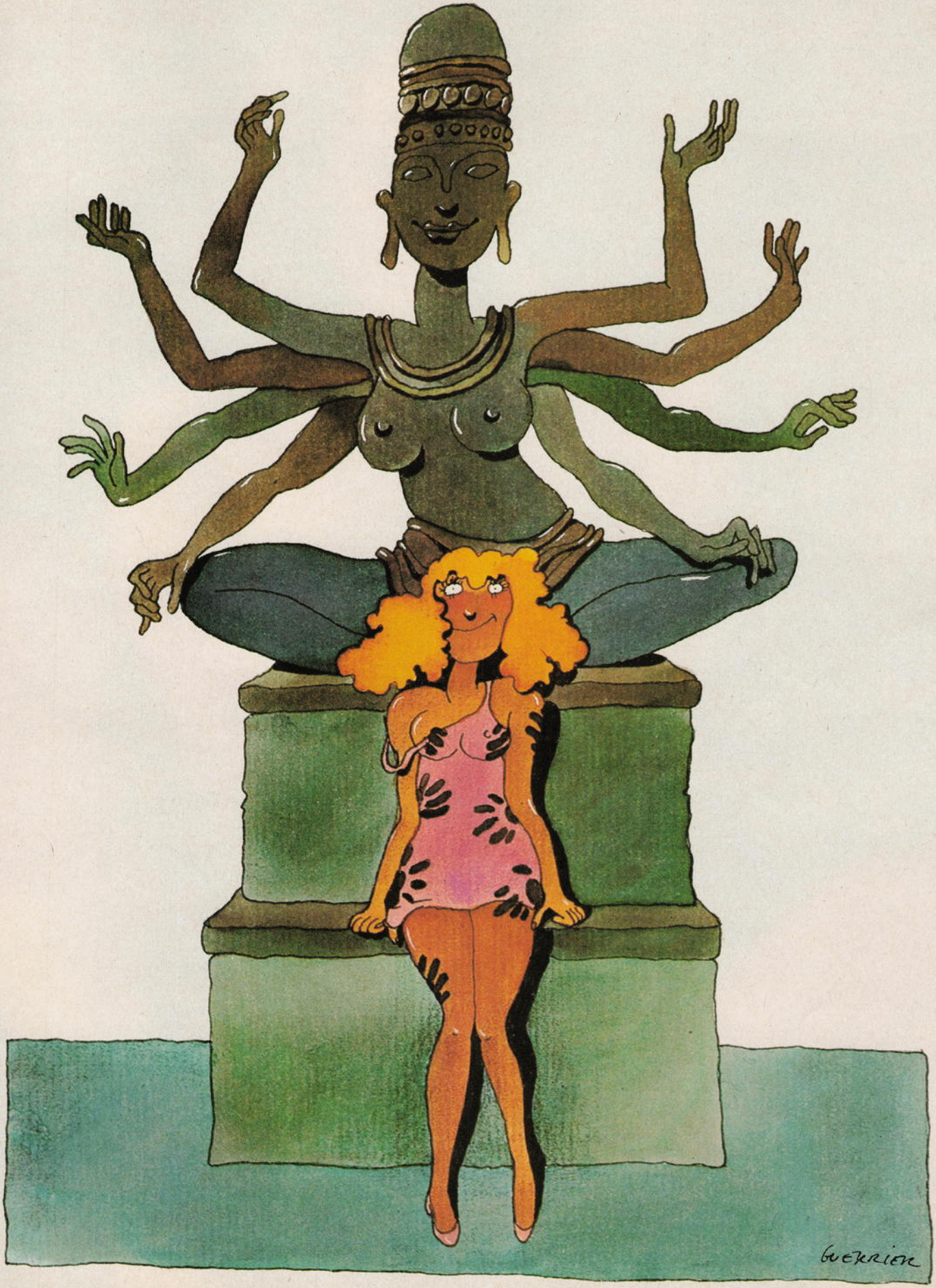
"He had a great disdain for the role of father—it was just too frumpy, too harried, too cliché-ridden for him. Frankly, what he wanted to be was hero, cool and suave and at the barricades. He did not want to load his children with a ton of emotional baggage, guilt and regret and all those pernicious roots of arbitrary responsibility. Let me put it this way: He wanted to open up the future for them and not burden them with hokum from the past."

After his divorce from Mary Gossage, the children's mother—an amiable woman with whom good relations were maintained only because Mary more and more benumbed herself with gin—he doted on the children even more, moved to a house near Mary's so that he could see them at night and had them stop by his office almost every afternoon.

Once when John Huston was visiting him, Gossage gestured toward Amy and Eben, who were playing on the firehouse floor, and said, "I'd like you to meet my children. They're going to make undreamed-of roles for you." Another time, when he was talking with a well-known poet and his daughter, Amy, at the Caffè Trieste, Gossage swept his arm around the room of bohemians and remarked: "All of these people—look at them closely—they are deadwood. But when Amy's turn comes, the kids here will be what these people are only pretending to be. Free. But you," he said, shaking his head toward the poet, "you, with all your Jewish guilt, will never understand free."

On Eben's 12th birthday, Gossage went into a North Beach bookshop and ordered a leather-bound edition of Proust. "No, no," he said to the incredulous bookseller, "it's not too advanced for Eben, believe me; he's grown up differently. I'm convinced he's ready to hit it off with Swann."

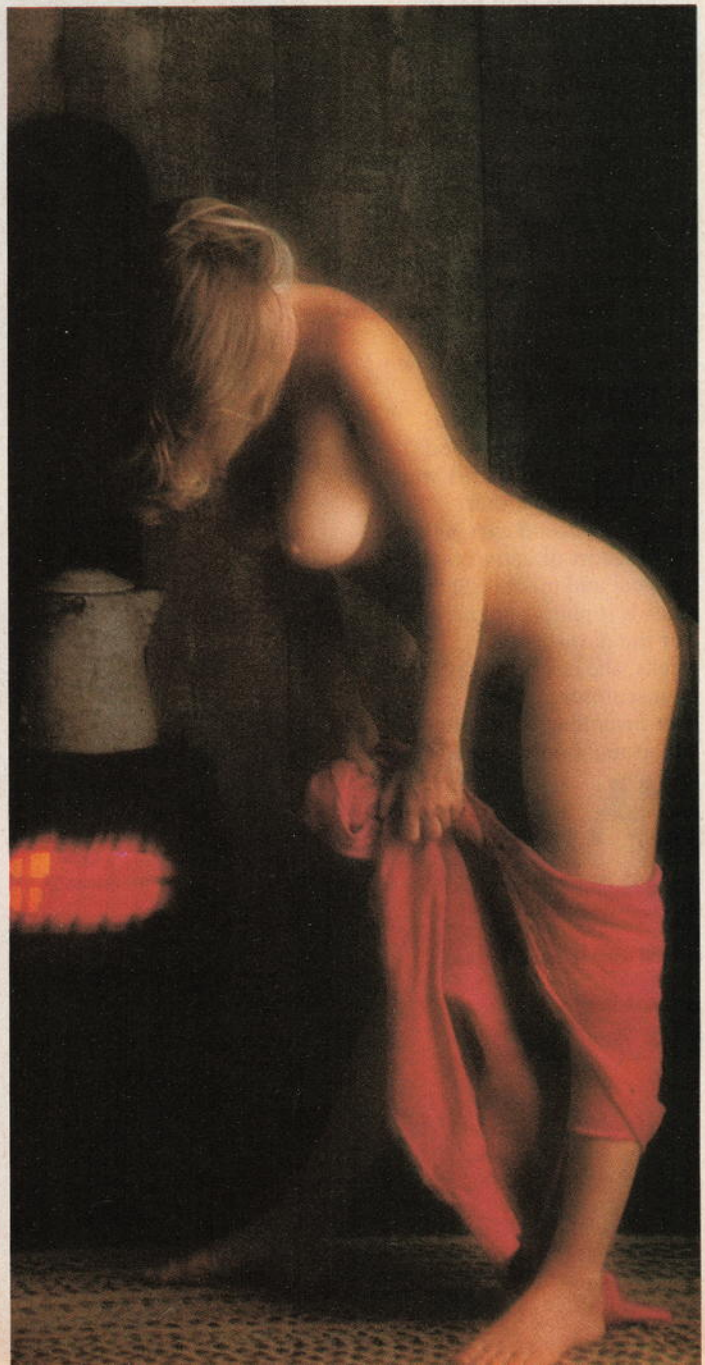
Then, on a *(Continued on page 174)*


GUERRIER

LENKA

A CONSERVATIVE

Lenka Novakova lives in Stockholm. She does not eat meat; she thinks that meat slows her metabolism. She does not watch television; she feels that television is nothing but advertisement for the status quo. She is not particularly fond of the status quo; she feels it slows her metabolism. She is not a consumer; she drives a 15-year-old humpbacked Volvo, and when it breaks, she fixes it herself. Lenka believes in self-sufficiency. She works as a legal aide to a member of the Riksdag, the Swedish parliament. The Riksdag member she works for is a liberal. Lenka says she is a conservative. She believes in finding things that work and keeping them—and that is different from endorsing the status quo, she says. She and her boss are not incompatible. Lenka is 24 years old. When she was 17, she made a down payment on a little plot of land 90 kilometers outside of Stockholm. When she was 21, she built a little cabin on it with the help of two craftsmen who lived in the village. The three of them built the cabin together. Sven was Lenka's lover, so



Photography by Ken Marcus

he did not charge her for his labor. Sven made Lenka feel good both inside and out, but when he heard Lenka talk, he heard Stockholm, and cities made him nervous, so he moved deeper into the woods. He left Lenka not a child but a hand-built sauna—behind the cabin in a grove of trees. Lenka spends a lot of time there. Mostly by herself. She says that the body is like the mind. One must take care what one puts into it. The things it cannot use must be removed. Organically. Otherwise the body will become sluggish. Sitting in the sauna, Lenka feels the barrier of skin between her organs and the outside world disappear. She feels her insides flowing outward. She sweats. She feels her body cleansing itself. Getting rid of things that make her less responsive. Less self-sufficient. Lenka has learned to carve wood, which, though it doesn't earn her any money, makes her feel in control of things. She learned wood carving from Sven, before he left her and moved into woods of his own. He taught her to make her own sculptor's vision and the grain of the wood come together in such a way as not to betray either. Lenka sees wood carving as the best sort of activity—both physical and mental. She also regards it philosophically. For the past several weeks, she has been working on a sculpture of her own face. She works on it late at night on weekends,

ALL OF HER BODY SYSTEMS ARE GO-GO

SHE LIKES TO LEAVE HER LEGAL WORK BEHIND HER

when everyone else in her village is asleep. When she is at the cabin, she leaves her legal business behind her. The law is mere appearances. The law is nothing but the study of hypocrisy, she sometimes thinks. The law is an interesting puzzle, something of a challenge and a way to make a living, but it is not necessarily good for her metabolism. Lenka poses in a chair, on her bed. She boils water on a stove. She abhors coffee; she adores tea. On any given weekend, Lenka will sit in the sauna and she will work in wood. Indoors, she will meditate; she will think about the nature of things—perhaps she will dip into Lucretius and test her memory of Latin. She will make some minor improvements on the cabin; she is eager to make the windows airtight before the worst part of winter sets in. If she does not repair the windows, she will not be able to use the cabin again until spring. She will walk in the woods. All of this is philosophical conservatism in action, Lenka believes. Her metabolism is working quite nicely, she says, and if she gets the windows done, as she surely intends to do, she anticipates very few problems. Her loneliness bothers her only a little. She says she prefers to think of it as solitude. She is not looking for another male friend to replace Sven. At least not yet, she isn't. She has made up her mind about this. Revocably.

(Continued from page 86) were made illegal in 1924, the business quickly passed into the hands of outlaw syndicates. In the West, the sale of opium was never a source of government revenues and so was never tolerated by the Western nations.

In Asia, by contrast, opium played an important, sometimes key, role in government finance from the time the British East India Company first smuggled opium into China in 1773. To finance Britain's expanding Asian empire, British colonial officials had established a government monopoly over the cultivation of opium in India and had then imported Indian opium into southern China, over the objections of the emperor and his court; finally Britain fought wars in 1839 and 1856 to force the Chinese to legalize importation and distribution of opium from India. By the time European empire builders had divided up the bulk of Southeast Asia in the latter half of the 19th Century, government-licensed opium dens existed from Burma to North Borneo; and opium sales had become the fiscal mainstay of the region.

In the mid-19th Century, the Chinese government encouraged indigenous cultivation of opium in order not to have to pay for it from abroad. The poppy was particularly well suited to the mountain regions of southern China, from where it spread into the neighboring mountains of Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle region to eventually become the major cash crop of the local hill tribesmen. Locally grown opium gradually replaced imported Indian opium and Southeast Asia's opium dens operated openly until after the end of World War Two, when international criticism finally forced governments to close them.

As the dens were abolished in Hong Kong in 1945, in French Indochina in 1951 and in Thailand in 1959, an informal consortium of high-ranking local government officials, Western intelligence agencies and a Chinese criminal syndicate emerged to supply the regions' several hundred thousand addicts who were now deprived of legal opium. The consortium relied upon two clandestine routes that developed out of the Golden Triangle during the Fifties: The first was a land-water route that ran from the Shan hills of Burma through Bangkok to Hong Kong; the second was an air route that linked the Meo highlands of Laos with the opium dens of Saigon.

The Burma-Bangkok-Hong Kong route, which has been the mainstay of the Southeast Asian heroin trade for the past 25 years, was forged during the early Fifties in the wake of the Communist victory in China. Retreating before the advancing Communist Red Army, remnants of the Nationalist Chinese (Kuomintang or KMT) Army fled across the border of southern China into Burma's northern Shan States, where they established themselves as the *de facto* government in the remote borderland area. Initially financed by the CIA to monitor Communist activity in southern China, the KMT units soon formed an economic alliance with another CIA client, the commander of the Royal Thai Police, to market the large quantities of opium that the KMT was extracting as taxes from the hill tribes of the Shan States in Burma.

KMT mule caravans hauled the opium to the Thai-Burma border area, where it was delivered to Thai police officials who transported it to Bangkok. There immigrant Chinese syndicates refined the opium, distributed most of it locally and exported the remainder to Hong Kong, where another group of Chinese refugees—known as the Green Pang—operated heroin laboratories.

The Green Pang had fled Shanghai, where its clandestine heroin laboratories had supplied the whole of China for several decades prior to the Communist victory, and taken its sophisticated heroin-production technology to Hong Kong in 1949. Since the Shanghai Green Pang had been drawn exclusively from the clannish chiu-chow dialect group of the Swatow region on China's southern coast, a reliable link was soon established between the Hong Kong group and the chiu-chow syndicates that dominated Thailand's illicit traffic.

In the mid-Sixties, the chiu-chow consortium began penetrating the lucrative American market. The overwhelming majority of Asia's heroin addicts inhaled rather than injected, so the Bangkok and Hong Kong laboratories had been producing a granular, low-grade heroin called number three, which can easily be smoked in with the tobacco of a cigarette. To produce the fine, powdery number-four heroin that can be either smoked or injected intravenously, Hong Kong's chiu-chow chemists established sophisticated new laboratories in Manila and, most importantly, in the border area where Burma, Thailand and Laos meet. The Manila laboratories produced for the U. S. domestic market; the Golden Triangle laboratories went to the 500,000 American GIs then stationed in South Vietnam.

According to veteran DEA agents, the architect of the GI heroin epidemic in Vietnam was a wealthy chiu-chow businessman based in Vientiane, Laos, named Huu Tim Heng. Using his position as manager of Laos' Esso and Pepsi-Cola distributorships as a cover, Huu brought laboratory chemicals into a small village in the jungle of northern Laos and there established the largest heroin refinery in Southeast Asia. Huu secured his investment by making General Ouane Rattikone the commander in chief of the Royal Lao Army a partner in the venture and by using his contacts with South Vietnamese army generals to send thousands of kilos of his Double UOGlobe Brand to Saigon. The flood of heroin generated a massive drug problem; the GIs—acting on the belief that inhalation would not lead to addiction—smoked number-four heroin in such quantity that some unit commanders estimated that 50 percent of their combat troops were addicted.

DEA intelligence analysts feel that the Chinese syndicates may have come to see the Vietnam episode as a kind of consumer test and that their success in Vietnam probably encouraged them to try to develop a mass market in the West. As one DEA agent put it: "Saigon was an eye opener for the Chinese. They saw how the GIs took to smoking heroin and how fast the addiction spread. Their eyes rolled and these Chinese knew they had a gold mine."

Following large-scale American troop withdrawals from Vietnam in the early Seventies, the chiu-chow syndicates began using Chinese and Western seamen as couriers, and they were able to smuggle as much as 1000 pounds of heroin into New York City alone in 1971 and 1972. DEA officials estimate that, when poppy growing was prohibited in Turkey in 1972, Southeast Asia heroin accounted for approximately 20 to 30 percent of total U. S. consumption.

The chiu-chow syndicates also decided to try to develop a new heroin market in Europe by overcoming consumer resistance to intravenous injection with shipments of number-three smoking heroin. To supply the prospective European markets, chiu-chow syndicates established new laboratories in the Thai-Malaysian border area and made Kuala Lumpur a major heroin traffic center; commercial air passengers carrying concealed body-packs were used as couriers and the large Chinese community in Amsterdam was used to provide the distributors.

The chiu-chow syndicates began making regular heroin shipments to Europe in early 1972, and heroin addiction, once regarded as an American

"I won the duel, darling. Your good name has been vindica——"

problem, has since spread to epidemic proportions in Europe. In the Netherlands, for example, the number of heroin addicts has jumped from 100 in 1970 to more than 8000 today. Police seizures of Asian number-three heroin in Europe, meantime, increased from 22 pounds in 1972 to 195 pounds in 1974. "Europe," comments one DEA agent, "is up to its neck in heroin."

Southeast Asian heroin now dominates the European drug market, but it has yet to gain the majority share of the American market that many DEA analysts expected for it. In the two years from 1969 to 1971, the chiu-chow syndicates opened new laboratories from Manila to Malaysia, decimated the U. S. Army in Vietnam and made inroads into the United States—until by 1972, they seemed poised to fill the void opened up when opium production was abolished in Turkey. Surprisingly the flood of Asian heroin never came.

"The question is," presidential advisor Dr. Robert L. Dupont stated in recent Congressional testimony, "why hasn't more Southeast Asian heroin come to the United States? All of us have asked ourselves that question."

Any answer to this question must remain highly speculative. DEA administrator John R. Bartels, Jr., offers this largely anthropological explanation: "The major constraint on Southeast Asian heroin reaching the United States seems to have been the lack of reliable connections. Traditionally Asians have dealt primarily with other Asians."

A streetwise DEA agent based in Singapore sees the phenomenon this way: "The leaders of these Chinese family syndicates out here are wealthy, ultraconservative businessmen who have impeccable reputations in their own communities and whose word is a bond for $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. A guy like that just can't handle a hip, black dealer from Detroit or some Mafia guy from Brooklyn. He's gonna deal in Amsterdam with a Chinese distributor he's known for twenty years."

The DEA anthropological hypothesis, while no doubt partially accurate, ignores many of the more substantial political, legal and international developments of the past three years that have stymied the growth of the Asian-American drug trade. If the loose consortium of chiu-chow syndicates was a legitimate multinational marketing firm, factory and warehouses would have been located in Thailand and its newly established international wholesale outlets would have been found in Manila, Hong Kong, Saigon and Malaysia. However, after the Communist takeover in Indochina, and after vigorous law-enforcement campaigns in Hong Kong, Manila and Malaysia (see accompanying stories), management was forced to curtail its ambitious expansion program and to retreat to its relatively safe home territory in Thailand—a country where, as one DEA agent put it, "it's a piece of cake to deal drugs."

•

If the crisp British-style salute typifies the integrity of the police in Malaysia and Singapore, the open palm would seem to symbolize the standards for their Thai counterparts. Low pay and a long tradition of direct involvement in the narcotics trade make most Thai police willing partners in the narcotics traffic. The few narcotics police who are making an effort to curb the traffic are greatly hampered by Thai narcotics laws, under which there is no prosecution if a suspect is not caught in actual physical possession of drugs.

Lacking any legal equivalent to Hong Kong's conspiracy laws or Singapore's anti-subversive regulations, dedicated Thai police find it impossible to arrest Bangkok's 15 or so major narcotics brokers, who scrupulously avoid direct contact with the traffic. (Even narcotics seizures can be a problem: In April 1975, the Ministry of Public Health announced that 273 kilos of heroin and 280 kilos of morphine had been "stolen"—an amount almost double total police seizures for the previous year.)

Most Thai police are neither dedicated nor honest. Although Thailand's addict population has grown from 71,000 opium smokers in 1959 to more than 300,000 heroin addicts today—five times the per capita rate in the United States—Thai police still regard narcotics as a foreign problem. "Thai police are so corrupt it turns my stomach," said one discouraged Bangkok-based DEA agent. "The Border Patrol Police take payoffs for letting the opium come across the border from Burma, and the Provincial Police have a system for transporting the narcotics themselves from northern Thailand to Bangkok. There are a few honest police officials we can trust, but almost all of the rest are in it for the money."

The degree of police involvement was revealed in July 1974 when DEA agents and their Thai counterparts raided a large heroin laboratory in the outskirts of Chiang Mai, the commercial center of northern Thailand. Among those arrested was Police Lieutenant Colonel Sawai Pudharak, a deputy provincial police commander who was managing the laboratory for a syndicate composed of ranking police colonels. During his trial in March 1975, Sawai walked away from his police guards, through the courthouse door and into the jungles of the Thai-Burma border area—where he is now believed to be operating a new heroin laboratory.

Rather than grappling with systematic corruption in the Thai police bureaucracy, the DEA is encouraging the establishment of semiautonomous anti-narcotics agencies within the Thai police. One of these is the Narcotics Suppression Center in Bangkok, which is commanded by three conscientious officers from wealthy and prominent families; however, the Narcotics Suppression Center's operational field force, the Special Narcotics Operation (SNO), is staffed by ordinary officers on

MALAYSIA
Through traffic to Europe

As conditions elsewhere in Southeast Asia tightened up, at least four known syndicate chemists arrived in the Thai-Malaysian border area in 1974 and 1975 to help open new number-three heroin laboratories. Four Malaysian-based chiu-chow syndicates began importing morphine base from the Golden Triangle and processing it into heroin in the jungles around Ipoh in northern Malaysia. Since Malaysia has relatively few addicts, local police officials are convinced that most of the product was being exported to Europe from Kuala Lumpur's international airport.

Before the Ipoh jungle laboratories opened, Malaysia was, at most, an occasional transit point in the narcotics traffic of the region, and local syndicates were involved mostly with through-shipments from Bangkok to Hong Kong and Manila. However, the increased availability of number-three heroin from the local laboratories sparked a noticeable rise in Malaysian addiction during 1974, and this aroused grave concern among Malaysian government leaders (who were suspicious of Communist involvement).

In April 1975 a law was passed providing the death penalty, prolonged jail sentences and whipping for narcotics traffickers, and Malaysian police began an eight-month investigation, which culminated in a series of nationwide raids. Out of 90 suspects arrested, 15 were eligible for the death penalty under the new law.

Malaysian police and their DEA counterparts feel that the new law and the rigorous effort being made to enforce it have driven the syndicate operations across the border into southern Thailand.

The heroin still flows back through to the Kuala Lumpur airport and eventually is transported to Europe, but little remains in Malaysia. —A. McC.

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17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

special assignment and must frequently draw upon the manpower and facilities of the Border Patrol Police (BPP) and the Provincial Police.

To mount any sizable antinarcotics operations, the DEA has to coordinate with all three police divisions and is forced, in effect, to outbid the traffickers for police services. The syndicates offer money, but the DEA offers money (in exchange for seizures), as well as free trips to the FBI Academy in Washington, D.C., and a variety of new military hardware. Adjusting to this barter arrangement is difficult for idealistic young DEA agents fresh out of college.

"At first, I found it difficult to deal with a Thai colonel who was as corrupt as the day is long," recalled one DEA agent who served in Thailand. "But one morning I woke up and found I *could* deal with it. I got as smart as they were, and instead of telling the police when I was going to make a bust, I put them in the car, drove around in circles and then slammed on the brakes in front of the house where a violator was hiding. And the Thai police knew that if they didn't go into the house to make the arrest, they wouldn't get the new jeep or M-16 rifles coming in on the boat."

While the DEA concentrates on interdiction and seizures, the United Nations Fund for Drug Abuse Control (UNFDAC) has begun a long-term crop-substitution program among the opium-growing hill tribes of northern Thailand. Originally the UN program included Laos, a country in which opium is virtually the only cash crop; in view of the new Communist government's announced intention to produce opium for legitimate pharmaceutical markets, however, there is reason to doubt that the Pathet Lao will be interested in

THE PHILIPPINES
How one country solved its heroin problem

The first and most dramatic blow against expansion of the Southeast Asian heroin traffic was struck at Manila in January 1973, when Lim Seng, a convicted chiu-chow heroin manufacturer, was tied to a stake and executed by a military firing squad. Although rumors of a Manila connection had circulated among U. S. narcotics agencies for several years and although there had been some increase in Filipino addiction in the early Seventies, there was still considerable surprise when Lim Seng was arrested and two large Manila laboratories seized.

The Philippines had been relatively drug-free until the early Sixties, when small number-three heroin laboratories opened in Manila. Lim Seng, once a struggling restaurateur, opened his first laboratory in 1964, with financing from a leading Filipino textile magnate and an overseas Chinese insurance company and began producing small quantities of number-three heroin for sale in the Tondo slum area of Manila. Lim Seng soon found that Manila's small addict population was not a large enough market, and in 1969, he began manufacturing number-four heroin for export, in partnership with syndicates in Malaysia and Thailand.

The partnership served Lim Seng well. In late 1971, for example, he placed an order with his Bangkok contacts for $1,000,000 worth of morphine base. Because of the huge size of the order, the Bangkok syndicate could not ship the morphine through Manila International Airport inside auto batteries, as had been done with smaller shipments in the past. Rather, the syndicate chartered a Royal Thai Navy gunboat and made the delivery from Bangkok to Manila under the guise of a good-will tour. The vessel docked at Manila's South Harbor and the $1,000,000 worth of morphine was quietly transferred ashore, while the captain and his officers were taken out on the town by Lim Seng.

By 1971, Lim Seng was producing over 100 kilos of number-four heroin per month at laboratories concealed in rented mansions that were well protected by Lim Seng's generosity to congressmen, customs officials, and police. Since Manila's estimated 10,000 addicts were consuming only nine to ten kilos of heroin a month, Filipino narcotics specialists now believe that Lim Seng was exploiting military and civilian transportation links with America to export over 90 percent of his annual production of 1.2 metric tons directly to the United States—an amount equivalent to ten percent of the U. S. heroin supply.

In early 1972, the government responded to a sudden upsurge in Filipino addiction by putting teeth into its narcotics laws and forming the Constabulary Anti-Narcotics Unit (CANU). CANU's first big break came when its operatives arrested two American ex-GIs boarding a flight for Okinawa with $35,000 worth of illicit drugs, including six ounces of number-four heroin. Following leads from this case, CANU agents soon identified all the members of Lim Seng's syndicate as well as its laboratory locations; the CANU agents were hesitant to apply for a search warrant, however, fearing that corrupt court officials might warn Lim Seng of an impending raid.

Finally, on September 28, 1972, after five months of stalling and less than a week after Philippines President Marcos declared a state of martial law, CANU launched a series of coordinated raids that netted Lim Seng, most of his henchmen, two heroin laboratories and over 50 kilos of recently processed heroin. When CANU troopers apprehended Lim Seng at the offices of his Forever Printing Press, he offered them $150,000 if they would simply arrest him and overlook the evidence—which included a heroin laboratory concealed on the premises. After some reflection, the officers refused.

Lim Seng was evidently able to communicate his generosity to someone on the military tribunal that heard his case that October, however. Soon after the court was convened one morning at eight, Lim Seng pleaded guilty, a single witness testified, the tribunal voted a guilty verdict and pronounced a sentence of life imprisonment—all before lunch. The verdict aroused considerable public skepticism as to the seriousness of President Marcos' martial-law reforms, with many people convinced that it was only a matter of time until Lim Seng would be free.

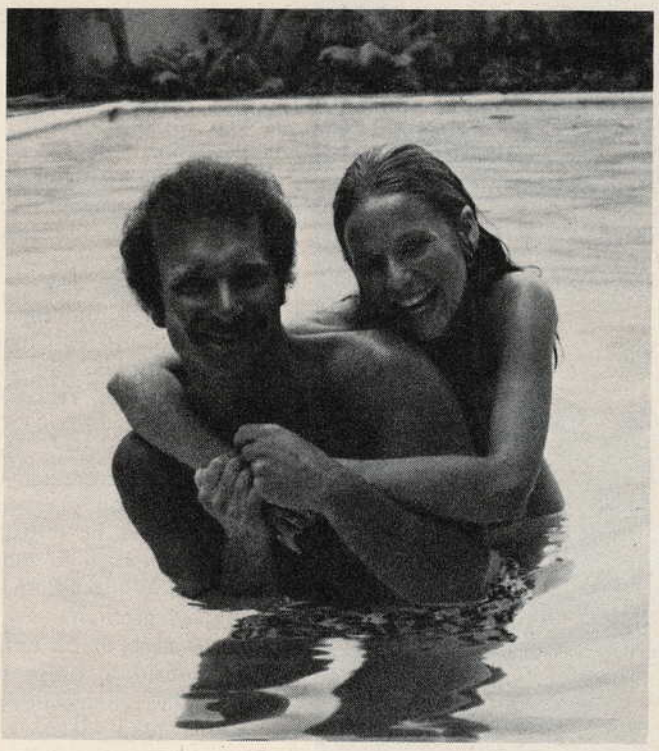
CANU officers, who shared the skepticism, posted undercover agents in Lim Seng's prison cell and intercepted communications between him and his family, including plans for an escape attempt. CANU sent a report on the attempt to the office of the secretary of national defense—where it disappeared before reaching the secretary. A second report was presented directly to President Marcos, who shortly announced in a television speech that he would "sentence to death any convicted manufacturer."

A week later, on January 14, 1973, Lim Seng was executed by a military firing squad at Fort Bonifacio. According to military officers who witnessed the execution, Lim Seng seemed confident until the very end that he would somehow buy his way out. He laughed and joked with the soldiers as he was marched up to the stake, the witnesses reported, and only as he was being blindfolded and bound did he begin to struggle.

The execution of Lim Seng and the breakup of his syndicate appear to have all but eliminated heroin in the Philippines. A 1974 survey of five major urban areas indicated that heroin use had almost disappeared among the native population, and during the first nine months of 1975, only five grams of heroin were seized in the entire Philippines. Once a major center for the manufacture and export of heroin to the United States, Manila has now apparently been abandoned by the Southeast Asia syndicates.

—A. McC.

"I endured every baldness cure known to man. Then I started using my own head."



By Stan MacDonneil

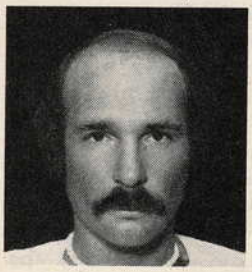
You name it, I tried it. Oils. Massages. Wigs. Hairpieces.

The problem was that I wasn't *really* solving my problem, just covering it up.

The best thing I came up with was a very expensive hairpiece. It looked okay, but it didn't really fool anyone. And it was a constant, pain-in-the-head reminder that I was still bald.

The answer came to me in a very unexpected place.

One day, I spotted an ad that said I could cure my baldness with my own hair.



What hair, I thought, since the only *un-bald* area was the fringe around the sides and back of my head.

The ad said that the process was called "hair transplantation" and that a Dr. Bosley was the one to call.

Needless to say, I called right away.

My private consultation was very enlightening.

The day I met with Dr. Bosley, I was really kind of nervous. But not for long. He explained that a hair trans plant is like taking some shrubs growing in my backyard and re-planting them in my front yard.

"Almost everyone with 'Male Pattern Baldness'," said Bosley, "even those who are severely bald, has good healthy hair on the back of his head between the ears and above the neckline. What we do is take some of the excess, permanent hair from the area and transplant it to other parts of your head where you need it more."

It all started to make a lot of sense.

I would be curing my baldness with living, growing hair from my own head. Hair that would be permanently there. Hair that wouldn't fall out or recede.

Dr. Bosley made three things very clear.

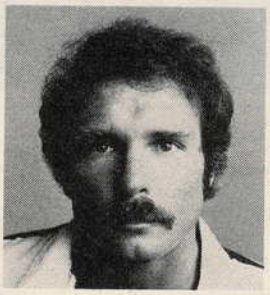
When it came to results, Dr. Bosley was very upfront. Based on my baldness pattern, he told me exactly what I should expect to look like with my new hair.

He emphasized that the whole process—from first transplant session to full-grown hair—would take about six months.

And, when it came to money, Bosley told me exactly what it would cost—to the penny.

The transplants were completed in three months.

Three months after that, I was staring in the mirror at this handsome devil with a beautiful head of hair and the world's biggest grin on his face.



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☐ **I LOVE YOU** ☐ **LETS FUCK** $39
☐ Message or name of choice
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THE NEW POLITICS OF HEROIN *The Shan States of northern Burma produce roughly 50 percent of the world's illicit supply of heroin.*

reducing Laotian opium production. In any case, DEA official Daniel Addario is confident that there will be "no problem of illicit narcotics" under the new Laotian regime.

The UN program director, a former British colonial officer, I. M. G. Williams, exuded an effervescent confidence as he related that the program's initial five-year experimental phase has already discovered such promising substitute crops as fruit trees, coffee, kidney beans and flower seeds. The UN program has also set up a training center in the mountains north of Chiang Mai where it gives instruction in such techniques as terracing and irrigation to hill-tribe opium farmers.

Not all observers share Williams' optimism, however, and it appears that crop substitution may encounter some fatal obstacles in transition from the experimental stage to widespread implementation. While opium can be carried to market profitably even across footpaths because of its unrivaled per-kilo value, substitute crops will not make money unless the government constructs a costly road network between the rugged highlands and the lowland cities. The Thai government has not yet finished paving *major* highways and simply does not have the resources to construct a subsidiary network.

At the moment, the most noticeable effect of the UN program appears to have been the application of new terracing and irrigation techniques to opium farming. This unexpected development, DEA agents note, has resulted in increased opium production in some areas of northern Thailand.

Even if the crop-substitution program were to eliminate opium production in Thailand within ten years—the most optimistic forecast anyone has made—the neighboring Shan States of northern Burma would still be producing 700 to 1000 tons of opium annually, or approximately 50 percent of the world's illicit production; the Shan States, moreover, could easily increase production to cover the loss of Thailand's relatively small harvest of 150 tons.

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Given the limited success of the DEA and UN programs, it is hardly surprising that the three elements critical to the success of the Golden Triangle opium trade have not been disturbed in the past four years: (1) free movement of opium caravans within the Shan States; (2) relatively secure heroin laboratories in the tri-border area; and (3) continued Nationalist Chinese control over the Thai-Burma border area.

Between 1970 and 1972, the opium caravans were controlled by the scores of ethnic Shan guerrilla armies in rebellion against the Burmese government, by private militia forces organized by the Burmese government to fight the Shans and by the Nationalist Chinese KMT units based in northern Thailand. Each group espoused the principles of nationalism, patriotism and anticommunism, but devoted most of its energies to the opium trade and to battles with the other groups.

All movement of narcotics across the Thai border, meanwhile, was taxed by the KMT armies, whose commander, General Li Wen-Huan, has played a central role in the region's opium trade since 1949. In exchange for a share of the proceeds and KMT assistance in maintaining security along Thailand's rugged northern frontiers, the Thai Army's Supreme Command gave the various Nationalist Chinese groups base camps in northern Thailand.

Since 1972, there have been some changes in the cast of characters, but the basic structure of Golden Triangle opium trade remains substantially the same. The Burmese government's dissolution of its anti-rebel militia in April 1973 and continuing power struggles within the various Shan rebel armies over leadership and opium revenues precipitated a chaotic jumbling of forces. The only rebel leader with enough respect and military experience to command a possible coalition of Shan rebel groups, Zau Seng of the Kachin Independence Army, was murdered in late 1975 by his subordinates in a dispute over his alleged squandering of opium profits. And the most political of all the groups, the Shan State Army, recently split into three separate rebel organizations. One aligned with the Burmese Communist Party, the second joined with remnants of the Burmese militia and the third retained the original State Army standard.

As the Shan rebels' control over opium traffic began to wane, emissaries representing a confederation of Shan units approached the U. S. Embassy in Bangkok in 1973 and the U. S. Congress in 1975 offering the U. S. a pre-emptive purchase of 400 tons of opium for $12,000,000. Despite some Congressional support for the idea, the State Department rejected the plan, first, because the purchase would violate international opium treaties and, second, because its analysts doubted that the

rebels could deliver that much opium.

Although operations by the DEA, the Burmese Army and the Thai SNO units have forced the tri-border laboratories to move around a bit, they are still operating without undue difficulty along the Thai-Burma border. The confusion resulting from these enforcement operations as well as the weakening of the Shan armies have served to augment the influence of the KMT's General Li Wen-Huan and to help him emerge as the paramount figure in the Golden Triangle heroin traffic.

In the past, the KMT's heroin dealings were conducted through the Shan leaders who controlled poppy fields, caravans and, in some cases, refineries—leaving KMT generals such as Li several steps removed from the actual Shan State opium traffic. Also, in the past, KMT territorial control was limited to the Thai-Burma borderlands, a situation that still enabled General Li to extract an onerous opium tax on passing caravans and to force the Shans to sell their opium to his refineries.

Today, Thai-based General Li buys his opium directly from independent Chinese traders in the Shan hills, organizes his own caravans from scraps of bandit, militia and rebel units hired on a straight-salary basis and tries to outbid the competition for the services of top chemists. The once unapproachable General Li has even become public-relations conscious, entertaining visiting U. S. Congressmen and journalists at his mansion on the outskirts of Chiang Mai. To these visitors, General Li asserts with great intensity that he has retired from the opium trade and is now in the jade business.

This alleged transformation was accomplished at a public ceremony in 1972 during which General Li's KMT units accepted $1,850,000 from the U. S. and Thai governments for their "last" 26 tons of opium, renounced the opium trade for lives as refugee tea farmers and were euphemistically baptized the Chinese Irregular Forces. This last gesture was an attempt by all parties to powder over the embarrassing blemish of General Li's direct connections with Nationalist Chinese military-intelligence authorities on Taiwan.

Despite the powder job, both Thai and American narcotics agents have reliable reports that General Li is still intimately involved in Taiwan's intelligence activities on the China-Burma border; and some DEA agents suspect that Taiwan-supported intelligence personnel actually assist General Li in managing the complex financial arrangements of his vast opium trade. The Thai Army publicly supports the fiction of Li-the-gentleman-jade-merchant—in order to benefit from his financial largess and to maintain security in the northern border areas.

In private, however, Thai police admit that General Li—CIA trained and supported by the American-backed Taiwan government—is so heavily involved in the heroin traffic that he is now the man who controls the Golden Triangle opium trade.

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Narcotics police in Southeast Asia generally agree that Thailand will continue to provide a safe haven for the trafficking syndicates for many years to come. Although Thailand's October 1973 "democratic revolution" toppled the ruling military triumvirate that was profiting most from the narcotics traffic, it did not touch the triumverate's police and military followers—who simply succeeded the former rulers in the heroin business. Thailand, consequently, the last remaining American client state in mainland Southeast Asia, is now the only place in the region where official corruption remains the major obstacle to progress in antinarcotics enforcement.

For over 20 years, the Cold War and the Indochina conflicts shaped American diplomatic priorities in Thailand; these priorities in turn dictated that the U. S. mission in Thailand overlook the involvement of the KMT and the Thai government in the opium business, in view of the assistance that the two were rendering the U. S. military effort. Even though in 1972 the subject of narcotics began moving up from its unmentionable status to top U. S. Embassy priority, the subsequent American military withdrawal from Thailand meant that the U. S. Embassy no longer had much influence with the Royal Thai government. Today, the DEA can report venality and the U. S. Embassy can protest, but the Thais can do whatever they please. And so General Li and the 15 or so chiu-chow syndicates in Bangkok continue to deal in narcotics with the assistance of Thai authorities, while DEA undercover teams work for two years to send one major violator, Sukree, to jail for 84 days.

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The situation in Burma is even less promising. Driven from most Shan State areas over a decade ago by rebel armies, the Burmese government's main concerns now are to defeat the insurgents and to re-establish control in the north. While Rangoon once condoned involvement of government-backed militia

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HONG KONG
Corrupt police, widespread addiction and a heroin pipeline to Canada

When Hong Kong authorities arrested four out of five major heroin brokers in the British crown colony in 1974, it was rumored that the dealers would soon make themselves free by "fixing the police." Reports of systematic corruption at almost all levels in the Hong Kong police force, long a subject of whispered speculation, have been confirmed in the past three years by an impressive number of arrests and indictments of ranking Chinese and British officers.

The simmering scandal exploded into full-blown controversy in June 1973, when the deputy police commander for the Kowloon District, Peter F. Godber, fled to England to avoid prosecution. Godber's flight occurred shortly after he was asked by the Hong Kong police commissioner to explain how he had accumulated savings of $880,000 from a police salary that had paid him only $180,000 over the previous 20 years. Although Godber was eventually brought back to Hong Kong and convicted on charges of corruption, the scandal prompted the colonial government to establish the Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC) and launch a full-scale investigation.

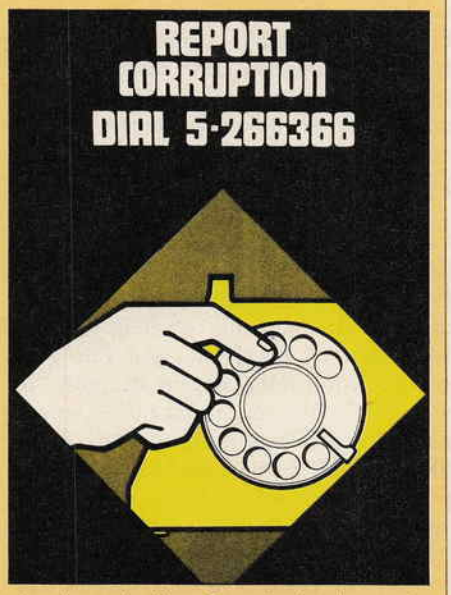
A preliminary inquiry by a supreme court justice showed that "narcotics has always been a tremendously lucrative source of corruption [since] it was quite possible for a police officer to make more money in one corrupt transaction . . . than he could earn honestly after 20 years of service." Subsequently some 600 ICAC staff members conducted investigations of 419 police officers and in 1974 were able to file corruption indictments against seven senior British officers and 23 Chinese sergeants and inspectors.

Court testimony in these cases revealed that police corruption is highly systematic: The senior Chinese officers in each police division hired an accounting staff to make regular collections from brothels, gambling dens and drug dealers; the Chinese then divided the proceeds with the senior British officers in command of their division; the officers used the money to pay informers, buy promotions and enjoy flagrantly ostentatious lifestyles.

At the time of the arrest of the four major heroin traffickers in late 1974, Hong Kong police were clearly sensitive to rumors of the traffickers' immunity to arrest. "Well," commented the chief of the police narcotics bureau after one of the four was booked, "now we ought to have dealt with those rumors." As further confirmation of the new official attitude, two of the four were given sentences of 25 and 30 years, while the others had their trials delayed and continue to languish in prison.

The arrests, however, do not seem to have had a lasting impact on Hong Kong's domestic drug problem. Although morphine prices increased after the arrest of the major brokers, the traffic has been reorganized, apparently by smaller groups, and prices have dropped drastically. With accommodations for only 6000 patients and a relapse rate of over 60 percent, Hong Kong's various treatment facilities have been incapable of making any inroads in an addict population estimated at 100,000—or 2.6 percent of the colony's total population. Demand has remained constant and the market has adjusted to meet it.

The breakup of Hong Kong's four major chiu-chow syndicates has had a substantial impact on the colony's role in international drug traffic. Four years ago, British and American narcotics agents were almost unanimous in asserting that Hong Kong was emerging as a major supplier of number-four heroin to the United States; today these agents are equally confident that the laboratories have closed and that exports to the U. S. have declined markedly. Recent developments in the Seattle area—heretofore the only American city where the chiu-chow syndicates had been able to dominate the narcotics supply—would seem to substantiate the agents' judgment.



After Turkey stopped cultivating opium in 1972, thereby depriving the Montreal Corsican syndicates of their primary source, the dealers within the Chinese community in Vancouver increased their imports from Hong Kong and were soon supplying 80 percent of the heroin used by Canada's 9000 to 16,000 addicts. The Chinese in Vancouver next began distributing to neighboring Seattle, and Southeast Asian heroin jumped from 12 percent of the city's identifiable seizures in 1972 to 40 percent in 1973. Yet, two years later, while Hong Kong heroin continued to supply 80 to 90 percent of Canada's needs, Asian heroin accounted for only 13 percent of Seattle's seizures.

—A. McC.

units in the narcotics trade, official Burmese attitudes have changed recently to the extent that authorities now report seizures to the DEA and accept the use of U. S. helicopters for antinarcotics work. Still, no international narcotics agency—Interpol, the DEA, or the UN—has yet been allowed to post a permanent representative in Burma.

Even if Burma were to launch a full-scale antinarcotics program, its impact would probably be limited. The comprehensive enforcement and crop-substitution programs necessary to reduce opium production are unthinkable without a restoration of government control in the Shan States; and in many areas the government is still losing ground to the rebels.

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Given the impossibility of slaying the monster of the Golden Triangle's 1000 tons of opium, DEA has devoted its efforts to trying to disrupt the international traffic between Thailand and the West; inside Thailand, it concentrates most of its resources on gathering intelligence that will aid in this effort. With the Thais unwilling and the U. S. and the Burmese unable to take effective steps toward ending the opium traffic, it seems unlikely that anything short of a major political upheaval will reduce the vast amount of opium—currently estimated at 70 percent of the world's total illicit supply—now produced in the Golden Triangle.

Southeast Asia currently provides only 10 to 30 percent of America's heroin supply, but it has the potential to provide much more—especially if the State Department and DEA succeed in reducing the narcotics supply from Mexico and the Middle East.

On the eve of my departure from Thailand, I arranged to meet a DEA agent at a Bangkok bowling alley. As he tested the lanes, I asked him what he thought the prospects were for ending the Golden Triangle narcotics business.

"If they were selling shares in Golden Triangle Heroin Inc. in five-, ten- or twenty-year bonds," he answered, after a moment's reflection, "I would put my money on a twenty-year bond. The only thing that would end the whole Golden Triangle narcotics business would be a Communist takeover in Thailand. If that happened, I'd sell my stock."

With that, he swung his arm, the ball rolled down the alley and the tenpins toppled over like a row of falling dominoes. ▣

MARGO ST. JAMES *"Did I like being a whore? Yeah, it was a real power trip. And customers are usually good lovers, 'cause hookers teach them. Most of them want to do you."*

(Continued from page 74) and after a stint as a hat-check girl in Seattle, she booked up for the bright lights to the south. She quickly assimilated herself into the upper echelon of North Beach bohemia, and her Grant Avenue flat, dubbed the St. James Infirmary, became known as the largest, permanent, established party in town.

Margo's was where coaxial connections were made. Kesey, Kerouac, Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Krassner, Lenny Bruce, Alan Watts, the hot-jazz musicians, the embryonic rock 'n' rollers, comics, artists, dealers, hookers, tricks—it was Margo's métier to be an intersection, a "facilitator," as one writer put it. Still as fresh and green as spring asparagus, her easy laugh, her constant inner-spring high and her lusty, hedonistic appetites made her a natural for the role. It wasn't precisely *Tammy Hits the Streets*, but there was memorable incongruity in this nubile, farm-fresh shit-kicker with buzzball energy, street smarts and arcane connections, gaily goofing her way through the decadence of that glittery, exotic milieu.

And the party never stopped. Never, that is, until the day a rookie cop looking for a collar came acalling. He offered to pay Margo for some sex, but she wasn't exactly into that, so he hit on one of her roommates, who took him on. There was a bust and Margo was hauled in on a pross charge. In court, she tearfully (and truthfully) wailed to the judge that she'd never "turned a trick" in her life, and hizzoner, in all his judicial wisdom, decided that anybody conversant with language like that just had to be guilty as charged.

"After I was convicted for hooking, I was stigmatized to such an extent that legitimate employment was impossible, so I became a callgirl," she says. "I was never actually a streetwalker, but I've roamed all over this town at all hours of day and night. I was out a lot. And I had too many freaky friends hanging out at my place for the rich guys to go over there. It was too weird, with the psychedelics and what have you. And the richer a man is, the more paranoid—no embarrassing situations, please. So I moved around a lot.

"Did I like being a whore? Yeah, it was a rush, a real power trip. If you're a young woman and you're getting off on meeting a lot of different men, it's great. There you are bopping around with these really brilliant millionaires, successful men, going up to their offices on the top floor of some skyscraper to suck them off. It's far-out. Sometimes you get a Congressman or a movie star or something, which is exciting. And customers are usually good lovers, 'cause hookers teach them. Most of them want to do *you*."

But, above all, what Margo liked was a great goof, and that was how the Realist Nun was born. She had met Paul Krassner, the dynamic one-man band of *The Realist*, at one of her extended extravaganzas (the party by now had moved to a luxurious house where the bills were being paid by a cosmetics company for which Margo was acting as house whore), and the wackiness of one meshed with the wackiness of the other to produce a major mind-blower of that era. "People had come to relate to me only as a whore, and I wanted to find something that would get a different reaction from people on the street," she says. "So I started wearing a nun's habit to see what that would do, and I really had a good time in that habit. I did a lot of things in it: I did abortions in it; I jumped into a swimming pool at a wedding in it; I kissed and felt up Krassner at the airport in it; I went to dirty

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movies in it. People would run up to me with flowers and kisses, trying to get points for later on, I guess."

The Realist Nun incarnation died a glorious death with a caper that could have no topper: One night while Krassner was broadcasting his live radio show, Margo, who was in the studio with him, suddenly decided it would be fun to commit a little fellatio on him as he talked. Krassner, although profoundly startled, did what *any* enterprising journalist faced with a fast-breaking news story would do—he reported it, sort of. What he said was, "KSAN, the station that will blow your mind." It was his last radio show.

When she turned 30, Margo moved across the bay to mellow, mindless Mill Valley and settled in for some ivy-covered domesticity with her architect boyfriend. She worked as a carpenter's assistant, a gardener and a housekeeper to keep busy (to this day she maintains that housekeeping is wonderful therapy), but she thought of herself as a dropout. Then, at just the right moment, along came Momma Bear Flo Kennedy, feminist, civil-rights activist, radical lawyer and surely the warmest heart in any movement, and the politicization of Margo St. James was accomplished. Tom Robbins, the cult-object author of *Another Roadside Attraction*, had given her the name the Coyote Trickster, after the beast in Indian legend who fooled people by giving them not what they wanted but what they needed; the coyote motif was a natural for Margo, and her whore revolution began.

•

The 5:30 to Los Angeles is boarding and here comes Margo galloping down the corridor to the gate. She has a teeming weekend ahead of her in Los Angeles; then she is supposed to return to San Francisco for a one-day breather, then take off to Brussels for the International Tribunal on Crimes Against Women. The main item on the Los Angeles agenda is a caucus of the liberal elements of the California Democratic Party, which will provide a good opportunity for exposure of the COYOTE gospel. Among other things, Margo is hoping to find some good heart to pop for her plane fare to Brussels; otherwise, she's going to have to dip into her mother's life savings. Her other chores include meetings with film makers (somebody wants to do her life story with, let's see now, Jane Fonda, maybe, in the title role?) and magazine people.

But the first thing she has to do is catch this damn plane, the gate for which is still a hell of a long way—uh oh, look at this. Oh, this is going to be rich. See that guy over there, that ground-crew dude in the shirt and tie? A couple of weeks ago, she was to fly to San Diego to address some law-enforcement conference, running late as hell and on standby, and, she explains, as she was standing at the end of the boarding line she got into a conversation with this very same guy and she casually asked him if there was anything he could do to get her onto the plane. Sure, he said, and he took her downstairs into the bowels of the airport, ostensibly to get her aboard, but instead he just flashed the old hard cuke right out, looking for a quick jump. She couldn't fucking believe it! She says she *tried* to get pissed off because the schmuck (and his schmuck) almost made her miss her plane, but finally all she could do was crack up.

Margo heads over to him now. He turns to face her and grins weakly. She gives him the big smile, squeezes his biceps affectionately and leans right up against him. "Still at it?" she whispers into his ear, and before he can even react, she whisks off down the corridor.

She's met at the airport in Los Angeles by Lois Lee, a svelte traffic-stopper who heads up COYOTE's L.A. affiliate, CAT—California Advocates for Trollops, dig it? Lois is also the author of *The Whore's Handbook: How to Handle Your Pimp When He Gets Out of Line*. They jump into Lois' Triumph and head downtown to the Hilton, where the Democratic liberals are meeting and where Lois has arranged the first of Margo's weekend interviews, this one with an Australian radio reporter. There may be a freebie meal in it, but Lois isn't sure.

Margo is looking quite the fox in her weekend outfit of mid-calf beige skirt and boots and a black blazer with a very real-looking SPECIAL POLICE badge pinned to it. Her new haircut falls about her face in soft geometries. The Australian journalist, a young and ruddy digger type, is rather obviously stirred by the strong presences of Margo and Lois, and, of course, it turns out that there *is* a meal to be had. Margo just toys with her food, however; she's anxious to get upstairs to the Democrats.

On her way up after dinner she runs into John Burton, the slick and rakish young congressman from San Francisco and an old friend of hers. "Hey, you're looking good," she tells him.

"They can't change us, Margo. You know that," he says.

"I know," she laughs. "As far as I'm

concerned, you're still a bartender at Bimbo's."

"Yeah, and as far as I'm concerned, you're still working the Condor," he replies.

Margo makes her way around the various caucuses, pressing the flesh, meeting friends, spinning out her spiel. Everywhere she appears, the whisper goes out that the infamous St. James is present, and a crowd quickly forms around her.

After a short appearance at the Gay Caucus' hospitality suite (where one really would have expected something a little more exotic than jug wine and Ritz crackers), she runs into the Reverend Ray Broshears, an Episcopalian minister and head of the Lavender Panthers, a militant gay-defense organization based in San Francisco.

"My God, Margo, the *Hilton*!" says Ray, rolling his eyes. "They won't even let me *in* the Hilton at home because I've picketed it so much. I had to make reservations through them, though, and somebody must have called down here about me because as soon as I checked into my room, security called and said that they wanted none of my shenanigans. And actually it wasn't even the Hilton I was picketing, just that nasty little police substation they used to have down in the basement where they would beat up people and rape them."

"And force people to give blowjobs," Margo said.

Ray giggles. "Honey, by me that *is* rape!"

•

Vaughn Meader is working hard. The joint isn't having what you'd call a super Friday night, and what few patrons there are don't seem terribly interested in his booming songs and his plughouse pyanner playing. Not even Margo, who is a friend from way back in the days when Vaughn was very hot with his J.F.K. impersonation. Although Margo is sitting right up there at the piano bar, she doesn't hear him. Her total attention is riveted on Ron. Ron is a cop from a Southern California sheriff's department. So is Don, who is sitting over there with Lois. Ron and Don are Lois' pals, kind of.

Margo has this strange thing about cops. They attract her. Not the real piggy ones, not the kind who'll fuck a woman and then bust her. Margo's taste in men is pretty limited, she admits, but one thing she likes is tough guys who know the score. Margo fucks all the cops she can. She says she uses sex to usurp their authority. Plus, it gives her a good chance to turn their heads around. It's that pillow talk, that mouth-to-ear dialog, that's so effective, she says.

Ron here is just Margo's meat, and she's been all over him ever since Lois introduced them. Big, but boyish, he looks like some cute surfing giant who does a little linebacking for the Rams on the side. Ron is telling Margo how mean Don is, which is plenty. You know that flick *Freebie and the Bean*? That was based partly on Don. Don is *bad*.

"Oh, God, cops are so full of shit," Margo says, languidly running her hand inside Ron's mostly unbuttoned shirt. Ron is loving it, of course, but he's beginning to wonder if this woman isn't going to do him right here at the piano bar. She's slurping around with her tongue in his ear, playing with the hair on his chest, grabbing him for long, passionate kisses. It *is* a touch embarrassing. But all the while Margo is talking business, too, picking Ron's brain. She says she sometimes wonders about how easy it is for her to fall into this lovey, submissive role. It scares her. Of course she never sustains it for long.

Ron is maintaining that it is useless to try to help most hookers because they'll just turn around and shit all over you. They're just that way. Margo says nobody shits on her, she doesn't let 'em. She'll help anybody get sprung from the slam, but if they start coming on with a lot of jive, that's it. She's no masochist.

Margo's lascivious assaults have loosened Ron's tongue and he gets into a surprisingly sensitive and impassioned rap about the unfairness of stereotyping all cops as pigs. Being a cop is a real bitch and some guys really do try to do a good job in spite of the temptations and pressures, in spite of the shit they're always having to take from the out-of-touch dead-asses down at headquarters. Margo is sympathetic and she quotes Ron a little Sartre to make him feel better.

At closing time Ron and Don decide to move the party up the street to an after-hours joint. Margo doesn't drink, but she's getting off on Ron, so she's for it. At the new place Ron and Vaughn Meader get into a long and esoteric discussion on the subject of cocaine, about which Ron wants to be educated. He wants to know how you can tell when coke has been stepped on and with what. Vaughn says you have to use all your senses. Vaughn's ladyfriend is aghast at this turn in the conversation. She is not amused by drug talk with cops. Margo is just bored, but she's still cuddling like mad up against Ron. Infiltrating, as it were. Don, the partner, looks over at this sexy little tableau and sighs in mock disgust. "You're terrible, Margo, you know that?" he says.

Margo just falls out. "Of course I'm

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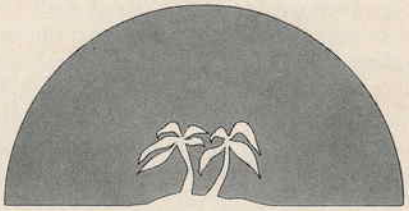

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terrible, baby. I'm taking your bitch away from you!"

•

The evening didn't end all that long ago, but Margo has a run to get in so she's up before seven, pulling on her cutoffs and tanktop. In San Francisco she has to bundle up in a floppy old sweatsuit, not because of the fog and cold, but because of the whistles and catcalls she would otherwise elicit from what she calls the "waterfront chumps" who just can't handle the sight of her lithe form gliding past. "Now, *there* are some fuckers I'd like to bust for the dumb-shit things they say," she snorts.

She does her five, running on the pavement and the sidewalks around Westwood where Lois lives, and afterward, she does some leisurely stretches and dance calisthenics for tone. Pulling her shorts off to shower, she gives a couple of despairing little squeezes at the random lumps of cellulite on her legs and hips that even all that running won't melt off. Still, at 39 the bod is pretty good, a bit chunky around the hips, but still muscular and firm. And those tits are marvels, perfectly symmetrical standout beauties. "It's silicone," she laughs. "*Early* silicone, that's why they're a little hard to the touch. Nice, though, huh? The only thing is, it's going to look a little funny when I'm eighty; the rest of me will be sagging and they'll still be standing out there."

She's been trying to cut out coffee lately, because everybody tells her that it makes her mean, but this morning she indulges herself in a pot as she sits down to go through the list of phone calls she must make. She really has her shit together, too. Before she went to bed last night she organized everything, even to the order of importance of the calls. And as she talks to the film people, the writers, the hookers and the politicians, she has all the relevant data, the pertinent facts right at hand, either in her brain or in her portfolio. She deals with everybody the same way, perhaps with a little more warmth in her voice when talking to old friends, but going to the point directly and keeping to it. In a couple of hours everything is pretty much wrapped up. What business could be done over the phone is done, and what can't is tightly wrapped into her itinerary for the rest of the weekend. The only thing that isn't working out is that no one is biting her bait for the air fare to Brussels and the International Tribunal.

"When you're working with a whole lot of diverse elements the way I do, the only way to operate is with directness and total honesty," she says. "I put a lot of things and people together, and people who meet one another through me or through an association with me tend to trust one another; there's a rapport there. If someone is a little flaky or weird or screwy, I'll tell the person I'm putting him in touch with, but otherwise I'm very vague. I never give instructions or try to set up expectations. I just don't like to bias people. Honesty is just the easiest way to operate."

It's midafternoon and Margo's back with the politicians. The spiel is seamless, smooth and elastic. By now the circle of people has grown to two or three deep and there is an aggregate lean toward the focal point of Margo. The trick is having the confidence that your audience will make an effort to hear you, so you speak softly. Margo exudes an aura of celebrity, of being wired into the center of things. She can casually drop the name Simone with the assurance that everybody will know she is on a first-name basis with the illustrious de Beauvoir. One just assumes.

"Hi, Margo. Bob Spooner, San Diego. Hey, we've been seeing your COYOTE buttons all over the place; they're quite the collectors' items. We just had to come down and find out what all the stories are about."

Margo just smiles and continues: "Prostitution laws never work, because although cops can arrest the sex suppliers, they can never do anything about the demand. Every time the law starts going after the trick as well as the hooker, the streets clear up. But the cops always stop it quickly, because the men they bust are usually white middle-class businessmen with connections. If they'd enforce the law equally, I think it'd be only a short time until the laws are done away with."

"What about pimps, Margo?" asks a newcomer on the outside of the circle. "Where do you stand on that?"

"I don't happen to be anti-pimp," she answers. "The present reality is that a hooker needs a pimp for protection—from the street as well as from the law. When they start to tell me about the evils of pimping, the thing they assume is that the woman is doing this against her will; they refuse to give the woman the right to give her consent. Listen, the woman has the money in her hands first. She can do what she wants with it. I've never known anybody who was turned out against her will except for junkies, and they are another matter entirely. The pimp is created by the laws against him and by the inferior economic status of black and minority men. He's allowing the woman to be the breadwinner and *that's* what he's being punished for."

"Tell me, Margo," asks yet another newcomer, "just exactly what is it you're trying to get accomplished?" And fixing him solidly in her high-beam gaze, she's off again, pounding the points home, the rap whirring smoothly on, the sexual campaigner at work.

Sunday night she flew back to San Francisco, all bases touched but still no money for Brussels. "Something'll happen," she said. "It always does. My friends must think I'm lazy, because I'm always so sure something will come up."

The plane to Brussels was to leave Tuesday morning. Late Monday night John—remember Big John?—called. He told her to come on over and pick up her goddamned tickets.

"Whew! The bastards can really leave you hanging, can't they?" Margo said.

P.S. Well, yes, they really can—leave you hanging, that is. Big John sprang for the Brussels ticket, but in the end he backed out on the planes to fly Margo's people to Washington for the hookers' convention, so Margo found herself back on the flats once again. But something always happens, right? Somebody put her onto Bert Schneider, the goodhearted radic-lib producer of such films as *Easy Rider* and *Hearts and Minds*, and he offered to introduce her to some Hollywood heavies she might want to put a bite on. "Whom do you want to meet?" Schneider asked her. "Warren Beatty, maybe?"

"Who, the animal trainer?" asked Margo, thinking he was talking about Clyde Beatty. "What good could he do for me?"

"How about Jack Nicholson, then?" Schneider said.

"Great," replied Margo, and so she went to see Jack.

"What do you want from me?" asked Nicholson.

"I want all your money," she said and he laughed, so she gave him her spiel. She needed five grand, she said, for, you know, travel, hotels, COYOTE T-shirts and stuff. Nicholson popped for $500 just like that and immediately got on the phone and began calling people. "Hello, this is Jack. Listen, I got a cause you're gonna contribute to. . . ."

Just like that. In a couple of days, Jack helped her get up three big ones. "He was great," said Margo, "and I didn't have to pimp or anything. No blowjobs." In appreciation, she and her crew voted him Trick of the Year at the hookers' convention. ▣

WHO

Martin Schreiber

Choreographer Margo Sappington: putting the ball back into ballet

Margo Sappington is one of the few choreographers who have dared to deal directly with sex in modern dance; her very most successful work would have to be the popular *Oh! Calcutta!* Sappington has also been loosening up dance traditions in lesser-known productions all over Manhattan by downplaying the cerebral in favor of the sensual. Her works draw heavily upon rock music, which attracts a new, younger audience for modern dance. "Rock is very gutsy, ballsy," says this charter member of the Joffrey Ballet. "It not only draws young people into ballet, but into body movement in general."

Jack Mitchell

Red Grooms: Ruckus-raiser

Ruckus is what artist Red Grooms calls his style. The Ruckus World of Red Grooms is what he calls his exhibition, a world in which 3-D reality explodes into a Day-Glo cartoon hallucination. Although the World couldn't have been built without a company of workers, it represents Red Grooms's personal vision. The Ruckus World contains—in large scale and crazed detail—a complete reconstruction of Chicago (Red's hometown) and a complete model of New York (Red's current residence), right down to the Statue of Liberty and the Staten Island ferry. In the accompanying photo, Red sits amid a similar reconstruction of his own apartment. Some art critics think the Ruckus World is too entertaining to be called art. Others think it's too entertaining not to be called art.

Susie Coelho: wearing Kamali

The lady in the burnoose is Susie Coelho, an aspiring actress who, with the help of her Bono boyfriend, the former Mr. Cher, is beginning to cut a miniswath through Hollywood. The woman who provided the burnoose is Norma Kamali, up-and-coming *couturier* to the stars, who owns boutiques in Beverly Hills and New York City. Last summer's mass rage, drawstring pants, were introduced by Kamali three years ago. "About eighty percent of our line is ripped off by Seventh Avenue every season," says business manager Eddie Kamali. Not to worry, since Norma is so prolific that by the time her filched fashions are mass-marketed, she is onto something yet more stunning for wearing by stunners like Susie.

Eric Meola

Rock-gossip Lisa Robinson: rolling like a Rona stone

Mick Jagger is Lisa Robinson's friend (he once borrowed her underwear for a performance). So is Ma Bell, on whose equipment Lisa spends most of her day, when she is not lunching, hanging out or going to parties (some of which she has even been invited to). Consequently Lisa Robinson knows the best rock gossip in the world; some say she *is* the rock grapevine. Lisa makes use of all this dish in her syndicated "Rock Talk" column (appearing in more than 100 newspapers) and in the pop pulp magazines she edits—*Hit Parader*, *Rock and Soul* and the fitfully fabulous *Rock Scene*, the most self-indulgent magazine anywhere. But Lisa is more than the Rona of Rock. Industry moguls call her for solid-gold opinions. Superstars call her for lovelorn advice. And underwear loans.

Doctor Franklyn: plastic fantastic

Superstar tits, like superstar hits, get along with a little hype from their friends. In the case of tits, the man to see for "augmentation" is Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn, a Hollywood plastic surgeon who invented the breast-implant process in 1952. Today, 20,000 tits later, Dr. Franklyn is a millionaire with his very own $750,000 Beauty Pavilion on Sunset Strip. Franklyn has become so flush that he now operates only three days a week. The rest of his time is spent on a horse ranch that, he says, was "built by some asshole in the movie industry."

Sky and Woolf hump the range

Since many best-selling books deal with either sex or food, two ex-actresses named Susan Sky and Louise Woolf decided to write an *X-Rated Cookbook* (Sherbourne). The result is a whimsical cookbook/sex manual containing recipes tested in the Sky-Woolf kitchens and bedrooms. Our favorite is the Fuck-a-Duck Grand Marnier. "Listen," says Louise, "eating a duck is the same as fucking it." OK. "How about a Penis Colada?"

Martin Schreiber

Toni Basil: Her thyme has come

Some people seem to do everything well. Toni Basil, for example. She played one of the hookers in *Easy Rider* (Karen Black played the other); she played the nontalkative hitchhiker in *Five Easy Pieces*; she choreographed *American Graffiti* and Bette Midler's night-club act; she was the leader of The Lockers, the wildly innovative dance troupe that knocked 'em dead from Watts to Vegas to the *Tonight Show*; she does a club act that features singing, dancing, strutting and jiving. And now she has put together a record album for Warner Bros. on which she will mostly sing. Very well, no doubt.

Daniel Zimbaldi

Martin Schreiber

Jeff Lieberman: audience baiting

A downed power line juices up billions of sandworms, and suddenly the little wigglies want to devour a small Georgia town (not Plains). Now, there's a movie plot to make you squirm. Young writer/director Jeff Lieberman, who devised *Squirm* after years of TV-commercial work, is squirming with delight. "I wanted to do a rootin', tootin' matinee movie that would evoke an audience response," says Mr. Lieberman.

Urbaniak and Dudziak: We dare you to remember their names

Eric Meola

He was a violinist, a Warsaw-born prodigy who transcribed jazz from *Voice of America* and spent years playing Eastern European dance halls. She was a singer-percussionist who copied down Western song lyrics and showed up at one of his engagements; they teamed up on-stage—and off. Three years ago, after winning every jazz-and-pop poll in Europe, Michal Urbaniak and Urszula Dudziak decided to tackle the U. S. Here they easily melded into the jazz-rock idiom, with Michal pursuing electronic sounds and Urszula taking scat singing to new heights.

Jane Hitchcock: Model puts her money on *Nickelodeon*

At the age of 14, she won a scholarship to George Balanchine's American Ballet School; then photo-modeled with Avedon, Hiro, and the *doyennes* of *Vogue*. Now, at the age of 23, Jane Hitchcock wants to add film-making to her careers. Her first role is in Peter Bogdanovich's new film, *Nickelodeon*, in which she plays an aspiring young actress in the early days of silent movies; she gets to fall in love with Burt Reynolds and to fall into a tub with Ryan O'Neal ("I don't see very well in the film," she reports. "I trip thirteen times."). Never one to gather dust, in real life Jane is considering yet one more career: She wants to introduce a line of cosmetics bearing her name. Look for them at your boutique; look for her in the movies.

Dunn and Holmstrom: at last, a magazine for the riffraff

Roberta Bayley

The age of media specialization is finally picking up on that quintessential low life—the punk. *Punk* magazine comes out every month; it has real interviews with real people and prints the words in cartoony balloons above the subjects' heads. *Punk* has quickly become the *Guide Michelin* of punk rock. The publisher is Ged Dunn (right); the editor/art director is John Holmstrom (left), who learned his craft from early *Mad*-man Harvey Kurtzman. Under Holmstrom's gifted hand, *Punk* has evolved into the only hand-lettered newsmagazine in the world. The other guy in the picture is Legs McNeil: "Resident Punk."

Martin Schreiber

Jon Faddis horns in on Diz

Jon Faddis collected 50 Dizzy Gillespie records, went to a gig and got Diz to autograph the lot. Months later, Diz saw Faddis in another audience, holding a horn. When Diz came to a chorus, he told the kid, "You take it." Faddis took it. Now, six years later, Faddis's first solo album, *Youngblood*, has been released by Pablo/RCA. Take it.

SHORT TAKES

ALLAN KUHN

The man who stole the Star of India talks about great jewels and great thieves he has known and loved

When Allan Kuhn visited the American Museum of Natural History a few months ago, the security guards wouldn't let him in. It seems that on a previous visit he and Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy borrowed a couple of the exhibits: the Star of India sapphire and the DeLong star ruby—for which they were ultimately arrested, tried and sentenced to prison.

Today, at the age of 37, Allan Kuhn lives in Oregon, where he attends college part time and chops firewood for a living. When Scott Cohen interviewed him, the only jewelry Kuhn was wearing was a simple jade wedding ring worth about five dollars.

OUI: Do you think life is theft?

KUHN: Ah, yeah. God helps those who help themselves, so to speak. I think everyone is in charge of his own destiny. I have a free will and sometimes my free will might say, "Take it." Like the museum thing. And that's what I did, with no thoughts before or afterward. My free will said, "Take it."

OUI: Does that mean that the lure of jewel theft is not simply money—that there is some kind of romance involved?

KUHN: It depends on the individual thief. I think a person who is crude and basic, a person who talks out of the side of his mouth, would be in it for just the money. But there is something about jewels that is mystifying. For instance, in India, to cure sickness, the people put rubies in water and drink the water. It's also well known that smooth rubies have been swallowed, and the vibes given off by the rubies have cured intestinal cancer after they have been swallowed enough times. There *is* something magical and mystical about stones. The Hope diamond, for instance, has a curse on it. Anyone who has owned the Hope diamond has met with tremendous misfortune. I think many of the problems that the United States has are because it owns the Hope diamond. It would be nice to steal it and smash it to pieces.

OUI: Assuming that you stole something like the Hope diamond, and you didn't smash it out of patriotism, how would you get rid of it?

KUHN: I'll tell you this: When I was approached to do the Star of India score, I didn't even know what it was. But a year earlier we had taken a 32-carat diamond in the Bahamas, and it went into a private collection in Brazil. The guy who bought it also went to the fence who handled all of our transactions and said he was willing to pay $500,000 for the Star of India. That's the way hot stones are moved.

OUI: What was the Star of India like?

KUHN: It was ice-cold. As a matter of fact, that's how you can tell a real sapphire from a synthetic one, like a Linde, which is machine made. The real ones always stay cold. The Star of India is almost the size of a golf ball. It's round, beautifully cut, with a star that runs all the way down the stone. I've never seen a star like that.

OUI: After you'd taken it, didn't you want to keep it for yourself?

KUHN: Who wouldn't want to have it? But what does someone like me or Jack do with a stone like that? It's like taking someone from the ghetto and giving him a magnificent home in Beverly Hills. He wouldn't know how to deal with it. We did the job for the money and the excitement.

OUI: What was it like being in the empty museum?

KUHN: Death. Deathly quiet. We gave the guards a five-minute waiting period every half hour. We would shut down and not do anything for five minutes until they'd come and gone. But one time when they came by, my knees popped, and it sounded like a rifle shot. And then Jack dropped a dime—we always carried a dime in case of emergency—and the son of a bitch dropped it out of his pocket. But they didn't hear.

OUI: Did you and Jack have a getaway car?

KUHN: Yeah, my own personal Cadillac. The thing is that the driver and the car weren't around when we got out of the museum, so we took taxis home. The driver is painting bridges now in Connecticut. He went straight after that caper. I had to have a second hard jolt. Jack had to have a third. People learn at different speeds.

OUI: Where's Jack?

KUHN: Jack is doing two life sentences with 20 years tacked on top. It's because he's Murph the Surf. That notoriety got him. You can spit in people's faces for only so long before they'll start to fight you back.

OUI: What became of the Star?

KUHN: It's back in the museum. That's why I got three years instead of 21.

OUI: Is it the ultimate jewel?

KUHN: Yes, in its class. There are finer jewels—for instance, the crown jewels of England, which are heavily guarded in the Tower of London. The largest diamond in the world is there.

OUI: Do you notice the gems society ladies wear?

KUHN: I've had a big strong look at some of them.

OUI: What do you look for in a jewel?

KUHN: The main thing to look for in any jewel is clarity, no imperfections.

OUI: Do you ever go window-shopping at Tiffany's?

KUHN: Oh, yeah; 47th Street also is a nice fantasyland for me. I often thought I'd like to be invisible for a mere ten minutes.

OUI: Would you steal the world's most valuable transistor radio if it were worth as much as a great gem?

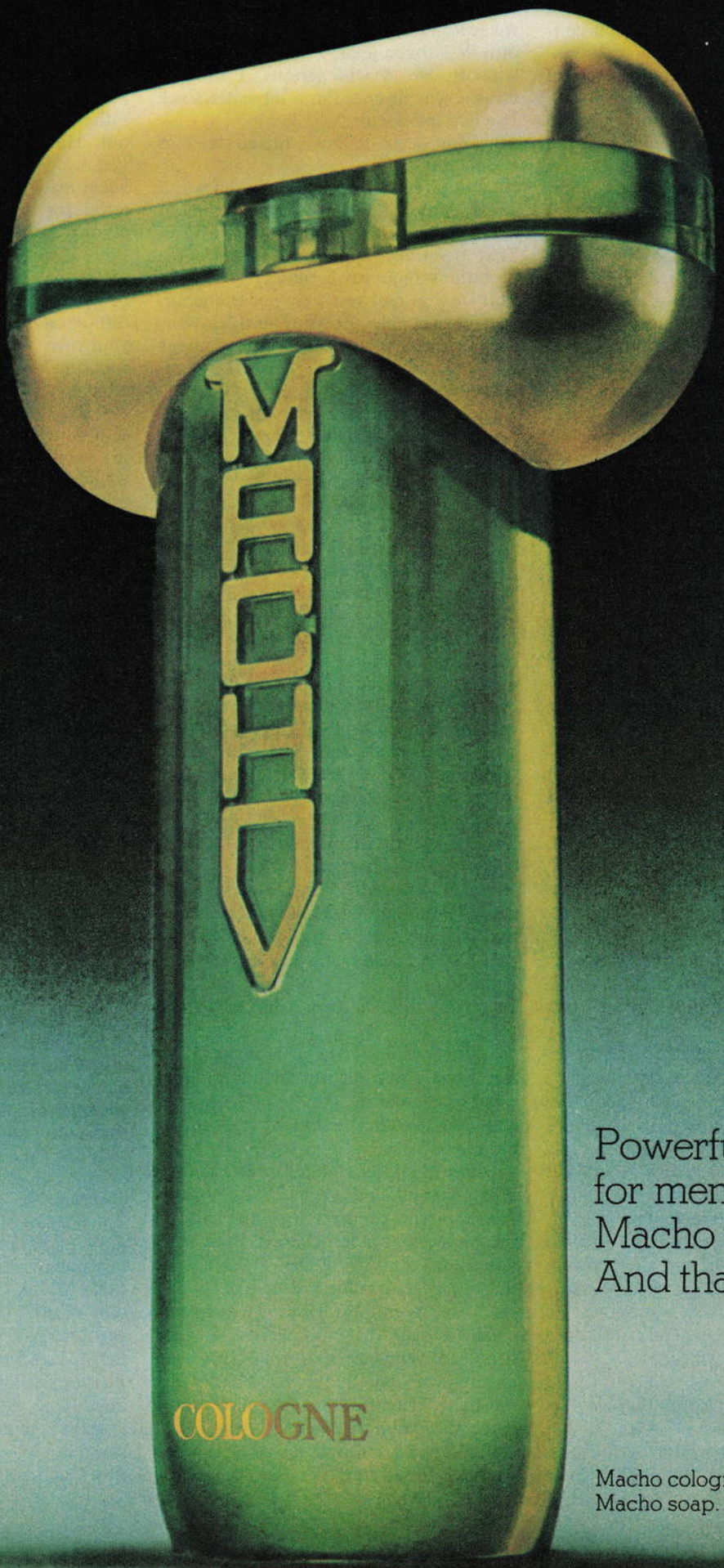
KUHN: Let's see, I've taken coin collections and I've taken a chess set—the only one of its kind in the world. I'd probably take the finest transistor radio in the world.

OUI: Do you consider yourself an artist?

KUHN: An artist? No. I'm just doing the best I can.

—SCOTT COHEN

Macho. It's b-a-a-a-d.



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BRIAN WILSON *"I Just Wasn't Made for These Times" reflects my life. It was about a guy who was crying because he thought he was too advanced and he'd eventually have to leave people behind.*

(Continued from page 134) I wasn't aware of that. I wasn't on a self-consciousness kick.

OUI: Have the doctors been successful in changing your thinking?

WILSON: Not really. I still think the old way, although that goes against the grain of the scheduling. I think I'm going to emerge victorious and combine the health benefits with my real personality.

OUI: Didn't your real personality like to surprise people by acting strange?

WILSON: Yes. I used to like to surprise people with a lot of very strange things—very strange ideas. I think that has an effect. It creates an atmosphere. People are surprised and off-guard. It creates a moody mood.

OUI: Why did you start trying to surprise people that way?

WILSON: Uppers. But I don't believe in it much anymore. I'm not into effects the way I used to be. I liked to surprise my brothers with strange recording ideas—like giving fire hats to the musicians.

OUI: When did you give fire hats?

WILSON: During the sessions for a song called *Fire*. It was going to be on the *Smile* album that we never released. I gave little toy fire hats to all the musicians, and we had a bucket of fire in the studio, too. The song had a lot of weird effects on it, like lots of screeching violins. Then a building down the street from the studio burned down, and I felt we were responsible for it spiritually. I got kind of scared, so we junked the tape.

OUI: The rumor says you burned the tape.

WILSON: We just erased it.

OUI: What happened to the rest of *Smile*? It's supposed to have been destroyed, too.

WILSON: A lot of it appeared on an album called *20/20*. I don't like to talk about it.

OUI: It's said that you also used to indulge in verbal practical jokes.

WILSON: Yes. I used to do a lot of that with Danny Hutton and Van Dyke. I'd get on coke and start acting real strange—very strange. But I always knew what I was doing.

OUI: Do you feel misunderstood?

WILSON: Yes, but they always knew I was doing a lot of coke and so they were anticipating that I was going to be acting kind of funny. After a few times, they'd just start thinking, "Aw, he's just on a program of practical jokes."

OUI: And were you?

WILSON: Yeah. I was acting that way because I was a drughead.

OUI: Do you remember, during the writing of *Sail On, Sailor*, telling Van Dyke to convince you that you weren't insane?

WILSON: Yes.

OUI: Was that a joke?

WILSON: No. I was serious. I used to think I was insane. I'm a lot saner since I've had my doctor.

OUI: You seem to have mixed feelings about your doctor.

WILSON: I can't help it. That's the way I am. I think it's people's expectations of my behavior that create the problems. That definitely applies to people's expectations about my creativity.

OUI: Do you feel you were never encouraged to get help for your problems because people thought it would damage your creativity?

WILSON: I was always allowed to do whatever I wanted to do. All of a sudden I realized I had all that freedom, and it was hard to deal with it. I had money and success and everyone was scared of me. Then all of a sudden I got zapped. The freedom got taken away like that! But I think the doctor is trying to rehabilitate me in order to bring out some of my talent that's been buried.

OUI: Do you have anyone to talk to frankly about yourself?

WILSON: No, I don't. I don't.

OUI: Do you feel out of place?

WILSON: I used to. Now I've gotten in tune with people more and I'm more swinging. My life's more swinging.

OUI: The feeling of being out of place was expressed in *I Just Wasn't Made for These Times* on *Pet Sounds*, wasn't it?

WILSON: Yes. That song reflects my life. It was about a guy who was crying because he thought he was too advanced—that his ideas were too advanced and that he'd eventually have to leave people behind.

OUI: Isn't that, in fact, what happened to you?

WILSON: Yes, it did happen to me. I did *Pet Sounds* and all my friends thought I was crazy to do it.

OUI: What other songs reveal things about you?

WILSON: Well, let's see: *Till I Die*, *Caroline, No* and *California Girls*. *Caroline, No* represents the sweetness, the child in me, the gentle side. There is that side, you know. And *Till I Die*—"I'm a cork on the ocean, rolling over the raging sea"—represents the lack of ego in me. Yeah, I feel that humbleness toward life. I do. Whereas *California Girls* is an example of ego. I love girls, and I get on those trips every once in a while. They're so young, innocent.

OUI: Do you want to do a solo album?

WILSON: Yes. I consider *Pet Sounds* my first solo album and *Friends* my second. I think I'm ready to do another.

OUI: So why haven't you done it already?

WILSON: I've always thought it best to keep the material for the Beach Boys rather than to do it on my own.

OUI: Haven't your brothers encouraged you to do a solo project?

WILSON: No. They want to keep the material for the Beach Boys, too; a solo album would take away from Beach Boys sales. It would split the group up too much—and I don't think that would be good.

OUI: Are they afraid of your going on your own?

WILSON: Yes, I think so. That's basically what the problem is. Sometimes I really feel like a commodity in a stock market.

OUI: But isn't your brother, Dennis, doing a solo album?

WILSON: Yes, he's going to, but I'm not.

OUI: Wouldn't a solo album by him have the same effect?

WILSON: It might. I don't think he should do it. Dennis has written some very good songs recently and I hope he uses them for the Beach Boys.

OUI: Have you told him your feelings?

WILSON: No. I haven't said a thing.

OUI: Has this situation ever made you want to leave the Beach Boys?

WILSON: I've wanted to leave them lots of times. In fact, I left them last week and then I came back.

OUI: Why did you want to leave the Beach Boys last week?

WILSON: Well, because I want freedom and I want to do my own album. I think if I stay with the Beach Boys and I do my own album, it's going to take away from the band. So I've got to make a decision: Either I'm going to stay with the Beach Boys and produce only their stuff or I'm going to go on my own and do an album by myself. I haven't decided which to do yet.

OUI: Couldn't you stay and make a solo album? It's been done.

WILSON: No, I don't think so. It would cause too much conflict.

OUI: Do you still have a studio at your house?

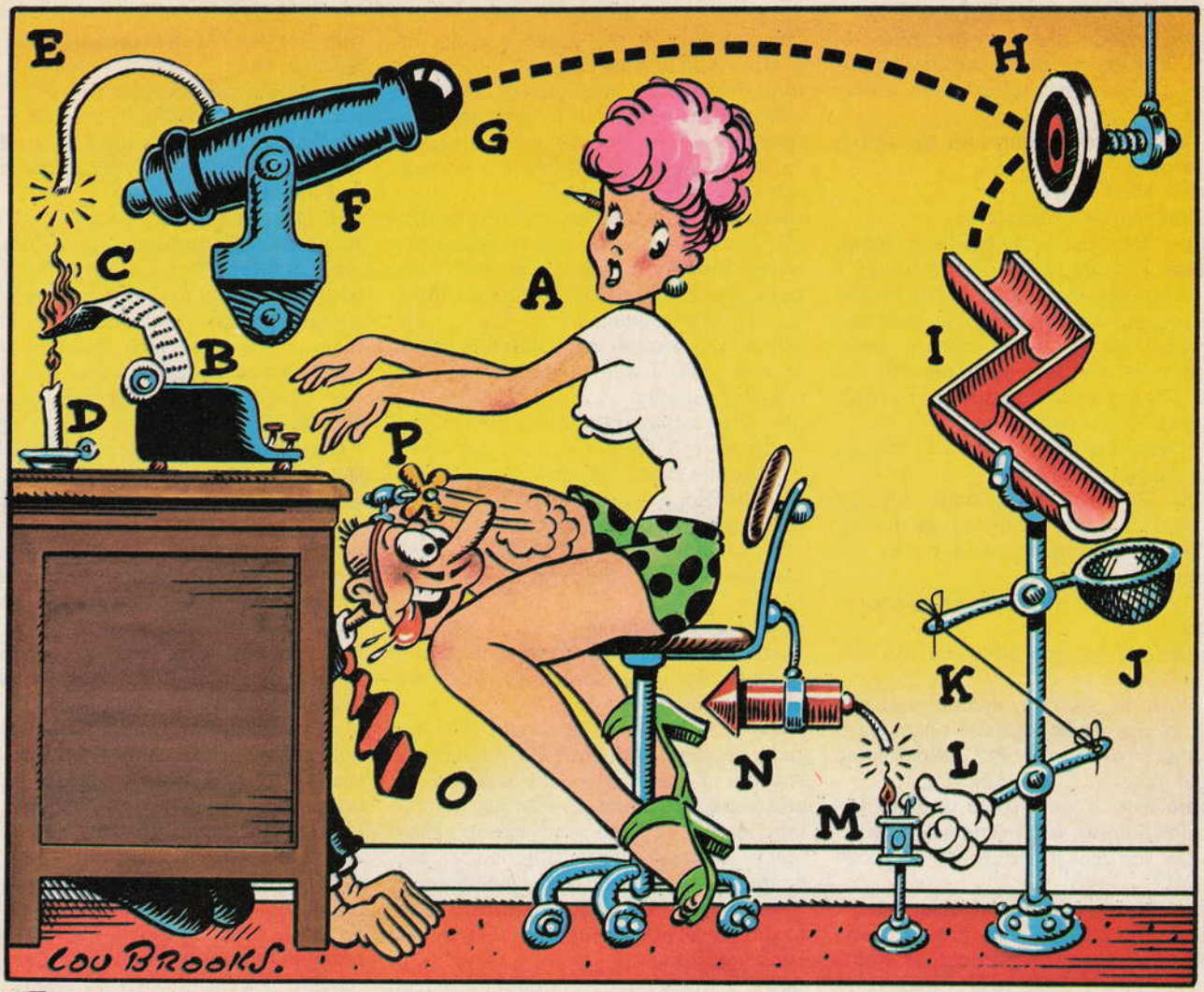
WILSON: No, we took it out years ago. But I'd like one again. I'd build a much more elaborate setup to experiment with instruments I've never used before. But I don't think I'll get one.

OUI: Why?

WILSON: My wife wanted it out in the first place. She said she had no privacy. People just kept coming up and making lunch and dinner and things like that. I didn't mind, but Marilyn couldn't stand it.

OUI: Can you work at Brother Studio?

DR. LUSTFUL'S PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL SUCCESS



THE BIG BOSS ASKS HIS GAL FRIDAY TO WORK OVERTIME....AND SHE SHOWS US HOW NOT TO BE A CLOCK WATCHER: OFFICE PET (A) PECKS AWAY AT TYPEWRITER (B), CAUSING PAPER (C) EVENTUALLY TO REACH CANDLE (D). AS PAPER BURSTS INTO FLAME, FUSE (E) OF CANNON (F) IS IGNITED, CAUSING CANNON BALL (G) TO BOUNCE OFF TARGET (H) AND INTO TROUGH (I). CANNON BALL DROPS INTO STRAINER (J) WHICH PULLS ON STRING (K), CAUSING HAND (L) TO STRIKE LIGHTER (M), WHICH IGNITES FUSE OF ROCKET (N). ROCKET PROPELS TASTY TYPIST FORWARD INTO FACE OF LECHEROUS EMPLOYER (O) AND, AT THE SAME TIME, BATTERY-POWERED FAN (P) ON HEAD HONCHO'S DOME BLOWS BACK HER SKIRT FOR THE SAKE OF NEATNESS. AFTERWARD SHE WINS FREE TRIP WITH BOSS TO JAMAICA.

BRIAN WILSON *Records aren't as good as they used to be. There're too many producers and artists and they're all out for money. Business has gotten totally mercenary. There's very little art left.*

WILSON: I don't like the atmosphere in Santa Monica as much as the atmosphere at a home recording studio. Home is better.

OUI: Will you ever tour with the Beach Boys again?

WILSON: No, I won't.

OUI: Had you ever planned to?

WILSON: Yes, but I changed my mind, because I really don't like touring. I don't like playing dates. I don't miss sweating onstage or being away from my wife. And I'm not cut out for touring. Besides, I'm just not made for the stage. I'm overweight and my voice isn't as powerful as it used to be.

OUI: If you don't tour, what will you do while the band's away?

WILSON: I'll write songs, work out, jog and stuff. I'll also probably go to the studio to make background tracks for the next album.

OUI: What's the next album going to be like?

WILSON: We haven't discussed the format of it yet.

OUI: With the group away and you tinkering in the studio, wouldn't you have the same situation that *Pet Sounds* came out of?

WILSON: Yes. I could come up with another *Pet Sounds*, and I very well may.

OUI: Do you feel it's necessary to prove yourself?

WILSON: Not as much as it used to be. I used to think I had to prove I was a singer or a good producer or whatever. But now I don't really need to do that at all. I don't have very much to prove.

OUI: What changed your mind?

WILSON: Well, a lot of the great talents of our time have really boggled my mind and have really got me to a point where I don't think I have as much to offer as I used to. So I think of myself as secondary in the talent department.

OUI: Do you really think you're secondary or is it——

WILSON: Just easier to say that? Yeah, it's probably easier. Yeah, I think you're right. I would like to record again, I really would, but I would like to do some simple tunes that explain where the group's at.

OUI: Who are the great talents in the music business now?

WILSON: I think they are Danny Hutton as a singer, Berry Gordy as a record executive and Phil Spector as a producer.

OUI: Danny's a close friend of yours, isn't he?

WILSON: Yes. I like him. I think he's a good singer. He quit Three Dog Night, and he's going on his own. I think it's a good move for him. It means freedom from touring. It will make it easier on his life. And his health.

OUI: *Pet Sounds* symbolized innocence becoming worldly and it appeared at a time when everyone was losing his innocence. What do you think is a comparable perception for now?

WILSON: I think possibly utilizing similar *Pet Sounds* concepts and changing the lyrics. Finding a new lyrics writer, the right guy for the new perception. I think Van Dyke's the man.

OUI: So you want to work with him again.

WILSON: Yes, I want to very much. We talk about it a lot.

OUI: Was it thought at one time that his lyrics were a bit too esoteric for some of the other Beach Boys?

WILSON: No.

OUI: Probably there are a lot of people who would like to team up with you.

WILSON: Yes. Do the boys at OUI write lyrics?

OUI: Some of them do.

WILSON: Do they want to work with me? Maybe we can, sometime. Are we almost through?

OUI: Almost. But what would the attitude, the tone, of the new *Pet Sounds* be?

WILSON: I think it would take on an attitude of freedom; an attitude of saying something and not caring what you're saying. Also a little bit of the country spirit. A little bit for democracy. There should be some American spirit in the lyrics. Something to pull everyone back together.

OUI: *Pet Sounds* had a considerable effect both on your life and the world of music. Would you do it all over again if it meant you had to spend the next 11 years in your room?

WILSON: I sure *would* do it, man. I mean, *I* wouldn't resist. If I had the chance to go in and really create another *Pet Sounds*, I'd do it. Shit, yes, I would.

OUI: Even knowing it might repeat the problems of the past ten years?

WILSON: That's right!

OUI: What do you see as your next big thing?

WILSON: My next big thing is probably going to be writing about meditation.

OUI: Capitalizing on the new-consciousness wave?

WILSON: Yes.

OUI: Like est? Has it helped your brother Carl?

WILSON: Oh, immensely. It's opened him up. My wife's taken it, too, and it's opened her up. It was a really great experience for them.

OUI: They talk a lot about it?

WILSON: Yeah.

OUI: But you haven't taken it?

WILSON: No.

OUI: Would you consider est?

WILSON: No, I wouldn't, because I have meditation and that's all I need. But I think est is good. Anything that opens you to life is good.

OUI: Does that include drugs?

WILSON: Yes, they open you to life to a point and then they close you. So you've got to be careful to find that point where it starts to close and then stop taking them. Transcendental Meditation is working well for me. I'm more energetic.

OUI: How long have you been doing it?

WILSON: Since 1968, but then I stopped. I came back to it about a half year ago.

OUI: Why did you stop?

WILSON: Because I got tired of it. I was getting to the point where there was no peace. You need a quiet environment for TM; you need almost absolute quiet to get it done. I couldn't do it around here, because there was just too much noise: kids, family, telephones ringing and everything. Just too many distractions.

OUI: You also devoured a lot of reading material while searching for the answer.

WILSON: Yes. A friend turned me on to books at Pickwick Bookshops. He thought Pickwick was the answer. It taught me a lot, but was ultimately confusing, because I started reading too many books. If I'd stuck with just a few, I'd have been all right, but I read so many authors it got crazy. So I stopped reading. I went through a thing of having too many paths to choose from and of wanting to do everything and not being able to do it all.

OUI: What about your dabblings in astrology?

WILSON: Astrology is a science. I think it works. I've seen instances where people have done my chart and they told me, "You're going to have conflict with this person" and it turns out to be true every time. I've seen predictions come true too many times.

OUI: Are you still into it?

WILSON: No. I don't follow it myself.

OUI: What do you think of the music business today? Is it better or worse than it used to be?

WILSON: I think it's gotten worse. I think the quality of records has gotten worse. The records aren't as good as they used to be. There're too many producers and artists and they're all out for money. Business has gotten totally mercenary. There's very little art left.

OUI: What can you do to change that?

WILSON: I think I can still make art records. I have an obligation to make art records. I know that's what started

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ALFIE
LET ME GO TO HIM
I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER
EVERYBODY'S OUT OF TOWN
I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN
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THE YEARS OF MY YOUTH
SEA AND SKY
SWEET GINGERBREAD MAN
ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME

13 MR. EXCITEMENT–THE BEST OF TOM JONES
IT'S NOT UNUSUAL
I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN
LOVE ME TONIGHT
DETROIT CITY
FUNNY FAMILIAR FORGOTTEN FEELING
HELP YOURSELF
SHE'S A LADY
WITHOUT LOVE
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GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME
DELILAH
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THE FRIENDSHIP TRAIN

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IN THE GHETTO
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ALL SHOOK UP
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME
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BRIAN WILSON *I'm going to make records my way. I'm in control and can handle things better. I'm going to grow from this album and take it right into the next, which will be another "Pet Sounds."*

people thinking that I was an eccentric genius and all, but I think more good art records would help the industry immensely.

OUI: Can you handle the pressure?

WILSON: Sure I can handle it. I'm going to make records my way. I'm more in control and can handle things better. Obviously the new album is an indication that I'm back. I'm going to grow from this album and take it right into the next, which will be another *Pet Sounds*.

OUI: What about the rest of the Beach Boys? How do you feel about them?

WILSON: Each has a different thing to offer. For instance, Al Jardine has a country sort of thing to offer. Mike Love has a white-pop kind of voice. Carl is R&B and Dennis is blues. I'm white pop. I think the key to our success is the rotation of the leads.

OUI: How about a personal observation?

WILSON: OK. Love has a lot of ego and plans a lot for the group. He's a planner, and I'm amazed at his ability to plan. And I'm amazed at Carl's ability to sing. Dennis' ability to sing is amazing, too. And Al Jardine is, uh, fantastic as an entertainer!

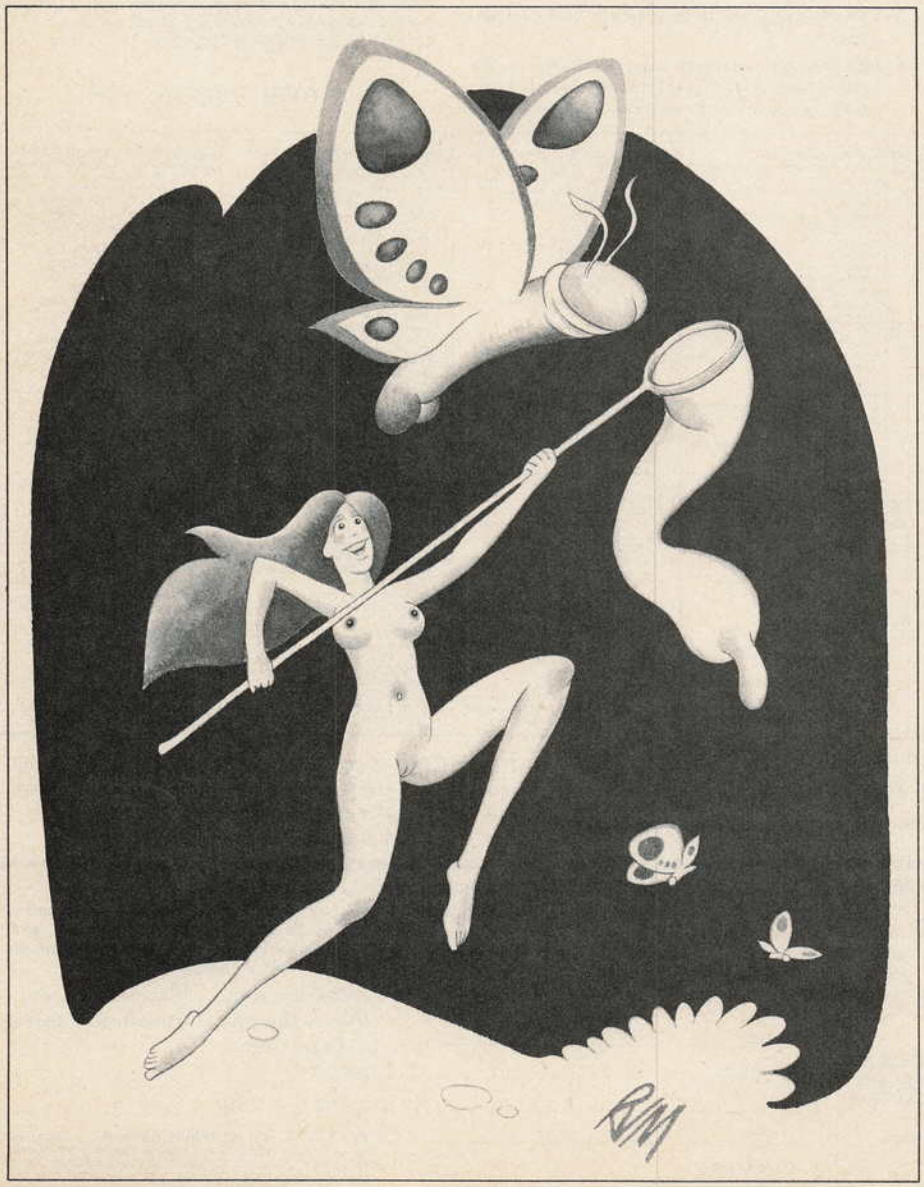
OUI: How do you think your brothers have handled things over the past ten years?

WILSON: I think they did it very awkwardly for a while. But then they smoothed out when they got into meditation. See, meditation smooths everything out. It smooths out your life.

OUI: Do you think you understand yourself?

WILSON: No. I don't understand myself. That's why I have a doctor.

OUI: What is understanding oneself to you?



WILSON: Understanding yourself is being able to accept yourself for what you're doing and not going through the hassles every time you make a decision by saying to yourself, "I shouldn't have made that decision." Understanding yourself is being able to give yourself a pat on the back and I'm not able to do that yet. But I want to be able to.

OUI: Are interviews part of the doctor's program?

WILSON: Yes.

OUI: Did you want to do them?

WILSON: No. I resisted at first, but now I think they're very provocative and stimulating. And each one is different.

OUI: Many artists feel they're best represented by their music and that interviewers often probe too deeply into their personal lives. Do you agree?

WILSON: What interviewers ask is perfect. Interviews are for publicity.

OUI: Do you ever find yourself just saying what people want to hear?

WILSON: Yes. I think so.

OUI: You finally surfed after all these years.

WILSON: Yes, it was during the shooting of our television special. Some cops arrested me for not surfing and then took me into the water with my surfboard.

OUI: Did you like it?

WILSON: Well, it was frightening and I fell off twice, but I'm going to go out soon and try it again.

OUI: Was it anything like the stories Dennis used to tell you?

WILSON: Oh, yes. I've sort of got a feel for it now. It's like what I thought: a raucous motion of the waves and the board bobbing up and down. Motion.

OUI: Will any songs come out of it?

WILSON: Mmmm. Maybe.

OUI: What do you want to do in life now?

WILSON: I want to become an athlete of great stature. My father was a very dynamic person and he created the winner attitude in me.

OUI: What sport?

WILSON: Baseball. And, I used to be a quarterback, once.

OUI: Do you think it's really possible for you to become a great athlete?

WILSON: Very possible and I'm going to pursue it. I just may go out for sports. I'm going to practice.

OUI: Pro?

WILSON: Yes.

OUI: At 34 aren't you a little old? And what about the music?

WILSON: I don't think I'm too old, and I'd have time for the music, too.

OUI: Good luck!

WILSON: Can you get me some uppers now? ▣

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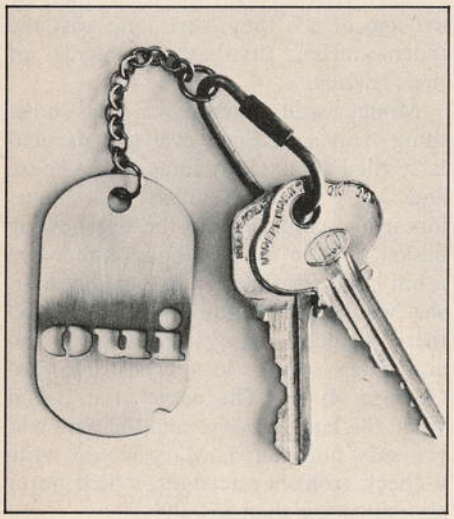

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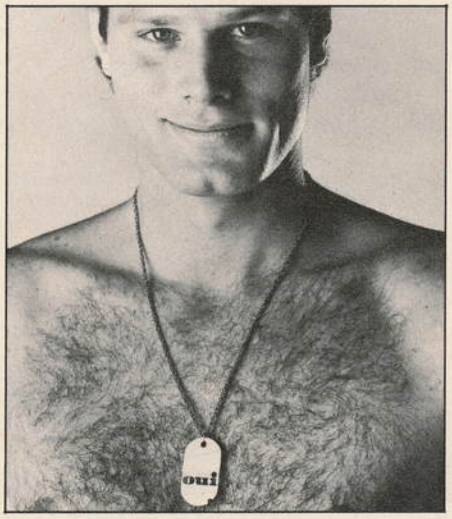

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031

THE FAMILY THAT FELL TO EARTH *Amy and Eben seemed reminiscent of the pubescent characters in Victorian pornography—sister and brother who had gone a turn with each other.*

(Continued from page 142) summer day in 1969, Howard Gossage died of leukemia. He was 51. For a year, he had made the process of dying a wry anecdote; he had saved his friends and family from his sweat, kept his pants pressed in the trench. "Tell Me, Doctor, Will I Be Active Right Up to the Last?" he had titled an essay for the *Atlantic Monthly*. The friends of Howard Gossage took a prop plane north from San Francisco and, with all the ceremony due a sage, spilled his ashes over Sir Francis Drake Bay.

"Howard was a Christer," Gerry Feigen, his partner, doctor and close friend, told a *Newsweek* reporter over five years later, a week after Amy was murdered. "He really wanted to make the world better, but he didn't want to get caught at it. The problem is that when you play God, you better play it with other gods, because, inevitably, a devil shows up."

Amy and Eben, the children he left behind, were created for one-shot flash. When he separated them from the self-sustaining, march-along tempo of the middle class, he joined them to that ineffable mixture of arrogance and style that, at least in the Sixties, was almost sure to give them a moment on the map.

By the time of their father's death, Amy and Eben seemed to have mastered any adolescent problems concerning school, sex and money. Academically they were only slightly above average, yet each was gifted with an unself-conscious sense of superiority that played havoc with the hierarchic assumptions of teacher, student, rows of desks.

"They weren't loud or brash or rude or obnoxious," recalls one of their teachers, "yet they totally disrupted the class. They were somehow able to manipulate the undercurrents, the moods. It was strange—almost like sitting in a room with a television on and trying to talk to someone and slowly, helplessly, having your eyes drawn back to the set."

Neither Amy nor Eben finished high school; in some barely conscious state, they simply drifted away. School? Oh, *school*. It must have slipped their minds.

Susan Regalia, a childhood friend, remembered the afternoon when she, Amy (nine) and Eben (ten) were clowning in an upstairs room of the Gossage house and, through the back window, Amy spotted a couple making love. Susan tells of her own bewilderment and vague sense of fear and of how Amy and Eben caught each other's eyes; a "kind of wave" passed over them, she says, as if they had immediately apprehended the totality of the secret.

Even when they had barely begun their physical transformation, Amy and Eben seemed reminiscent of the pubescent characters in Victorian pornography—sister and brother who had gone a turn with each other, as well as with the maid, butler and a line-up of their parents' friends, with the result that, by the age of 15, they were long past the touchie-feelie, first-base problems of their friends.

Money, well, money was not something Amy and Eben ever got particularly riled about. Bills came to the house and Mary Gossage sailed their envelopes, like confetti, into the overflowing basket kept in the vestibule. And when a bill collector finally came to the door, she would invite him in for tea, and there would be Amy laughing at him and Eben saying, in his best Howard Gossage voice, "The nerve of it." And when the lark was over and the man was properly humiliated, Mary would write a check from her account, which never contained less than $75,000.

Wendy Regalia raised her children next door to the Pacific Heights house in which Amy and Eben grew up. "Every other kid at fourteen or fifteen is awkward and frightened, but Amy and Eben were beautiful and self-confident," she says. They just absorbed all the crazy stuff that was happening in town. I loved them—you couldn't help but love them—but I was scared for my own children. Amy and Eben could lead them anywhere. Their whole personalities spoke of sex and confidence

"If God had meant us to fly,
He would have given us tickets."

and deep secrets between them, and there was a strange way they could control me just by their presence, as if they knew, somehow, what it was all about."

But there is also the possibility that they knew nothing at all, that they lived in and for the moment—with no sense of past and future or cause and effect—which is to say they were truly innocent, product without process, sophisticated without sophistication.

•

A year after Amy's death, a chorus of older men and teenage boys yet to grow sideburns, all claimed to have known her best, to have been her best friend, last lover, only real love. Many produced photographs of the beautiful, fragile, lissome girl, and they were right to say that she looked radiant, provocative, in love. They spoke of her hands, her arms, something bright in her face, in her eyes, something come-a-little-closer in her voice, a compelling aura about her that made you want to stay near lest you miss her next move. A Zelda, she was called; a Scarlett; a young Jackie Bouvier.

Even the anecdotes support her reputation for deep beguile:

Such as the time Amy, at the age of 15, led Susan Regalia on a hitchhike upstate, for the whim of it, to go swimming in Sacramento. In a pond, on the outskirts of the city, the two nymphs skinny-dipped until a passing trooper stopped and demanded that they come ashore and "get decent." Susan, glum and abashed, waded out of the water, covered up and surrendered. Amy swam to the far side of the pond and stood on a rock, naked, arms on hips, hailing laughter and epithets across the water.

Or the night she and several friends dropped by one of the strip joints on Broadway in North Beach, at an hour when the dancers were unusually beat. Amy suddenly picked up her coat to go—and, as abruptly, threw it down, started to dance on top of her table and then, to the cheers and stomping of the audience, casually lifted off her halter top, shimmied out of her pants and brought down the house.

Or the time she took off for Paris saying she would be back the following day. After a morning of shopping, she selected a designer dress, then caught a cab to the airport. Riding through the city streets, she changed into her new dress and let the one she was wearing flutter out the taxi window. But on the flight to Kennedy—she had planned to spend the evening with a friend in New York—she caught a pat of butter in her lap and so stayed in New York

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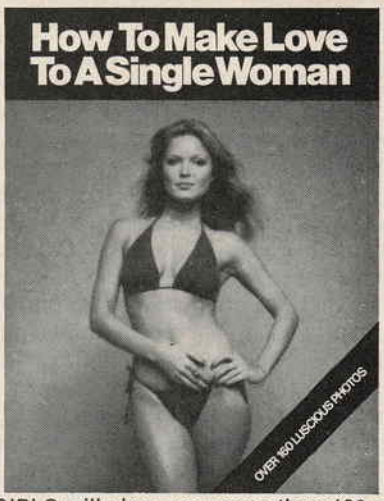

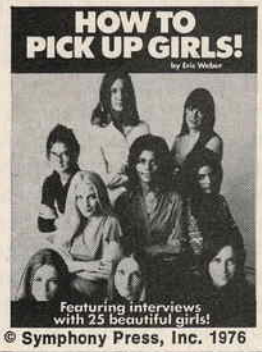

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THE FAMILY THAT FELL TO EARTH *Amy, 15 years old, accomplished what a legion of groupies had not: She got Graham Nash, at the height of his career, to fall all over her.*

only long enough to catch the next flight back to Paris to have a new dress made. Indeed, the day she died, the police found the two nearly identical dresses, one stained, hanging side by side from the antique chandelier in her apartment.

When she still lived in her mother's Victorian house near Golden Gate, Amy spent her afternoons drinking Coke and orange-pekoe tea at the Caffè Trieste. For Amy, that was graduation from the sloppy, snotty, teeny-bopping excesses of the Haight to the more serious, more classic, more churlish manner of hippiedom. North Beach proved to be her ideal territory: She had tea at the Trieste; lunch at the U. S. Restaurant, a storefront diner of which the decor was oil and vinegar and catsup and grated mozzarella; and drinks at Enrico's, a stylish sidewalk café where she could work up a tab as high as $3000.

"The Trieste and all North Beach routines were getting to be sort of a drag—tired blood, if you know what I mean—but Amy was sort of a rev. Like: Aha, that's it; that's the snort that'll get us going again," a boy who knew her in the early days remembers.

One afternoon, before Amy had turned 16, she sat with several friends over martinis at a sidewalk table at Enrico's. A private party was going on inside, and each time she glanced toward it, a handsome, stylish man in his late 20s stared back at her. When her friends suggested that she blow his mind by sending him a drink, she agreed. The man smoothed back his hair, loosened his shirt collar, walked outside to her table, stuttered and shuffled his thanks and then, to the giggles of her retinue, asked her if she'd like to join him. "We all thought he was a nit," said one of the girls, "and we thought that Amy thought he was a nit, so we were as surprised as he was when she said, 'Sure. Why not?' She just had this way of sensing when something out of the ordinary was up."

So Amy, 15 years old, going eyeball to eyeball until the other person blinked, accomplished what a legion of groupies had not accomplished: She got Graham Nash, at the height of his career, perhaps at that moment the leading personality in all of rock, to fall all over her.

"It's no news that a would-be Lolita might catch a screw from a rock-'n'-roll star, but, I tell you, this little girl went way beyond that," says one Crosby, Stills and Nash roadie. "She could dangle him, control him, inspire him and, in the same breath, disdain him and splatter his emotions at every turn. And she was this little girl—I mean, when you got down to the bottom line, she was Marlboros and training bras and bad pot and teenage epithets like 'What a jerk'—and yet you could never get to the bottom of her. There was something in her, like that old trick of the single frame in a feature film that subconsciously draws you to the soda machine."

Graham and Amy were together, intermittently, for three years. Some friends would remember Nash as Amy's outstanding coup; others would say that he was just something for her *en passant*.

•

In a first glance at Eben, you caught the sharp cut of his hair, the dark tar on his index finger, his cigarette held nervously, the patches of acne high on his cheeks, and you marked him for an old-fashioned hood; you looked again and you saw his collar cocked up, his sleeves squared off below the elbow, his top two buttons undone casually, his mouth poised as if a nipple had been pulled from his lips, and the penitentiary uniform became a denim jump suit and nothing was missing but the scarf and a windy day for him to take his place with Apollinaire and Rimbaud.

"You know," he begins, stabbing the cigarette at the air, "sometimes I was the biggest punk in North Beach, but at other times I was Mr. Ace Gentleman, and that drove people crazy over me."

Eben's glands *do* seem to be different; you sense that there are no portentous images of masculinity to root him down. There are no ideas whatsoever to hold him down; he will accept anything and believe nothing. He has gone to the extremes of his, or anyone's, generation, yet he seems—no, *is*—as innocent as a boyhood friend. He is wholly original yet entirely predictable: He becomes what you want him to be a moment before the image sets in your head.

"You should say how much they loved me," he says, crushing the cigarette. "Say also that I couldn't have cared less."

As Amy made, through her innocence, an irresistible potion of sex, Eben, through his blissful ignorance of cause and effect, made an equally compelling use of money.

There was the Land Rover he bought and furnished with beds of wolf and fox skins in which he and his infatuated circle of friends from Pacific Heights and North Beach would drive up the coast to Mendocino and Stimpson Beach. There they would have great, long-remembered parties fueled by the camp concoction of muscatel and Château Lafite. And there was the high-grade opium smoked over long afternoons in Sausalito at The Trident, the Côte Basque of hippie restaurants. And tours through San Francisco pawn shops, where Eben would slip into his mean eyes and wheel and jive and get a street price for suitcase-size transistor radios.

There are few of his old friends who do not remember—and there is a touch of wistfulness to the memory—the six weeks during which he spent $25,000. The binge involved the garden suite at the Mark Hopkins—about the most expensive rooms in town; a multithousand-dollar stereo setup; endless calls to room service; nighttime trips through the Mission district and the pawn shops; and morning flights to the offices of The Investment Company of America in Los Angeles to pick up the day's $1000. It was a long, crazy party, and it gained some added lore when the Mark finally said get out to Eben and he moved the whole show to the Hyatt Hotel in Union Square.

"A toast," says a boy who used to hang out with Eben. "Gimme a nice mellow tone for old Eben, a guy who knew how to shove a hot poker up this city's heavy ass."

•

The story moves quickly now. Things fall apart.

Amy and Eben, as they appeared to embody debtless freedom, suggested to many, through the early Seventies, the illusory appeal of youth in San Francisco. Yet, if their father's formula was right, they were to peak and get off the set. Instead, they held on a while too long and so floundered, lost their grace, showed their seams and generally began to prove an embarrassment to the tenets of slick.

By the summer of 1973, time was outstripping them: San Francisco was in the retrenchment of a once easily amused upper middle class. Friends who had once loyally followed Amy's and Eben's escapades were now back in school or looking for jobs or settling in for a long, uninspired haul to their own individual futures.

For Eben, moreover, the money—the paternal umbilical cord—was growing thin. He began to keep track of his finances and discovered that the legacy of his father was not inexhaustible. He sacrificed the best suite in town for a smaller one, and then that for what was merely an expensive room. He was bargaining with a devil that had promised only one wish. The trips to the pawn shops became something more than a lark—something approaching business—

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THE FAMILY THAT FELL TO EARTH *Eben yelled at Amy for her older men; Amy screeched at Eben for his addiction; and both asked what Daddy would say if he could see them now.*

and his impish involvement with risky drugs was becoming addiction.

For 18-year-old Amy, age was settling in. Her face lost its childlike quality. Earlier she had shrugged off her affair with Graham Nash, but she now began to talk of "catching" him; she became the perfumy secretary after her boss. And soon enough Nash had all but dropped her.

Both Amy and Eben became aware that what had once been their mother's mellow high was developing into a desultory alcoholism.

Where once they had largely gone their separate ways—turned, in a manner, their separate tricks—now, more and more, they locked themselves together. They began, a friend recalls, to play only to each other, as if no outsider could really understand. "They used to walk and walk, in and out of the Trieste and Enrico's and the City Lights bookstore and up around Coit Tower. It was a kind of pacing, back and forth. And if something came up—an idea someone else had to go for a drink here, a day trip there—each would have to consult the other." A kind of dotage.

And yet, they tried and tried for a comeback.

Amy, at the Trieste, became a butterfly flirt, trilling around 35-year-old men in styled hair and leisure suits, who would smile at her nervous effusions and then run a finger across her skin.

And Eben, trapped by his dependency on heroin, moved to fourth-rate hotels and then to rooming houses and began, in a panic, to forge checks on his mother's account. Protected by her bleary alcoholism, Eben wrote $7000 worth, until finally his uncle, always disapproving of his sister's children, persuaded Mary—by now nearly incompetent—to press charges.

So Eben went to prison, and Amy promised to use the nine months to plan, to figure out how they might get free of this town of their father's that was done with them.

•

While Eben was in jail, Mary Gossage died of cirrhosis or (the coroner is vague) a fatal combination of gin and barbiturates. Amy leased her mother's house and moved back up to North Beach. With her brother in jail, her mother a month dead, her father dead for five years and most of her friends gone, she herself became as languorous as the Trieste.

She became involved with a long string of older men, whose money, cocaine and fatherly protection she needed. In November 1974, when Eben got out of prison, he found his sister involved with a wealthy 50-year-old guru/businessman with graying monk-cut hair, a silver cross on a chain around his neck, a Bible in one of his hands, a joint in the other, and easy pieties supported by a large portfolio of investments.

Eben took an apartment nearby and told what few friends he had left that he had given up Amy for a beautiful woman named Lisa. It was Amy who learned that Lisa meant heroin.

"We are in danger, I know that," she wrote to a friend in New York. "Everything we have ever had is nothing now. I feel caught in my own doom, and Eben is caught in his."

Through the month of December, they didn't talk; they screamed. Each accused the other of doing nothing, of decadence. Eben yelled at Amy for her older men; Amy screeched at Eben for his addiction; and both, in these mad, surreal fights, asked what Daddy would say if he could see them now. They went on and on through half the night, until, in tears, they hugged each other, held tight and swayed back and forth.

January was a good month. Amy got out the atlas and together, though Eben was jittery without a fix, they searched the maps for somewhere they could go to live. They settled on Spain—they thought of a small villa near Majorca—and decided to sell their mother's house.

"But they could never do it," says Susan Regalia, one of the few friends who stuck by them. "Each time one was ready, the other said wait a bit. They really wanted only to be in San Francisco—but to have fun again. First Eben would find a girl who, for a night, was impressed by him. Then Amy couldn't break from the strange guy she was seeing—from his money, his coke, his protection.

"Now, looking back, I understand that by then there was no way out for them."

Still, despite the screaming and crying that resumed in early February, a date was set: the 13th.

•

Susan remembers catching the headlines on the afternoon paper of Thursday the 13th and thinking—with some mirth, in fact—that Amy and Eben were up to their old tricks again: a grand goof that would get the town mad as hell. However, as the news filtered through the Caffè Trieste in bits and pieces, the young regulars began to empty out into the street and mill around the corner of Columbus and Vallejo, waiting for more information. By three o'clock, the newsmen were at city jail, looking for a statement, and Eben, in the booking lobby, was staring at the pale-green floor, saying, "I'm the last one, the last one. I've lost everyone," and offering his dazed, makeshift story of a dealer to whom he and Amy had owed $20,000 and who therefore took revenge. Eben's tale went out over the wires. But soon the police uncovered the murder weapons—the bloody claw hammer and scissors—in a cardboard box tucked under the back porch of Eben's flat.

Early that morning, the morning of their journey, Eben later admitted, he had walked the few blocks from his place on Montgomery Street, past the old firehouse where Howard used to be, up to Amy's place—cramped with stuffed animals, baskets of dried flowers, her mother's wedding dress hanging from the ceiling—on the corner of Vallejo and Kearny. He woke Amy, and she pulled a sheet around her shoulders. Eben apologized for the fight of the night before—for the rambling, incoherent accusations of self-destructiveness. Amy nodded and said she had the money for their flight; she moved in the bed, sat up and let her feet dangle over the side.

She looked at Eben: "Do you really think you'll become a brand-new person by moving to Spain?"

"As new as you will," he said, sitting down at the foot of the bed.

"Once a junkie, always a junkie."

"And so what about you, an old man's whore?"

This argument was no different from the last one.

"At least I have my art," she returned.

And Eben, haughtily gazing at the half-finished pencil sketches and oils around the room, coolly remarked, "What art? I don't see any art." And she picked up a hammer from the bedside table and charged him.

"I tried to get her off of me," he testified later. "She stayed on top of me, and every time I pushed her off, she scooted back on top. At first I just asked what she thought she was doing, and I ended up begging her to stop. She said she was going to stab my eyes out. She was yelling. She was screaming."

And Eben swung the hammer, still in Amy's hand, back to Amy's head, which it crushed. And then he punished his dead sister for dying, with a scissors, which he stabbed and stabbed through her chest and neck.

Although the jury would find Eben guilty, it could as easily have been Eben dead and Amy convicted—each, through the rootless, Day-Glo bloodline of their father, as guilty as the other of being innocent. ▣

THE BIORHYTHM METHOD *I offer to give her a startling display.*

(Continued from page 98) louder and developing a somewhat accusing tone. "And now you're looking for an article on—what did you say?"

"Biorhythm," I say quietly.

"Biorhythm," she echoes.

She says she'll check, and while I wait on hold, I start thinking. Why not ask Katey out as my first—er, how would you put it?—biorhythmic date? Although I've never seen her, she is very friendly. And she does have an incredibly sexy voice. True, it's possible that she could be a fairly sassy octogenarian, or for that matter, a seriously plump floozy of 23. Or married, with six kids hanging from each boob. She picks up the phone.

Katey reads me the article. Then, as a gesture of gratitude, I offer to give her a startling display of the miracle of biorhythm. It turns out she's a tangy 22 years old. I tell her what her biorhythms indicate and silently observe that her three rhythms will all be high toward the end of this week. Dare I ask?

"Listen," I begin nervously. "We've already known each other for at least seven phone calls now, and I was thinking that it might be fun to get together."

"Ah," she says, "I'm not really sure that's such a good idea. You see, well, it's like—lookit, the truth is, I think you're into some crazy things and I'm kind of frightened."

I begin to chortle helplessly. I've been called a lot of things during this incarnation, but spooky is not one of them.

I ask if she would feel more comfortable if I were more into the mundane, like if I were a salesman for garbage-disposal units. She says she gets my point, but would still like to think it over. I say I'll call in a week or two.

•

I call a not-by-choice platonic friend named Sheryll to wish her a happy birthday. She says I'm mistaken, that it's not her birthday. Actually, I never thought it *was* her birthday. This is simply a crafty method I've devised to find out when her birthday is. Why, you ask, don't I just come out and ask Sheryll her birth date? Because Sheryll would automatically assume I was curious about her astrological sign, which would automatically trigger a discussion about our horoscopes. What-sign-are-you conversations happen to be high on my list of boring things.

Anyhow, I find out Sheryll's birth date and do some lightning-fast dial setting on my biorhythm calculator. Biorhythmically speaking, she is intellectually out of it, but is flying high

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Barbi Benton's latest album on Playboy Records (and tapes).

physically and emotionally. I suggest we get together this evening. She says she can't because she has her Martha Graham dance class tonight. Either one or the other of us is busy for the next three evenings and in another two days, all of her rhythms will be in their down phases. So I suggest we get together after her class. She says she doesn't want to, since she'll be sweaty and exhausted and drained and she won't feel like doing much and doesn't know how to get to my apartment and would I please give her directions and says she'll see me around nine and is looking forward to it. I'd argue with her, but I don't know how.

Sheryll arrives a few minutes before nine. She looks every bit as motley as she promised. Which, for some reason, makes her look that much more sexy and sweet.

"Quick, turn on the TV," she says as soon as she steps through the door. "There's a Martha Graham dance concert on now. It's a whole big thing, and people from my school are in it."

I suggest she dance along with them. She does.

"Here's the whole basis of Martha Graham's technique," she says. "It's called pelvic contraction."

Sheryll stands and jauntily juts back her hips; then she comes out of the contraction just as quickly and very gracefully. You want to hear about provocative? My mind is starting to wander. But I have to come up with something that is uniquely physical and emotional.

"Would you like to take a walk by the river?" I suggest.

"How about a drink before we go?" she asks.

"How about bringing a bottle of wine with us?" I say. And we are off.

We stroll along the river and come to an old, no-longer-used wharf—a swell place for semiserious hanky-panky. We sit and sip some wine, the thick fog giving everything a delicate glisten. The scene is emotional enough for Sheryll's biorhythms. Now to throw some physical into it:

"Why don't you show me the rest of that dance?" I ask.

"What? Down here?" she says.

We hear a tugboat on the river. We can barely see it through the haze.

"Come here," says Sheryll.

I do and realize that she has her own ideas on how to be physical—which, come to think of it, are not entirely different from mine. I don't know if it's biorhythms or what, but something is working here. We walk back to my apartment—quite quickly, I might add.

•

There is a lady by the name of Lea whom I am dying to see. Lookswise, Lea puts to shame every woman I have ever been able to dream up in a steamy fantasy. As if that weren't enough, when we met, we hit it off so well that she had a very difficult time keeping her remarkably frisky tongue out of my mouth. That happened in a bar a few nights ago. She's a stewardess and had a flight early the next day—which, I luckily found out, was also her birthday.

How about this: Lea is very emotionally, very physically and very intellectually high. And she'll be that way for the next two days. All I have to do is see her soon and play my emotional, physical and intellectual cards right and my redheaded sweetheart will fall hopelessly in love with me. I get woozy with anticipation as I phone her.

We have a terrific conversation. I talk about everything emotional and everything physical and everything intellectual that I can think of. I toss in a few emotional-intellectual and physical-emotional and intellectual-physical bonus

CHART YOUR OWN BIORHYTHMS
First, you need a birth date

One of the appealing things about biorhythms is that—compared to TM, est, TA and Arica—it is a dirt-cheap route to psyche sleuthing. You can spend $9.95 for the Biomate or you can spend a few minutes to figure out your own biorhythms. Here's how to chart your biorhythms and to see what's in store for you, or someone you love or someone you want to love. Use this information wisely and you could revolutionize the fortune-cookie industry; use it foolishly and you could blow your fingers off.

Step one: Calculate the number of days you have been alive. To do this, multiply 365 by your age, add the number of days since your last birthday and then add one day for each leap year since your birth.

For example, let's say you were born on April 23, 1953, and today is December sixth:

365	days in a year
× 23	years old
8395	days since birth to last birthday
+ 227	days since last birthday
+ 6	leap years since birth
8628	total number of days alive

Step two: Now divide this figure by 23 for your physical cycle, by 28 for your emotional cycle and by 33 for your intellectual cycle. Formulate your answers in terms of a whole number and a remainder.

$$23\overline{)8628} = 375 \text{ with a remainder of } 3$$

This means you have lived through 375 full physical cycles, and you are three days into your 376th physical cycle.

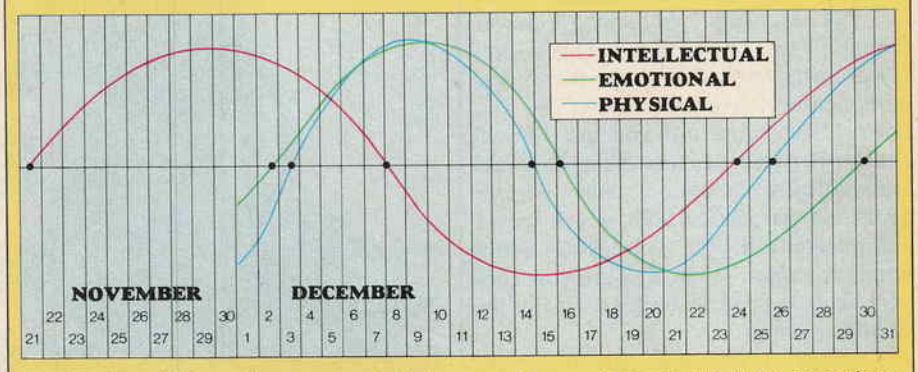
$$28\overline{)8628} = 308 \text{ with a remainder of } 4$$

You are on the fourth day of your 309th emotional cycle.

$$33\overline{)8628} = 261 \text{ with a remainder of } 15$$

You are on the 15th day of your 262nd intellectual cycle.

Step three: Plug these figures into a monthly chart such as the one illustrated below. Count back the days since your last full cycle (i.e., the remainder number) and begin a new cycle on that day. Draw a curve that rises from the median line at the beginning date, is highest a quarter way through the cycle and dips past the median line at mid-cycle. Continue this curve for the rest of the month. Backtrack to the previous month if you have to. Do this for each cycle.



Here's what all these lines mean: A high curve shows when you are likely to perform at the peak of a particular capability; a low curve indicates when that capability is going through a recharging period. You experience a critical day every time the curve crosses the median line. —L. F.

tidbits to make sure I'm sufficiently tantalizing. Lea begins talking about her panties. I'm on the right track.

The only emotional-intellectual-physical thing that I can offhandedly think of for us to do is to have a picnic lunch in Central Park. I ask if she can make it the day after tomorrow. I might have said I'll be delivering a cashier's check for $1,000,000 for the enthusiastic response I get. The day after tomorrow. Lea-the-Sex-Goddess. Biorhythms. Boy!

•

My conversation with Lea makes me fairly itchy and very horny. So when another platonic friend, named Melanie, calls and asks me to step out with her, I say sure. She has to drop off some stuff at a play rehearsal, so we hop on a bus.

I feel particularly charged this evening, sending off the right vibrations. (I wonder if this is due to my biorhythms; days later, I shall check and find out they showed nothing special.) So when we get to the theater and a gorgeous actress trots over and introduces herself, I figure—when you're up, fill your cup. Her name is Lauri, she has light-brown hair down to her pert little tush, and she's a very peppy person. Let's hear it for the control group.

"Would you mind going out for a walk with me?" Lauri asks. "We've been rehearsing for hours and my throat's dry. Maybe we can get a drink."

There are some nearby bars in the opposite direction from where I live, and we start to walk that way. In the course of small talk, it turns out that she is in her early 20s, is a struggling actress and singer, and is living with her folks because it's cheap.

"Doesn't living with your parents get kind of, well, *awkward* at times?" I casually ask.

"Oh, my folks are cool about my spending the night out," she says. "All I have to do is give them a call when I know I won't be home. Shall I phone them before it gets too late?"

Now, innocently asking a girl what it's like to live at home and then being told matter-of-factly that a romp in the sack is hunky-dory with her is like writing to Monty Hall for tickets and the next day receiving the jack pot behind Door Number Three.

We do a speedy about-face and find a phone booth on the way back to my place. While walking, she takes firm hold of my arm and is warm and cuddly. We get to my apartment, and she stands behind me and hugs and kisses me a lot. I offer her something to drink or smoke. She opts for the latter.

We begin necking on the couch and this leads to necking on the bed, which leads to frolics of a more serious nature, which—hey, presto—leads to:

"I'm not sure I want to get it on," Lauri edges in between a pant and a moan.

"What?" I say bemusedly.

"I said, 'I don't think it's such a good idea to get it on tonight,' " she says, still panting and moaning and very excited.

Talk about easy come, easy go!

I decide that my only chance is to get her moaning and panting and groaning so loudly that even she won't be able to hear what she is saying. This does not work, so I say, "Let's discuss it."

Lauri says she cannot explain her attitude change, that the hash has made her very confused. I don't want to push it, since I've never been able to do this without making things very ugly and in the end going to sleep very horny. We talk for a long while, and she tells me how mixed up she is and I believe her.

We snuggle and go to sleep and snuggle in our sleep and I give it the old college try again in the morning. More groaning and panting and thrusting of the hips and DO NOT PASS GO. I tell Lauri I think she's swell, but this kind of thing I don't need. She says she understands. I tell her to give me a call if she wants to get together after she figures out what's bothering her and how to deal with it.

Later that day, I get a call from Melanie. "I didn't know if I should have warned you last night," Melanie says in a concerned voice, "but it seems that Lauri has the clap."

Meanwhile, my scoreboard reads: Biorhythm—1; Control Group—0.

•

The system of biorhythm was developed in Europe at the end of the 19th Century. It was discovered at the same time as psychoanalysis, when European intellectuals were geared toward explaining everything in terms of simple underlying causes. The discoverers were two independent researchers, each largely unaware of the other's work, who spent years conducting comprehensive biorhythm studies and simultaneously came up with identical conclusions.

In Vienna, Dr. Hermann Swoboda meticulously recorded the onset of patients' diseases and heart attacks, and the recurrence of pain and tissue swelling. He soon uncovered regular patterns that occurred in specific 23- and 28-day cycles, which he was able to trace back to birth. Dr. Swoboda, professor of psychology at the University of Vienna, subsequently wrote four books and numerous papers on biorhythms. His study on the rhythmical spread of cancer is just now beginning to attract serious medical interest.

Since Swoboda was a psychologist, he was mainly interested in seeing if a person's changing moods and actions could be plotted and predicted. Swoboda

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summed up the results of his years of research when he wrote:

> We will no longer ask *why* man acts one way or another, because we have learned to recognize that his action is influenced by periodic changes and that man's reaction to an impression can be foreseen, or predicted, to use a stronger term. Such a psychoanalysis could be called bionomy, because, as in chemistry, where the researcher can anticipate the outcome of a formula, through bionomy, the psychologist can anticipate, or predict, so to speak, the periodic changes in man.

Some 300 miles away in Berlin, Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, a nose-and-throat specialist, member of the Berlin Board of Health and president of the Germanic Academy of Sciences, was analyzing his own curious observations. He noticed that, while some children exposed to contagious diseases will get sick immediately, others will not—but will succumb some time later. Fliess plotted patients' outbreak of fever, illness and death, and soon saw 23- and 28-day cycles emerge.

He felt that the 23-day cycle was masculine and regulated a person's physical capabilities, while the 28-day cycle was feminine and regulated a person's emotions. Fliess believed that each person possessed both these rhythms; hence, he thought, everyone was duosexual. (In fact, it was Wilhelm Fliess who planted the seeds for further thought on duosexuality in the mind of his close friend and patient, Sigmund Freud.) Now, the one bodily cycle that we know for sure exists is the menstrual cycle. Yet even this cycle varies widely. Fliess attributed these variations to the combined effects of the 23- and 28-day rhythms on the menstrual cycle.

The third biorhythm, the intellectual rhythm, was discovered in the Twenties by a doctor of engineering who was also an Innsbruck high school teacher. Alfred Teltscher wondered why test scores varied so greatly among students of the same intellectual capacities. He collected information on high school and college students' exam scores and correlated the students' performance with their birth dates. He saw a definite pattern: A person's ability to grasp new ideas and to think clearly varies throughout a 33-day cycle.

•

Today is the day I shall see Lea, the biorhythmically ripe, redheaded bombshell. Lea said she'd meet me at my apartment around noon. She also said that she had a flight to catch at noon the following day, so she would have to get up early. Why would she tell me this unless she's going to stay all night?

Noon passes and one o'clock comes along and still no Lea, no sumptuous dreamboat. I phone her. There's no answer. This does not make me happy. That evening I call and ask where she was. She discusses her panties some more and says she forgot.

Biorhythms—1; Control Group—0; Lea—1.

•

I meet with Bernard Gittelson, who is one of the foremost authorities on biorhythm in this country. He is president of Biorhythm Computers, Inc., a firm that uses computers to chart a person's rhythms, and is the author of *Biorhythm: A Personal Science*. Gittelson is also the inventor of computerized astrology, although he now believes astrology is hokum.

I begin our conversation by saying, "Hi, how are you?"

"I'm having a critical day," Gittelson dryly replies. "I check my biorhythms every morning when I wake up. Knowing my biorhythms means I'm going to be forewarned as to my own predispositions on any given day. Today I'm having a physically critical day, so I'll be extra careful driving my car; I won't even turn on my car radio, so I can give full attention to driving.

"Now understand that I welcome skepticism. I don't think anyone should accept any theory willy-nilly. People should thoroughly examine this system. Eventually, when enough people realize that biorhythm works, they'll begin to use it. Remember that 40 years ago, most psychiatrists would have nothing to do with chemotherapy. Today, the average psychiatrist will give you a Valium as soon as you step through the door. But that took 40 years.

"True, we don't have the scientific evidence for biorhythm, but what difference should that make? We don't even understand how aspirin works."

•

I phone Katey (who, you will remember, works at one of the newsmagazines). After a little chitchat I suggest a date for the following week, when her rhythms are due for a double high. She says she'll be going on vacation in a few days and asks, "How about this evening?" Her rhythms indicate she'll be in seventh heaven intellectually and low physically and emotionally. I have no idea what she looks or acts like, so at

this point I'm not going to be fussy about her biorhythms.

I suggest we meet midway between her office and my apartment on a street corner, which is about the least-threatening place—for each of us—that I can think of. We give each other vague descriptions of how we look so we'll be able to recognize each other and because it's a terrific tease. Thin, long brown hair, slender legs, known to attract a wayward eye. So far, so good.

I show up for our rendezvous 20 minutes late. A woman who fits the vague description Katey gave of herself is waiting impatiently. Given the wackiness of the situation—that is, all things considered—she is cute. All things not considered, she is decent.

"Katey?"

"Lee?"

It's her.

It is one scorcher of an evening, and we decide on some gin and tonics at my place. On the way back, we chat about a lot of things. Apropos of absolutely nothing short of her peaking intellectual rhythm, I ask who some of her favorite philosophers are. She looks at me strangely. I decide to ease up on this approach for the time being.

Back at my apartment, we talk some more. Somewhere in the middle of conversation, she says she's exhausted. This is what her biorhythms indicate.

"And have you felt emotionally drained all day, too?" I ask.

"Yes," she says. "What made you pick up on that?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," I say. Now I'm getting someplace. I decide to make my big move:

"Would you like to play a game of chess?"

I notice perhaps a glint of naughtiness in her eye. Perhaps not.

I whip out my chessboard and we arrange our pieces. She moves first and coyly positions her pawn in front of my bishop. An unexpected move, indeed. I appraise the situation. We make slow, deliberate, self-conscious advances in the beginning, then quicken our pace to the natural beat of the game. She moves with ease. She knows what she's doing and she knows how to play me. A hole soon appears in the defense she has now relinquished. I plunge my rook forward.

Checkmate.

•

Dr. Colin Pittendrigh, a Stanford University biological sciences professor and one of the nation's most noted authorities on biological rhythms, speaks the mind of a majority of scientists:

> I consider this stuff an utter, total, unadulterated fraud. I really know nothing about it, because we've never been able to track it down. But I consider anyone who offers to explain my life in terms of 23-day rhythms a numerological nut, just like someone who wants to explore the rhythms of pig-iron prices to 14 decimal places.

"With other men, I feign orgasm. With you, Herbie, I feign multiple orgasm."

Here's something I must tell you: At this point in my own investigation, I have to disagree with Dr. Pittendrigh.

I started out a skeptic, just short of a cynic. I've learned something. Looking back, I think most of my less-reasonable reservations come out of a kind of resentment. Being a human animal, I have a fairly romantic and somewhat fallacious understanding of myself and my species. We like to think we are totally free to do whatever we want. But we can't turn our backs on the fact that we are still part of nature.

I had the creepy idea that biorhythm was a window on our fate. The concept of fate does not thrill me. But now I realize there is nothing fatalistic about biorhythm. The system doesn't tell us how we will behave—only how we are *predisposed* toward behaving. We can act differently than our biorhythms would have us act, by simple, conscious effort.

But all of this doesn't change my attitude in the least about checking out my own biorhythms. Yes, I think there's something to it; no, I don't want some plastic gizmo to tell me what kind of day I'm likely to have. But the next time I board an airplane, I sure want my pilot to know about *his* biorhythms.

Oh, and if you should ever happen to be discussing the subject and someone starts citing statistics on accidents or fatalities or surgeries or anything else, here's a new one for the record:

> In an independent study conducted by New York behavioral researcher Lee Frank and based on biorhythm and social interaction, two thirds of the subjects showed an incontrovertible correlation between their biorhythms and their propensity to be *schtupped*.

Now to write my acceptance speech for Stockholm. ▣

WHIPLASH *Major insurance companies have an interesting approach to inquiries from the public about whiplash. The word that would characterize their approach best would be hiding.*

(Continued from page 102) her car had been hit from the rear and she was suffering from whiplash.

"The judge did not seem very sympathetic. When he asked her, 'When does it bother you?' tears fell on her cheeks and she said softly, sobbing quietly, 'When I'm on my knees, at the altar rail, praying.'

"What should have been a $1500 case went up to $15,000, which is what the judge awarded her." Which reminds us that there's a very arbitrary Dow Jones of the spine. Different people, for different reasons, decide that whiplash injuries are worth differing amounts of money. Bob Samuels has another perspective, because he's the chairman of the board of Yellow Cab in Chicago, one of the country's largest taxi companies. Samuels doesn't shilly-shally around. When I asked him if large public-transportation companies were sitting ducks for whiplash claims, he laughed, "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

He leaned back in his desk chair in his large but simple office over the main Yellow barn. "It's a funny area, whiplash. If I say my neck hurts, you can't prove that it doesn't. By the way, you don't even have to be hit from the back. A sudden stop can cause the same injury," he sighs.

Samuels says his company deals mostly with people's lawyers. "And they get lawyers *very quickly*. Some people, of course, approach us directly. You know, 'How'd you like to let it go for $200?'

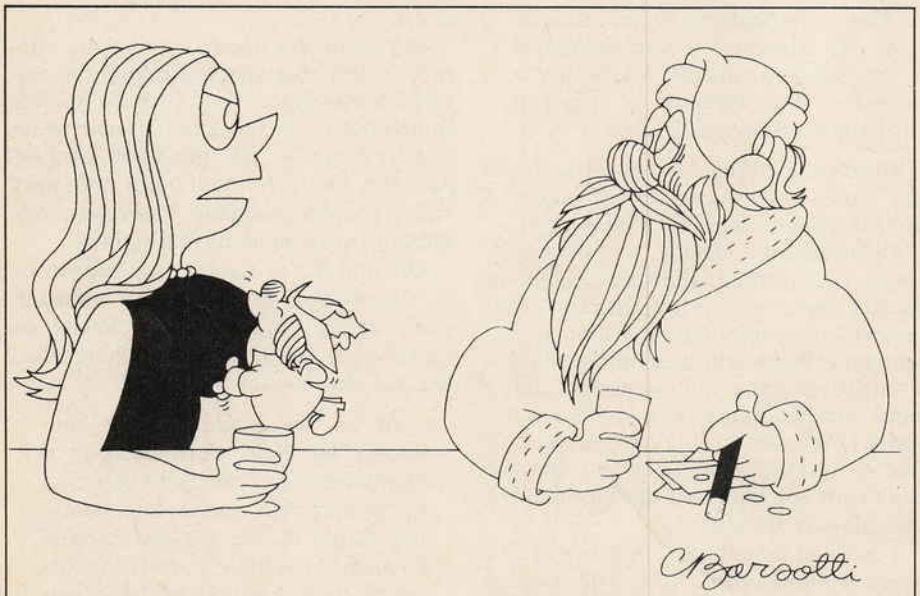
"People will accept $25 and sign a release, although a release can later be meaningless if the injury turns out to be serious."

His company gets "some dozens of claims a week" regarding whiplash. Samuels does not wish to be specific about the number. "Most claims are exaggerated, but I think there are few out-and-out frauds. For us, at least, it's cheaper to get had a little bit than to battle through the courts. We pay off a lot of little things and try practically no cases."

The insurance situation with Yellow Cab is interesting. They own their own insurance company. Samuels was a touch circumspect about the figures involved, but did say, "The whole thing costs approximately $800 a cab a year in premiums and we have 2166 cabs, therefore the payout is *about* the same as the premium payment." OK, roughly $1,750,000.

He tells a marvelous story about a wreck on a residential street involving a Yellow and a private car. The cabdriver didn't have any passengers. The drivers were unhurt, but the cars were quite a mess. By the time the police arrived, seven people had piled out of a nearby house, climbed into the cab and were all holding their heads and moaning about whiplash.

Samuels understands that "a fifty-dollar case can turn into a thousand-dollar case once there are doctors and lawyers involved—and juries are very liberal. It's really an easy thing to run up extensive medical bills with certain doctors."



"And furthermore, I think you should be ashamed of yourself for bringing an elf into a bar in the first place."

Does he think suing cab companies is a con game? "It's a rip-off in the sense that you're being shaken down, but most complaints seem to be legitimate in the sense that there *was* an accident. But to us, anything is an accident—even if you tear your coat."

Major insurance companies have an interesting approach to inquiries from the public about whiplash. The word that would characterize their approach best would be hiding. John Rhode, for example, of the Aetna Insurance Co., was touted to me by two insurance people as being very well acquainted with whiplash claims. Well, my dear, when I called him to discuss whiplash from the insurance industry's point of view, he was incensed that I might try to pursue him even after he told me he had nothing to say.

"The home office," he said nervously, "must decide whom we talk to and what is said." He offered to send me some magazine articles on the subject and I told him no thanks, I was *writing* one.

After more calls to other insurance men and other companies, I realized that absolutely no one would talk to me, and I accepted the situation for exactly what it was. A punishment from God.

Then things improved for a moment. I got to Ray Ewing, the "corporate communications man" for Allstate. He made a small comment: "Ten to fifteen years ago, whiplash was a big concern in our industry. It was a real con game. People were even *staging* accidents just to make a claim. The introduction of the headrest, however, about four or five years ago, presumably cut it down."

I asked for some statistics and wondered if the insurance companies had a set way of dealing with these claims. Did they tell obviously fraudulent claimants to buzz off? What was the racial breakdown? Ewing promised to collect the data and get back to me. I haven't heard from him. Have you?

About a week after we spoke, however, he had someone call me who sounded very much like one of Frank Sinatra's bodyguards: "Da man ta call is Ben Kelley." He gave me a Washington number. The whole thing was getting to seem like the Pentagon Papers West, but I called.

Well, Ben Kelley, dear friends, is with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a research group that is "independent and not for profit." The institute is funded by insurance companies.

Unfortunately, Kelley had none of the

information I wanted, but he offered me tons of stuff about "the effect of vehicle-design changes" and "human damage." He even offered me a film from Wayne State University.

When I whined to a friend who's an insurance man that his colleagues in the injury field were clamming up and running from me, he told me that insurance men in that area were "generally fearful—but I'm not sure what they're afraid of. I can only tell you that they are company people and that whiplash is a sensitive area."

Bob Samuels of Yellow had another idea. "The insurance companies don't want to educate people about making fake claims, so they try not to even talk about the subject."

I may finally have found one exception to Samuels' theory: David Phillips, vice-president of public relations for State Farm Insurance. He was, I thought, open with me, and he did bother to call back more than once with information he thought I wanted. Also, he sent me a packet of clippings about a wonderful whiplash stink in Florida.

Phillips told me right off that the insurance industry's name for whiplash is "soft-tissue injury." I rather liked that—the doctors call it whiplash, the lawyers say cervical sprain and the insurance guys prefer soft-tissue injury.

In any case, Phillips said that rear-ender injuries are not really a problem all over the country in terms of big claims or fraud. "It's just not a factor in small towns in Mid-America. Soft-tissue injury is definitely an urban problem."

As for the statistics I asked for, Phillips checked and said he just didn't have them. "The only statistics of the kind you want are kept by individual regional men who spot the same doctors, lawyers and hospitals showing up in claim after claim."

As for the Florida stink, he said, "There's heavy action in Dade County—so much that there's a grand-jury probe regarding collusion between doctors, private hospitals and lawyers."

Ron Arnold, also of State Farm, told a Miami press conference, "There is extremely active ambulance chasing in Miami and Dade County. It's practically the capital of the world as far as claim padding is concerned."

I checked into this. Some of the stories are marvelous. For example: A 47-year-old laborer was riding a bus that was involved in a very minor accident—I mean, like a VW hitting the back of the bus at five miles per hour. Our friend the laborer gave a grown-up version of "the dog ate my homework." He explained simply that he had turned his head quickly to see what had *(Continued on page 188)*

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(Continued from page 28) poking around the crotch of her leotard. She didn't even look at me. She just said, "Hi, Bob. Get yourself a cup of coffee. I'll be done here in a minute." I did as I was told and sat down to watch Mrs. M. watch Ms. Walters. As far as I could tell, Mrs. M. wasn't doing anything at all.

Finally I asked her if she was a yoga enthusiast. "No," she replied. "I'm strengthening the muscles in my vagina." "Oh," I said, trying not to sound nonplused. "Does Barbara Walters turn you on?" "Not particularly," she said. "I just like the sound of her voice. At night, I tune in Walter Cronkite. His voice is another one that sets my cunt muscles twitching." I didn't know what to say to that, so I just sat there. The program ended and Mrs. M. said, "Want to feel my muscles?" I didn't need to be asked twice. I got down on the floor and Mrs. M. unsnapped her crotch. She took my index finger and slipped it into the folds of her slightly moist vagina. "Now watch," she said and started a rhythmic squeezing that seemed to draw my finger in even farther. I was impressed. Then she had me take off my robe and lie down on the kitchen floor. My prick stood up like a flagpole. Mrs. M. straddled my hips and lowered herself until the tip of my prick was inside her cunt. Then she tightened those fantastic interior muscles and slowly sat down the rest of the way. I've fucked virgins who didn't feel as tight as Mrs. M. did that morning. Neither of us moved much, but as Mrs. M. quickened her inner contractions, I was aware that my prick throbbed in response. When I came, it was like being knocked over by a huge wave.

I learned a hell of a lot from that spring seminar. And when, at the end of the week, Mrs. M. patted me on the ass and said, "You'll do," I was as proud as if I had won a Fulbright.

ROBERT T.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

In the September *Sex Tapes*, Kate R. says that no man over 25 is worth a lay. To each her own, I say, but if she has really decided to cut off all men over 25 then I do feel sorry for her. I'm nearly 22 and my lover is 45. He does me so well, so often and so thoroughly that I can barely find the strength to lift this pen to paper. How could a mere boy of 20 or so know what a woman likes as well as a man with years of experience? Let me tell you, the thought of making love with another man never even enters my mind.

MARY P.
Media, Pennsylvania

An older woman is the best introduction to sex any boy can have. When I was 17 my family moved to Florida and I got a summer job with a pool-cleaning company. Joan was 41, married and ravishingly sexy. She was sunning herself one day when my younger brother and I showed up for work. I couldn't keep my eyes off her voluptuous but still-firm body. When she offered us a drink, my brother nervously said that we weren't old enough to drink yet. I could have killed him. Joan merely said, "I like my men very young," and she calmly removed her swim-suit top and lay back with her nipples glistening in the sun. My brother got scared and left, but I knew an invitation when I saw one.

After a minute Joan turned over and asked me to apply suntan lotion to her body. She squirmed as I ran my hands down her legs, but gave a jump when she heard a neighbor's lawn mower start up. We went inside to the bedroom, where she took off my clothes and told me to kneel on the bed. She drew up a chair and began kissing my ass while massaging my balls and cock. When her tongue touched my anus, I moaned and fell forward. I simply couldn't believe the sensation. When I moved to touch her body, she stopped me. "I'm married, you know," she said inexplicably. All she wanted to do was touch me and lick me.

I saw Joan about once a week for eight months. I was never allowed to fuck her, but she must have swallowed a gallon of my come during that time. She loved to get on her knees and position me in front of a full-length mirror while she feasted on my cock. Sometimes she would finger herself to orgasm while sucking my cock down her throat. I would gladly have married Joan, even though she was 24 years older than I. I've never met another woman like her.

JOHN F.
Jersey City, New Jersey

Young guys are much more willing to experiment than older guys. Part of the reason is that young bodies are more limber and young minds haven't been cluttered up by the emotional baggage of failed marriages and stuff. Then there's the fact that many older men let themselves go to pot. I like to keep in shape, and I have very little sexual desire for a guy with a gut hanging over his belt.

The nicest body I ever fucked with belonged to a 19-year-old dancer named Rodríguez. That guy was so limber, he could fuck while doing the splits. I think we must have sexually christened every piece of furniture in his apartment—not that there was much furniture in his apartment. If there'd been a chandelier, I'm sure he would have found a way to hang up there and fuck in mid-air. Rodríguez couldn't get it off on a mere bed, and in the end, the whole

thing got to be too exhausting. I started to think that he was more interested in his choreography than he was in me. When I just wanted to cuddle, he'd be trying to figure out how to perform 69 while doing a handstand. Rodríguez was always the acrobat. Once he showed me that he could even suck his own cock.

MARCI M.
Santa Monica, California

Sometimes sex with a young guy can be a drag. A couple of years ago, I initiated a virgin. He was 24, and I didn't really believe that he'd had no previous sexual experience. After we got into bed, I believed him. First he lay there, stiff as a board except for his cock. I talked to him, played with him and finally went down on him. That worked. Sort of. He got hard and then shot off within 30 seconds and we were back to where we started. I decided to teach him about cunnilingus. He didn't know what I meant, so I said bluntly, "Lick my pussy." He looked at me as if I'd told him to jump out the window, but he did try to do as he was told. For about a minute. Then he got up, ran to the bathroom and threw up. Let me tell you, he's the last virgin I'll ever seduce.

CELIA N.
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Oh my God, the *energy* of younger men! Although they may be inexperienced, they haven't been around long enough to get neurotic, and most of them are so willing to please that they'll do anything you ask. I seduced the bag boy at the corner grocery store the other week. I'd bought more food than I could carry because I was going to give a party that weekend, and Billy offered to help me carry a couple of packages to my apartment. He told me that it was near the end of his shift anyway, so when we got to my place I offered him one of the beers I'd bought. He couldn't have been more than 16 and I'm in my early 30s, but he was a big, husky guy with muscles like a weight lifter's. I knew he was flattered when I offered him a beer instead of a coke; he told me that his mother still treats him like a kid. "I'm old enough to be your mother, you know," I said.

"Well, you sure don't look it," he replied, smiling.

I put away the groceries and he stood up to leave. At the door I tried to give him a dollar, but he refused. "For you, anytime," he said, and my heart just melted. I reached up and kissed him. He responded eagerly, sticking his tongue down my throat. "Wait a minute," I whispered. I kissed the corners of his mouth softly and ran my tongue lightly over his upper lip. He shivered, and did the same to me. An older guy probably would have been upset that I didn't like the way he kissed. Billy's hands moved to my breasts, and with my hands on top of his I showed him just how I liked to have my nipples touched: with the palms moving in circles.

I drew him back to the living room and we sank into the sofa cushions with our mouths still intertwined. I love to be undressed, and his nervous fumbling really turned me on. I saw that his prick was about to burst out of his pants, so I unzipped him and let it out. It was quite a beauty, long and thick. I leaned down and licked the tip and he groaned and fell back, his prick poking straight up in the air. I positioned myself on top of him and sank down slowly. He filled me completely; my God, what a wonderful cock! It didn't take him long to come that first time, but after a couple of minutes he was ready to go again, and that time he lasted for 20 minutes.

I think I'll ask him to deliver my groceries more often in the future.

ROSEMARY A.
Hanover, New Hampshire

A young man is good for only one thing, and that is a rip-roaring, no-holds-barred fucking spree. It's the best way I know to recharge my sexual batteries, but it's not very satisfying for more than a night or so. A tireless cock can become quite tiresome if it's not attached to a man with an inventive imagination.

KAROL P.
Roanoke, Virginia

If you don't have a French poodle, you should definitely have a younger man. They're great fun to carry around in your hip pocket and bring out when you want to taunt older men—especially those who were once your lovers. Older men have always thought that it's OK for them to sashay around with nymphets, but that a woman who has a younger man is acting in poor taste. That's just another myth perpetrated by men to keep females from enjoying themselves. Women are now wising up. Finding a good lay is hard enough without worrying about petty details like age. Besides, after years of watching old goats run around with Lolitas—and my ex-husband is one of them—I've discovered that having a young man on your arm is the best "Fuck you" a woman can have.

GAIL P.
New York, New York

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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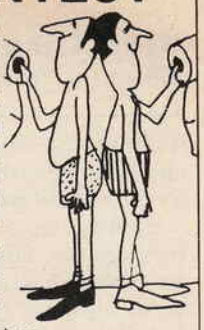

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WHIPLASH *Hannah-Rose remembers that she was stopped at a light when "this moron comes barreling along too fast for conditions and hits my car, pushing me into the car in front of me."*

(Continued from page 185) happened and suffered a whiplash injury. He asked for $2000 and got nothing.

Phillips sums up the insurance industry's position this way: "We got rapped for paying these nuisance claims, so now we're resisting. Now the companies are going to trial on any damn claim that's not valid." At greater cost, incidentally, than paying the claims.

Now seems about the right time for a small word from some victims—and one victimizer. First, there's Minnie. She's a young mother who was in a car being driven by her sister-in-law. On Minnie's lap was her six-month-old baby. OK, they're going down an exit ramp of an expressway and their car is banged from the rear with enough force to throw the baby forward and then back so that Minnie gets banged up as the baby slams into her chest.

Minnie gets out of the car and holds up the baby—who is screaming from fright—to show the woman who had hit them that she has injured an infant. The woman's response was to shrug, then gun the motor and speed off.

Minnie and her sister-in-law each recorded the license number because they were angry and because it wasn't hard to remember. The car was a gold Caddy.

The police traced the license number and registration to an extremely prominent family whose multimillion-dollar business bore their last name.

When the police called the headquarters of the business to ask someone to come to the station to tell their side of the story, who should arrive but the assistant to the patriarch, along with one of the family chauffeurs. My dear, would you believe that they arrived in a silver-gray limousine bearing the very license plate that the day before had been on a gold Caddy?

The assistant and the chauffeur said that the only other family cars were three more limousines, plus the cars they kept at their out-of-state summer place.

Minnie, naturally, felt that she had been whiplashed, if not by a member of this illustrious family, then by someone driving one of their cars. It was maddening to have been hit by a lone woman and then have a corporate assistant and a chauffeur show up to claim that she wasn't hit by a car with their license number.

Friends told Minnie that Junior in the family did, indeed, have a gold Cadillac. And at first, the police were very hot to nail the driver of the car that had slammed into Minnie, because that driver had not only hit and run but had injured a baby. After the family name surfaced, however, the police felt that the whole thing would be too hot to handle and no longer encouraged the young mother to press charges, as the police had done earlier. One cop even told Minnie that she could be sued for accusing the family—and that was the end of that.

It is instructive to talk to a victim who had a different kind of experience. The name she has chosen to go by for this discussion is Sister Hannah-Rose of the Perpetual Help Convent. In fairness to the church, I will say only that she is not really a nun. Her whiplash occurred three years ago.

Hannah-Rose remembers that she was stopped at a light when "this moron comes barreling along too fast for conditions and hits my car, pushing me into the car in front of me. It's a horrifying feeling: Your head has no control and it feels as if it might tumble off. You think, of course, that your neck is broken.

"And wouldn't you know—I get to the hospital, courtesy of the police, and ask a nurse, 'What could be wrong with me?' Her answer is, 'Well, your neck could be broken.' Typical.

"The hospital doctor said it was a 'minor' whiplash, but that I should go to my regular physician. I went. He did the whole thing: 'Look up, look down, move your arms.' He, too: 'Minor whiplash.' "

Hannah-Rose has no trouble remembering, even now, how it felt. "Your head and neck feel weak, plus your jaws hurt. I had to wear a giant Kotex around my neck for eight weeks. Just humiliating." Hannah-Rose couldn't work for eight weeks. This is minor?

She says that the injury creates a weakness you have for the rest of your life. "At least *I* still have it. It's a strange injury, psychologically. You remember the pain, and, of course, you're always conscious of your head. Anyway, my lawyer said when he saw the classification 'minor' that he could get me $1000." She settled.

She recalls that the other insurance company paid up extremely quickly and also fixed her car. "I could've driven the next day," she laughed, "if I had been able to walk to the car."

A footnote, certainly, but of interest, nonetheless: There can be no sex with whiplash. "Everything hurts to do," Hannah-Rose sighed. "You must exercise. But not that way."

In retrospect, Hannah-Rose thinks it was lucky that she was hit "by a nice white middle-class car, rather than by a coon canoe with fake leopardskin upholstery and purple flashing lights."

While I do not wish to portray myself as Seymour Hersh, I hope you'll appreciate the difficulty I had in coming up with someone who was willing to admit to being a victimizer. That is, he admitted cashing in on a phony whiplash suit. For $9000, yet. For reasons that aren't too murky, it is extremely difficult to get someone to talk to you about what is, well, insurance fraud. I did it. Look impressed.

I know for a fact that this person did collect $9000 and did not, in fact, suffer any injury. The story he tells sounds fishy to me, but I figure that even a bent-up tale of insurance cheating is more illuminating than no account at all.

Since the statute of limitations has run out on prosecuting him, let Mr. Integrity tell you, himself, how he did it.

"I was on the expressway and was hit from the rear. I was teed off, so I decided I was gonna collect. The insurance adjuster showed up in the hospital where I had gone to be checked. He offered me five hundred dollars right there. I, of course, agreed to nothing and sent him to my orthopedic surgeon. The insurance adjuster made the offer to him and was told, 'Young man, I am not only the best in this field, I am the most expensive. Five hundred dollars wouldn't even get you an appointment in my office.' " (I am willing to believe everything except the part about how $500 wouldn't get the man an appointment.)

Our "victim" says he was able to get nine grand—"for nothing"—because his lawyer put his claim in with a packet of others. Supposedly lawyers trucking in this kind of thing collect a group of claims before they submit them—the theory being that then no one claim stands out.

Also, the lawyer allegedly said that no insurance company would go to the mat for a mere nine thou. Therefore, the whole thing was handled as paperwork, with the doctor and lawyer playing along. Our hero remarked that he "never even had to feign an injury."

I think the last word on whiplash should come from a neurologist, who told me a heavenly story. It seems that the chief osteopath in a Wisconsin clinic got a pain in his neck and asked a colleague to fix it. When you're an osteopath, fixing it means manipulating it. My dear, the younger man did it improperly and gave his chief whiplash!

Aside from picking your osteopath very carefully, about the only thing left to say is this: happy motoring! ▣

WE

The real McCoy

When Alfred W. McCoy wrote his controversial book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* in 1972, the CIA tried unsuccessfully to suppress its publication (the book documented Agency complicity in said politics). When OUI sent McCoy back to the Golden Triangle region for an update on the heroin-traffic in Thailand, Burma, Malaysia, Hong Kong and Singapore, the writer's obstacles were somewhat more mundane. He told us: "With the exception of having my wallet stolen in Bangkok, contracting influenza in Singapore and picking up a four-color foot fungus in Chiang Mai, it was a good trip."

COMING IN JANUARY OUI

Did you like December? Wait till you see January. January OUI was conceived in high holiday spirits with lots of pages and lots of special features to ease you into the new year.

☐ **THE CIA IN EUROPE:** Why can't those people just stay at home in Langley, Virginia, and play cards? Philip Agee, a defector—and, most likely, a marked man—tells how our would-be saviors are keeping the Baltic from turning into a Red sea.

☐ **THE BEST OF SEX IN AMERICA:** Our culture is dripping with erotic images, and here are the most potent of them. Best actress with her hyphen still intact? Ann-Margret. Best reason to do it till you need glasses? Look next month.

☐ **BIONIC DATING GUIDE:** How to arouse and satisfy the metal-plated woman of the future, assuming that one's own organs are made of flesh.

☐ **NAILING YOUR FILES:** Robert S. Wieder tries to find out what the FBI has on him—and Anita Hoffman (Mrs. Abbie) finds out what it has on Jane Fonda, Daniel Schorr, Jack Anderson, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner and others.

☐ **LOST ATLANTIS:** Robert Anton Wilson recaps everything that the search parties have found—and thought they've found—in the 11,000 years since the lost continent went under.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH FEDERICO FELLINI:** Just as *Casanova* is about to be released, the cinemaster of the poignant and the bizarre pauses for some reflection. Donald Sutherland, who is Casanova, comments from the wings.

☐ **THE DIARY OF ANN MARIE:** The woman who appeared on the August *We* page with one breast on each of Russ Meyer's shoulders returns in an outsize pictorial.

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The triumph of the letter A

To the right is Ava, who, elsewhere in this issue, is looking for a few good men. Also in this issue, there are three Annas (see the feature on bananas, *Anna Is a Palindrome* and *Manila Float*) and one Anne-Marie (see *Manila Float* again). This is purest coincidence—not a conspiracy of the letter A. Anna Banana says that every woman named Anna is sooner or later called Banana. *Anna Is a Palindrome* Anna and *Manila Float* Anna hotly contest this assertion. Those two Annas have wired from Rome and Copenhagen, respectively, to say that they have been called Tugboat as often as they've been called Banana. A palindrome is a word or a phrase or a sentence that reads the same forward or back. Anna is a palindrome, and so is Ava. Ava says she has never been called a palindrome before. She says she thought a palindrome was a large elephant. But she does not resent the characterization. She says she should have realized that it was inevitable that a girl named Ava would be called a palindrome. *Anna Is a Palindrome* Anna says, "The whole text about me should have been written as a palindrome. It would have been half the work. You just write half way, then unreel your text backward."

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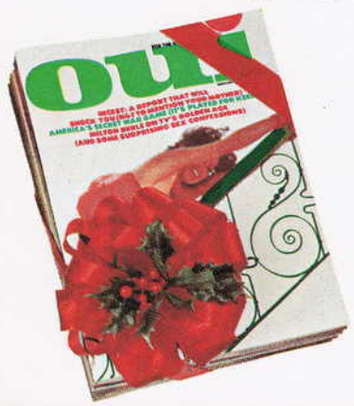

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